

LONDON: WARD AND LOCK, 158, FLEET STREET.

*All rights of reproduction and translation are reserved.*





**TOURISTS AND TRAVELLERS,**  
VISITORS TO THE SEASIDE, and others exposed to the  
summer sun and dust, will find the application of

**ROWLANDS' KALYDOR**

both cooling and refreshing to the face and skin. It allays all  
heat and irritability of the skin, eradicates eruptions, freckles,  
tan, and discoloration, and produces a healthy purity and  
delicacy of complexion. Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

The heat of summer also frequently communicates a dryness  
to the hair, and a tendency to fall off, which may be completely  
obviated by the use of

**ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL,**

An Invigorator and BEAUTIFIER of the HAIR beyond all precedent.

**ROWLANDS' ODONTO, OR PEARL DENTIFRICE,** bestows on the Teeth a Pearl-like  
Whiteness, frees them from Tartar, and imparts to the Gums a healthy firmness, and to the Breath a pleasing  
fragrance. Price 2s. 9d. per box. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers.  
Ask for "ROWLANDS'" Articles.

**BLAIR'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS.**

Price 1s. 14d., and 2s. 9d. per Box.

THIS preparation is one of the benefits which the science of modern chemistry has  
conferred upon mankind, for during the first twenty years of the present century to speak of a cure for the  
Gout was considered a romance; but now the efficacy and safety of this medicine is so fully demonstrated, by  
unsolicited testimonials from persons in every rank of life, that public opinion proclaims this as one of the  
most important discoveries of the present age.

These Pills require no restraint of diet or confinement during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease  
attacking any vital part.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors. Observe, "THOMAS PROUT, 299, STRAND, LONDON," on the Government  
Stamp.



USED IN THE PALACES OF THE  
QUEEN AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.

More Cleanly, Polishes More Quickly,  
and Cheaper,

Because it is Less Wasteful, and because a little goes further than any other kind.

Sold by Grocers, Druggists, Ironmongers, &c.

RECKITT AND SONS, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C., AND HULL.

BY ROYAL COMMAND.

**METALLIC TO THE PEN MAKER QUEEN.**



**JOSEPH GILLOTT**

Respectfully invites the attention of the Public to the following Numbers of his

**PATENT METALLIC PENS,**

Which, for QUALITY OF MATERIAL, EASY ACTION, and GREAT DURABILITY, will ensure universal preference.

**FOR LADIES' USE.**

For fine, neat writing, especially on thick and highly-finished papers,

Nos. 1, 173, 303, 604. In EXTRA-FINE POINTS.

**FOR GENERAL USE.**

Nos. 2, 104, 166, 168, 604. In FINE POINTS.

**FOR BOLD FREE WRITING.**

Nos. 3, 104, 166, 168, 604. In MEDIUM POINTS.

**FOR GENTLEMEN'S USE.**

FOR LARGE, FREE, BOLD WRITING.

The Black Swan Quill, Large Barrel Pen, No. 808.

The Patent Magnum Bonum, No. 203. In MEDIUM and BOLD POINTS.

**FOR GENERAL WRITING.**

No. 203. In EXTRA-FINE and FINE POINTS.

No. 810. New Bank Pen.

No. 202. In FINE POINTS. Small Barrel.

No. 810. The Autograph Pen.

**FOR COMMERCIAL PURPOSES.**

The celebrated Three-hole Correspondence Pen, No. 352.

Four-hole

No. 202.

The Public Pen, No. 202.

With Bead, No. 404.

Small Barrel Pens, fine and free, Nos. 302, 405, 603.

**TO BE HAD OF EVERY RESPECTABLE STATIONER IN THE WORLD**

WHOLESALE AND FOR EXPORTATION.

At the Manufactory, Victoria Works, Graham Street, and at 99, New Street, Birmingham;

91, John Street, New York;

And of WILLIAM DAVIS, at the London Depot, 37, Gracechurch Street, E.C.



# THE SIXPENNY MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 1, 1864.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I.—SINGED MOTHS.....	325
CHAPTER XXX.—THE ARRIVAL AT GANGES HALL OF THE NABOB DARSHAM TYPOS GHURR IN PURSUIT OF HIS WIFE.	
CHAPTER XXXI.—CONSTERNATION RESULTS IN CONSULTATION.	
CHAPTER XXXII.—EFFECTUAL SEPARATION OF THE NABOB AND HIS WIFE.	
CHAPTER XXXIII.—AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL—A TRIAL AT WESTMINSTER, AND A LAST SCENE AT NEWGATE.	
II.—THE BROKEN HARP.....	337
III.—REMARKABLE CASES OF OBESITY .....	338
IV.—TOM ENGLEDDUE'S ADVENTURES .....	341
V.—PARLOUR OCCUPATIONS .....	348
PICTURES IN SAND.	
VI.—WANDERING STARS .....	350
CHAPTER IV.—MR. STUMP'S COURTSHIP.	
CHAPTER V.—THERE WAS AN OLD LADY IN BATH.	
VII.—CHIROMANCY, OR HAND-MAGIC. WITH FIFTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS .....	360
VIII.—LOST IN THE SNOW .....	366
IX.—CUSTOM AND HABIT .....	368
X.—THE MAID OF SCIO—A GREEK TALE .....	375
XI.—TAKEN BY SURPRISE .....	378
XII.—THE REVENGE .....	381
XIII.—THE "MOON OF THE MOUNTAINS" .....	382
XIV.—PERILS AND DISASTERS.....	385
No. 6. THE BURNING OF THE "KENT" EAST INDIAMAN.	
XV.—SHAMS .....	390
XVI.—MY SEASIDE HOLIDAY .....	391
XVII.—THE DOBBS FAMILY IN AMERICA .....	394
CHAPTER V.—NEW YEAR'S CALLS—SECRETARY CHASE, MAJOR-GENERAL BOMBAST AND BRIGADIER-GENERAL BUNCOMB—WILLIAM H. SEWARD— SECRETARY STANTON—ATTORNEY-GENERAL BATES.	
CHAPTER VI.—CURIOSITIES AND RELICS IN THE PATENT OFFICE.	
XVIII.—SEAL FISHING.....	403
XIX.—THE LITTLE THIEVES .....	406
XX.—FIRST LOVE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH .....	411
XXI.—BARRY O'BYRNE .....	414
CHAPTER XXIX.—A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.	
CHAPTER XXX.—CHANGED.	
CHAPTER XXXI.—LIFE AT CINTRA LODGE.	
CHAPTER XXXII.—IN WHICH THINGS LOOK BRIGHTER FOR KATE THAN FOR LAURA.	
XXII.—SUMMER RAIN .....	432

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "SINGED MOTHS."

This Day, at all Libraries, in 3 Vols.

**THE MAN IN CHAINS.**

By C. J. COLLINS, Author of "SACKVILLE CHASE," &c.

London: JOHN MAXWELL and Co., 122, Fleet-street.



# CAUTION.

## CHLORODYNE.

### IN CHANCERY.

**VICE-CHANCELLOR** Sir W. P. Wood, stated that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the Inventor of Chlorodyne; that the statements of the Defendant Freeman were deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say that they had been sworn to. Eminent hospital Physicians of London, stated that Dr. J. Collis Browne was the discoverer of Chlorodyne; that they prescribe it largely, and mean no other than Dr. Browne's.—See *Times*, July 13th, 1864. The public, therefore, are cautioned against using any other than Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

**THIS INVALUABLE REMEDY** produces quiet refreshing sleep, relieves pain, calms the system, restores the deranged functions, and stimulates healthy action of the secretions of the body, without creating any of those unpleasant results attending the use of opium. Old and young may take it at all hours and times, when requisite. Thousands of persons testify to its marvellous good effects and wonderful cures, while medical men extol its virtues most extensively, using it in great quantities in the following diseases:

**Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping-Cough, Neuralgia,  
Diarrhœa, Rheumatism, Spasms, &c.**

#### EXTRACTS FROM MEDICAL OPINIONS.

*From* Dr. MONTGOMERY, late Inspector of Hospitals, Bombay.—“Chlorodyne is a most valuable remedy in Neuralgia, Asthma, and Dysentery; to it I fairly owe my restoration to health, after eighteen months' severe suffering, and when all other medicines had failed.”

*From* W. VESSALIUS PETTIGREW, M.D.—“I have no hesitation in stating that I have never met with any medicine so efficacious as an Anti-spasmodic and Sedative. I have used it in Consumption, Asthma, Diarrhœa, and other diseases, and am most perfectly satisfied with the results.”

*From* the Rev. S. C. AITKEN, Cornwall.—“Sir,—I have used Chlorodyne in a great variety of cases of illness amongst my poorer neighbours, and have found it invariably more or less efficient. In diarrhœa it has never failed in one single instance to effect a cure. In cases of toothache, and even confirmed rheumatism, it has almost invariably given relief. In the almost numberless cases of consumptive cough, which abounded in the neighbourhood, it afforded ease, which the sufferers could obtain from nothing else. I have also found very great benefit from its use myself, and am now able to take duty as usual, after my life was despaired of from apparently developed phthisis.”

**CAUTION.**—To avoid Spurious Compounds or Imitations of “Chlorodyne,” always ask for “Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE,” and see that his name is on the Government Stamp.

Sold only in Bottles, at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d., by all Chemists.

**Sole Manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell-St., Bloomsbury-Sq.,  
London.**

## IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

**DR. ROBERT'S POOR MAN'S FRIEND** is confidently recommended to the public as an unfailing remedy for Wounds of every description, Scalds, Chilblains, Scorbutic Eruptions, Burns, Sore and Inflamed Eyes, &c. Sold in pots, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 11s., and 22s. each.

Also his **PILULÆ ANTISCROPHULÆ**, confirmed by Sixty years' experience to be one of the best Alterative Medicines ever offered to the public. They form a mild and superior Family Aperient, that may be taken at all times without confinement or change of diet. Sold in boxes, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 22s. each.—Sold wholesale by the Proprietors, BEACH AND BARNICOTT, Bridport; by the London Houses; and retail by all respectable Medicine Vendors in the United Kingdom and Colonies.



**COD-LIVER OIL SUPERSEDED BY DR. LE THIÈRE'S SACCHARATED COD-LIVER OIL POWDER.**—This valuable preparation has no disagreeable taste or smell, and is more efficacious than Cod-Liver Oil, which, on account of its repulsive taste, often disagrees with the stomach, and in these cases produces no beneficial effect, and is even injurious, from the nausea and disgust it occasions.

Prices—small box, 3s. 6d.; large box, 6s. Sole Agents for Great Britain.—JOSEPH and Co., 50, Bishopsgate-street Without, London. Sold wholesale by Messrs. BARCLAY and SONS, and retail by all chemists and medicine vendors.

Prospectus and Treatise, with Certificates from Eminent Physicians, sent free by post, on receipt of three postage stamps, by JOSEPH and Co.



# SINGED MOTHS.

## A CITY ROMANCE.

By C. J. COLLINS, Author of "Sackville Chase," "The Man in Chains," &c. &c.

### CHAPTER XXX.

THE ARRIVAL AT GANGES HALL OF THE NABOB DARSHAM TYPOS GHURR, IN PURSUIT OF HIS WIFE.

THE nabob literally dashed into the room, and when he saw his wife he gave a kind of howl which gradually sharpened into a shriek. This vocal ebullition seemed to be infectious, for almost simultaneously with the nabob, Mary his wife, Lady Smugglefuss, and Mrs. Bulkinfuddle shrieked also. They, however, shrieked in terror and dismay, while the nabob's cry proceeded from uncontrollable rage. The strong-minded maiden, who in the strait and trouble in which the nabob's wife had recently been placed, had been both counsellor and tiring woman, boldly confronted the nabob, and stood between him and his trembling wife; and she did it too with such a defiant air that the nabob was checked if not subdued.

Sir Robert Smugglefuss, it will be remembered, was pondering on the suggestion which his lady had made with regard to a sojourn at Brighton, when the nabob so unexpectedly entered the room; and the sight of the nabob, and the bearing which he displayed, had terrified the worthy sheriff quite as much as they had his wife and daughter. In fact, he looked perfectly scared when his eyes fell upon the irate form of the swarthy nabob, and he gasped for breath. The calamity of disclosure which he had hinted at, had, as he plainly saw in his own mind, already commenced in the appearance in person of the nabob. And this shadow of a coming event which thus suddenly darkened upon his mind, would have on the instant assumed the proportion and substantiality of an actual fact, if he could have looked into the hall outside the apartment in which the family party were assembled, for he would there have discovered the presence of the various members of his household from below, seeing that the lacquey who had admitted the nabob, after being nearly knocked down by that august personage as he rushed into the mansion, had proceeded on the instant, and with blanched

cheeks, to the apartments of the domestics, to announce to them the almost paralysing fact of the sudden appearance of the nabob, under circumstances which were enshrouded in the mysterious, and of course, to them incomprehensible. At the suggestion of their informant they had one and all rushed into the hall of the mansion, and there they were with breathless anxiety listening to what was taking place within the chamber which the nabob had just entered.

And when the nabob had finished his howl, which terminated in a shriek, he glared across the room at his terrified wife, between whom and himself, however, besides the strong-minded waiting-woman, was a substantial table, flanked at one end by Sir Robert Smugglefuss, and at the other by Mrs. Bulkinfuddle, the object of attack on the part of the nabob was therefore tolerably well guarded; and probably it was well that she was so, for judging from the expression of his now fierce and rolling eyes, danger must have attended a closer approach of Darsham Typos Ghurr to the wife of his bosom, whose honeymoon had not yet expired.

So violent was the paroxysm of the nabob's rage, that he was unable for an instant or two to articulate intelligible words, although he made an attempt to do so.

"Don't let him come to me, papa!—keep him away!" cried Mary, with unmistakable terror depicted upon her countenance.

The sound of his wife's voice seemed to have the effect of restoring the power of speech to the nabob, for he exclaimed—

"Wont I come to you! Oh yes, I will; and you shall come to me, too. You see I've been too fast for you!" and then turning hastily round, he roared "but where is the villain?" And as in making this exclamation he turned towards the spot where the sheriff was standing, that worthy knight was thrown into far greater trepidation than before, because he was under the impression that the nabob was making a pressing personal inquiry with regard to him.





self, when he exclaimed "Where is the villain?" A moment's calm reflection, however, would have demonstrated to his mind that this was an erroneous impression. Even if the nabob had not instantly followed up the exclamation by another addressed directly, and with unmistakable emphasis, to the strong-minded handmaiden—

"Where is the villain, hussy! Tell me, where is the villain?"

"Right before my very eyes!" cried the girl, stoutly, and looking full into the countenance of Darsham Typos Ghurr.

"Where?" roared the nabob, jumping round to look behind him, under the impression that the strong-minded one had pointed out some person in that locality, but seeing his mistake, the nabob again roared out—

"Where, hussy! where?"

"There!" answered the maiden, pointing with a scornful and defiant laugh to the glass over the chimney-piece.

The nabob turned his eyes to the spot indicated, and of course beheld his own excited countenance.

"There, that's the only villain we've got in the company," cried the girl, and again she laughed scornfully at the nabob.

Sir Robert Smugglefuss's son-in-law made a dart at the girl, but she never flinched, and her bearing appeared to cow him.

"Ah, will you come on now?" cried she, tauntingly. "I don't care that for you here!" And she snapped her fingers to indicate the value she placed upon the nabob. "We're in England now, thank goodness gracious, and if you were to put a finger on me I'd soon have you at the mill."

By this time the sheriff had partially recovered his presence of mind, and had wholly recovered his voice, for he said, and he did so almost blandly too—

"Why, your highness, what can be the meaning of all this? pray be calm, and take a seat."

"Take a rope, I should say," muttered the strong-minded handmaiden to herself.

"I think I have got to ask you what is the meaning of this? What brings her here?—tell me that," roared the nabob.

"Him to ask that question! Well, I do like that, to be sure!" said Mrs. Darsham Typos Ghurr's maid, in the same scornful tone in which she had previously indulged.

The sheriff waved his hand deprecatingly to the strong-minded one. Under other circumstances he would have looked upon her interference as something like effrontery. At present, however, she was undoubtedly a privileged person.

"Pray let me calmly ask and request a calm reply. What can be the meaning of this most extraordinary course of circumstances and events?" Sir Robert Smugglefuss inquired, with magisterial dignity and blandness. "Pray take a seat, your highness, and let me enter into a calm explanation on both sides. I feel convinced that there must have been some strange misunderstanding somewhere. Pray sit down and let us see if we cannot amicably remove it."

The nabob, however, said he shouldn't sit down; he'd come to fetch his wife and he'd have her.

"Not if I was your wife you shouldn't," cried the strong-minded one. "But thank goodness gracious you ain't no husband of mine."

"Papa, I have already informed you that I will never go back, and I never will," cried Mary from the other side of the table and the room.

"Is this true, your highness, what I've heard?" inquired the sheriff, judicially, as though he were examining a witness at Guildhall. "Is it true what this girl here,"—and he hesitated as he said this, although he pointed at Mrs. Darsham Typos Ghurr's maid,—"*has told me of what has occurred in Paris?*"

"What has she told you?" asked the nabob, fiercely.

"About your conduct, your highness, to my daughter here."

"Has she told you about your Englishman in the Champs Elysées—about the assignations—oh, I could tear his heart out—at the opera? Has she told you that?"

"It is false," cried Mary, indignantly. "I made no assignations—is it likely? It is a foul and infamous calumny."

"Besides, I made no assignations as he calls it. I didn't meet no gentleman in the place he says," broke in the strong-minded one. "And what did you go for to spoil my petticoat for?—tell me that."

The nabob merely scowled at the daring maiden, and she laughed a scornful laugh in return.

"Pray let me request that you will not interfere, my good girl," said the sheriff. "We are exceedingly obliged to you for your attention, but——"

"I am sure I do not know what I should have done without her; she has



been almost a guardian angel to me in my trouble," said Mary, in a tone which was undoubtedly a novel one in her, for it was full of feeling, and she spoke tearfully.

"It is perhaps a mercy that I was with her, for if I hadn't been there's no knowing what might have happened," exclaimed the maid; and then she added, seeing that the sheriff was about to offer some gentle remonstrance again with reference to her interference, "and begging your pardon, sir—I must speak, for my feelings is up—the man as would strike a woman, leave alone a lady, may be a Indian juggler, but he ain't a Briton," and Margaret, the maid of the wife of Darsham Typos Ghurr, looked defiantly at the nabob.

"Do you intend to order her to return to me?" inquired Darsham Typos Ghurr of the sheriff.

"Who—me?" shouted the handmaiden, under the impression that the nabob had referred to her. "Me return to him? I should like to catch you trying at it."

The nabob turned upon her with a look of mingled rage and disgust, and then addressing Sir Robert Smugglefuss again, he cried, "I am come here to claim my wife; and to you, Sir Robert Smugglefuss, I make that claim."

"And your wife speaks for herself," cried Mary, rising to her feet, and displaying an amount of energy that she had not exhibited before—"and your wife speaks for herself. She will never return to you—she has been wronged and foully deceived."

Then the energy which she had displayed suddenly gave way, and as the terrible fact of her bitter disappointment became thus self-suggested to her mind, she burst into tears, and wept convulsively.

Mrs. Bulkinfuddle, conceiving that this was a good opportunity for creating a diversion, went up to Mary for the purpose of soothing her.

"Do not agitate yourself in this way, my dear," she said; "I think I see the means by which this matter can be amicably settled;" and then she whispered to Mary—"the first thing to do must be to get him out of the house."

Whether the sight of his beautiful wife in her passion of bitter grief had had the effect of partially subduing the rage of the nabob, or whether it was gradually expending itself, cannot be recorded; but it was evident to the sheriff

that his son-in-law was cooling down considerably, and this was manifest also to Mrs. Bulkinfuddle, who was evidently a woman of ready resource, for with a countenance that was quite radiant with anticipation—that is, radiant as compared with the expression of tribulation which it had recently worn—she said, coming forward to the table—

"In such matters as these there is nothing like a disinterested friend to bring about a settlement. Will you, Sir Robert Smugglefuss, allow me to make a suggestion?"

Sir Robert Smugglefuss looked upon the late Alderman Bulkinfuddle's widow with a bland smile, and said, very graciously—

"My dear Mrs. Bulkinfuddle, you have always shown yourself such a sterling friend of the family, that any suggestion coming from you will be thankfully accepted, and, I have no doubt at once acted upon;" and as he said this, the sheriff looked towards his son-in-law, probably for confirmation of his implied promise. If so, he did not get the confirmation he required.

"Then what I would suggest is this," said Mrs. Bulkinfuddle. "Mary dear, of course, must be greatly fatigued after her hurried journey."

Sir Robert Smugglefuss feels that this is rather a dangerous allusion, and there is anxiety in consequence expressed upon his countenance. He is relieved, however, by observing that the allusion has not produced any fresh alarming symptoms in the nabob. He therefore bows to Mrs. Bulkinfuddle to proceed.

"Well, then," she continued, "I merely throw it out as a suggestion, Sir Robert Smugglefuss. Suppose his highness and yourself step over to my house with me, and there let us talk the matter over with a view to an amicable arrangement?"

It is not recorded whether, since he had known Mrs. Bulkinfuddle, Sir Robert Smugglefuss had ever entertained any doubt as to the sagacity of that substantial lady. If he ever had entertained any such doubt, not the shadow of it now remained upon his mind, as he gazed in admiration across the table upon the ample form of his fair neighbour.

"My dear Mrs. Bulkinfuddle," cried Lady Smugglefuss, speaking for the first time since the sudden appearance of the nabob, "I do believe you are our guardian angel and good prophet."

The good lady, it will probably have

been observed, was generally rather peculiar in her associations.

"What does his highness say?" inquired Sir Robert Smugglefuss, blandly, turning to his son-in-law, while Mary, the wife of the nabob, looked anxiously through her tears to see what effect the suggestion had upon her lord.

During all this time Mrs. Darsham Typos Ghurr's maid appeared to keep a kind of guard over the nabob, for she stood by his side ready, as it would seem by the expression of her countenance and from her general bearing, to pounce upon him, should he exhibit any overt attempt at violence beyond that of language. Possibly it was this that had in some degree contributed to the comparative calmness of the nabob. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that he was considerably subdued.

"What does his highness say to the proposition of our friend here?" again inquired Sir Robert Smugglefuss, blandly, and pointing towards Mrs. Bulkinfuddle.

"I am come to claim back my wife," replied Darsham Typos Ghurr, rather moodily than in an excited tone.

"And I declare——"

The wife of Darsham Typos Ghurr was about to make some emphatic declaration, when she was checked by her father raising his hand in a solemnly deprecating manner, and saying—

"Stop, my dear; I think we shall be able to arrange this little family matter amicably now; pray leave it to me and to his highness. I think we can do so by adopting our friend's suggestion here, with a little alteration, or amendment, as I believe they would say in the House of Commons," and he smiled blandly on all around as he said this. "That amendment is this. Suppose you, my dear Mrs. Bulkinfuddle, take Mary over to your house, so that she can be quiet and at rest after the fatigues of her journey, and I and the nabob will quietly discuss the matter here. What does your highness say?"

Before his highness could respond, Margaret, the handmaiden of the nabob's wife, broke in and gave it as her opinion that a better move could not be made.

Mrs. Bulkinfuddle said the suggestion was worthy of the well-known wisdom of the Sheriff of London, and she wondered that it had not occurred to herself rather than the one she had ventured to make, and as the nabob did not appear inclined to offer any objection to the

suggestion, Mrs. Bulkinfuddle took Mary by the hand, and led her round the table until the two came under cover as it were of the strong-minded handmaiden. At the same instant the sheriff led his son-in-law to a seat, which the nabob took with remarkable docility.

Mrs. Bulkinfuddle was in this way enabled to carry off the nabob's wife, and she would have successfully done so, without let or hindrance, if it had not been for a most unforeseen material obstacle which occurred not inside but outside of the room. Indeed, Mrs. Bulkinfuddle had succeeded in reaching the door, and had passed through it just at the instant when the strong-minded handmaiden, bringing up the rear of the retreating forces as it were, had turned round and exclaimed—

"Red petticoat, indeed!"

Now the fact has already been recorded, that on the appearance of the nabob in the vestibule of Ganges Hall, the lacquey who had admitted him to the mansion had at once announced the astounding news to all below stairs, and had suggested to his associates the propriety of their ascending to the hall to hear what was going on. This suggestion they had all acted upon, and when Mrs. Bulkinfuddle was about to leave the room they were all listening in a cluster round the door. It so happened that Mrs. Bulkinfuddle threw open the door rather suddenly, and, with Mary by the hand, made hasty passage through it, so hasty, indeed, that there was no time for the listeners to scamper away. In their impulsive effort to do so, one of them was tripped up and lay sprawling, a perfect man-trap in effect, across the doorway, just as Mrs. Bulkinfuddle emerged, and the consequence was that the good lady, being unable to save herself, stumbled over the prostrate body, gyrated round as she fell, and alighted flat upon her back on the other side, both Mary the wife of Darsham Typos Ghurr, and Margaret her handmaiden, escaping a somewhat similar prostration by nimbly jumping over the prostrate lacquey as he lay like a log across the floor. Of course the commotion which this rather remarkable *contretemps* occasioned was plainly heard in the room which Mrs. Bulkinfuddle and Mary had quitted, and Sir Robert Smugglefuss, fearing that his daughter had swooned, or something of that sort, rushed out to see what really was the matter, and he did so with such impetuosity and haste, that



before the prostrate lacquey could raise himself, or Mrs. Bulkinfuddle could be raised by some one else, the sheriff himself had also stumbled sprawling, and had fallen right into the arms of Mrs. Bulkinfuddle as she lay helpless upon her back in the centre of the vestibule of Ganges Hall.

The situation was a terrible one for the sheriff. In the first place he was wounded in spirit by it, because the ridiculous position in which he found himself was humiliating. In the next place he was not free from bodily suffering at the moment, because in making his unexpected descent over the prostrate body of his footman, his head had come in contact with the corner of a seat which had abraded his skin and caused his blood to flow. The second commotion following so immediately upon the first very naturally excited the curiosity of the nabob, and he also went to the door of the room to see what could be the matter. We have already seen that the nabob was of a very impulsive nature, and that small matters very easily excited him. The spectacle which met his eyes as he threw open the door and gazed into the corridor seemed instantly to produce a revulsion of feeling, for when he saw the sheriff prostrate by the side of Mrs. Bulkinfuddle, and the lacquey prostrate and now gasping across the entrance to the room, he put his hands to his sides, and seemed shaken to his very centre by laughter which it was impossible for him to control.

In due course of things the sheriff was picked up, Mrs. Bulkinfuddle was raised from the ground, the lacquey managed to roll himself away, and in half an hour afterwards Mary was with Mrs. Bulkinfuddle in her house, and the sheriff was in earnest conversation with his son-in-law.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### CONSTERNATION RESULTS IN CONSULTATION.

HIS highness, as Sir Robert Smugglefuss called him, laughed immoderately at the sprawling figure of the sheriff and the panting form of Mrs. Bulkinfuddle, and in this immoderate merriment he for the moment forgot his matrimonial embarrassments. And it must be confessed that the scene in the corridor which was presented to his eyes as he issued from the room in

which the recent family consultation had been held, was well calculated to excite his risible faculties even in the rather trying situation in which he had just found himself. The looks of terrified horror on the countenances of the domestics—the manifest anguish which the individual who was the primary cause of the *contretemps* exhibited, and the solemn alarm depicted on the countenance of the sheriff, to say nothing of the apoplectic tendencies that were apparent about the face and neck of Mrs. Bulkinfuddle, all combined to produce an animated picture, so ludicrous, that any one far more stolid and less impressionable than the nabob would have been affected to risibility in its contemplation.

Mary the wife of the nabob was touched by the absurdity of the incident which had so suddenly produced such commotion and confusion, and she also laughed through her tears, and for the moment forgot the tribulation that was in her heart; with the strong-minded maiden by her side, like a staunch body-guard, she looked down upon the prostrate forms of the sheriff, Mrs. Bulkinfuddle, and the valet or gentleman out of livery, or whatever he was, and as she did so she held her hand to her side, and placing her handkerchief before her mouth gave way to emotion of which neither tears nor sighs formed any outward and visible evidence.

Subduing with a manifest effort his desire to indulge in that luxury which is the antithesis of grief, the nabob stepped forward, and with considerable exertion lifted Mrs. Bulkinfuddle from the ground, the sheriff at the same time scrambling to his feet as best he could.

During this operation the strong-minded maiden suggested to her mistress that perhaps it would be as well for her to take advantage of the opportunity thus presented and fly from the parental roof to the sheltering house of Mrs. Bulkinfuddle before that East Indian turkey-cock—which was the irreverent designation by which the maiden indicated the nabob—could take a fresh notion into his head, and breaking out again prevent their exit from Ganges Hall. The wife of the nabob saw wisdom in the suggestion, and adopted it instantly, so quickly, indeed, that by the time Mrs. Bulkinfuddle had regained her feet the nabob's wife and her maid had quitted Ganges Hall. Mrs. Bulkinfuddle at once observed this, and sagaciously divined the

motive and the proceeding of Mrs. Darsham Typos Ghurr, for Mrs. Bulkinfuddle, even under the infliction to which she had just been submitted, had her wits about her, which could not be said truthfully of Lady Smugglefuss, who, falling upon her stout friend's neck, commenced a series of lamentations which perhaps were more embarrassing to their recipient than the ludicrous accident through which she had just passed.

Lady Smugglefuss sobbingly observed that troubles never did come single. To think, too, that her dear friend should be so drawn into it went to her very heart it did.

"Never mind, dear," Mrs. Bulkinfuddle whispered in perfect good humour. "Lord bless you! I don't care about the tumble, not I," and then she added in Lady Smugglefuss's ear—"Perhaps it's all for the best, for I see Mary has managed to slip away, so I shall stop a few minutes in order that she may have a good start.

Lady Smugglefuss looked round to the spot where lately the wife of the nabob Darsham Typos Ghurr had stood, and she felt a kind of relief at finding that she was no longer there.

The sheriff being duly reinstated upon his legs by the combined agency of his son-in-law and the gentleman in white stockings and shoes, the nabob very courteously and in a very gentlemanlike manner, and all his recent violence, as it would seem, subdued and gone, asked Mrs. Bulkinfuddle if she had sustained any injury from her fall.

"Not in the least," she answered in much good humour, and laughingly adding—"bless you, I am too round at all points to sustain any injury from a simple tumble like that."

"But I am sure your nerves must be a little shook," observed Lady Smugglefuss, who had partially recovered her own; "so let me ask you to come into my room and have a glass of cordial before you go home. Sir Robert, I have no doubt, will want to have a quiet conversation with the nabob by themselves. Now then, you people, what brings you here? get away to your own apartments, will you? it's like yer imperance to be here at all—get along with you."

This latter outburst was addressed to the various servants, who, spite of the rather equivocal position in which they had been discovered, had remained on the spot when the collision that has been

recorded occurred. They had gazed with something like horror upon that collision, but now the matter-of-fact speech and voice of their mistress recalled them to their wonted state of mind, and they hastily quitted the corridor for the destination to which Lady Smugglefuss directed them.

"Lady Smugglefuss, your highness," said the sheriff, very blandly, to his son-in-law, "has made a suggestion which I think is worthy of consideration: will you step into this room with me?" and he indicated the apartment they had so recently quitted.

The nabob bowed his acquiescence in the proposition, and the two entered the room together, Sir Robert Smugglefuss closing the door behind them.

"Now then, I'll make the best of my way home," said Mrs. Bulkinfuddle, "for of course Mary is gone there."

"And I'll go too," cried Lady Smugglefuss, "because you know some arrangement must be made. We must bring them together again somehow."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Bulkinfuddle, dubiously; "with Mary's high spirit and the nabob's terrible temper, which looks to me like downright insanity, I am afraid that will be a difficult matter to accomplish. But as you say, we will go and consult upon the matter."

And so there were simultaneous consultations at Mrs. Bulkinfuddle's house and at Ganges Hall.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### EFFECTUAL SEPARATION OF THE NABOB AND HIS WIFE.

THE conferences at Ganges Hall and at the residence of Mrs. Bulkinfuddle, like other conferences on a larger scale and upon a wider stage that I could mention, came to nothing. In the first place, Mary the wife of Darsham Typos Ghurr was inexorable, and backed up by the now implacable maiden Margaret, she had declared that come what might she would not only not return to her liege lord and master, the magnificent nabob, but she would herself institute the necessary proceedings for obtaining a judicial, or, as Lady Smugglefuss designated it, a judicious separation. The matter was earnestly and anxiously discussed at Mrs. Bulkinfuddle's house, and in the course of the discussion that took place thereon Mary the wife of Darsham Typos Ghurr



emphatically declared that she did not care two straws for the nabob her husband, as a husband or as a man. Indeed, adopting a suggestive remark of her maid Margaret, she announced to those around her that she had had enough of the nabob, a declaration which received an addendum from the strong-minded one, to the effect that Mary the wife of the nabob had had already too much of him if his qualities were to be measured by his pinches. And so the conference at Mrs. Bulkinfuddle's went on, and as it proceeded Mrs. Bulkinfuddle was not slow to remark, and she felt considerable satisfaction in doing so, that the more they had discussion on the subject matter under consideration the more animated and full of spirits did the wife of the nabob appear to become. Indeed this was not only apparent to Mrs. Bulkinfuddle, but it made itself manifest to the more solid and less impressionable intellect of Lady Smugglefuss herself. Probably this light-hearted effect may in some measure be accounted for through the instrumentality of a remark which Mary made in the course of the discussion on the subject of the reconciliation.

"No," she exclaimed, "I will never go back to him to be pinched and kicked, because all the world will know that I have been pinched and kicked by my husband during the honeymoon. I married him because he was a prince, and as luck would have it I had a good settlement with him."

"Well, but, my dear," argued Mrs. Bulkinfuddle, "if we can patch up what society calls a reconciliation without having recourse to the Divorce Court, for of course it is that court that all your observations and arguments have pointed——"

"And quite right too, for a young lady of proper spirit." (This parenthetically, as a stage aside, by the strong-minded Margaret.)

"You will have your settlement all the same, and enjoy the splendour which the nabob's vast income commands."

"Not a bit of it," Mary replied, emphatically, and with unmistakable determination. "All that would have been very well with me three weeks or a month ago, but I've been married since then, and some of the gilt has been taken off the gingerbread with me, I can tell you, although not in the ordinary sense of that homely simile."

"If the guilt's been took off the ginger-

bread it strikes me it's been put on the nabob," the strong-minded Margaret observed, entirely mistaking the allusion which her mistress had made.

"Then you are bent upon a separation," said Mrs. Bulkinfuddle, in a tone of submission and resignation of argument.

"Emphatically, yes!" responded Mary the wife of Darsham Typos Ghurr. "Surely it was for such a case as mine that the aid of the Divorce Court was especially intended."

Mrs. Bulkinfuddle pursed up her lips, looked down her nose, and coughed significantly, but in words she gave no opinion on the point.

"Oh dear me! goodness gracious, my poor head!" Lady Smugglefuss groaned, putting her two hands to her temples, "to think that such brilliant matches should come into the Divorce Court in a month."

"It can't come on for three months," exclaimed the nabob's wife, rather sharply, from which Mrs. Bulkinfuddle very broadly inferred that the nabob's wife had been closely studying not only the law, but the practice of the Divorce Court."

"Three months, my dear!" cried Lady Smugglefuss; "what do you mean?"

"Why it's the long vacation, ma," responded the wife of Darsham Typos Ghurr, rather pettishly.

"The long what?" Lady Smugglefuss in helpless accents wished to be informed.

"The long vacation, when the lawyers go out of town, you know," Mrs. Bulkinfuddle explained.

"And the long and short of it is this," cried the wife of the nabob Darsham Typos Ghurr, "I will have a judicial separation if you talk until this time next week."

"And that's exactly the advice I'd give if I was a bannister in great practice," the strong-minded Margaret observed, with both decision and emphasis rendered especially striking by a solemnity of tone and manner which harmonized fitly with the subject in hand.

And so the conference at Mrs. Bulkinfuddle's house resulted in this, that Mary the wife of the nabob Darsham Typos Ghurr consolidated her determination never again to return to the husband whom she but a little month before in Streatham church and in the presence of the assembled *élite* of the neighbourhood, had declared to love, honour, and obey

until death did them part, and in such form did plight him her troth as in such cases society and the ecclesiastical and general law do make and provide.

The conference in Mrs. Bulkinfuddle's house resulted in this—that Mary the wife of the nabob Darsham Typos Ghurr was confirmed in her determination never again to return to the husband of her choice, but to adhere to her settlement, and to seek that judicial separation the panacea of matrimonial dissensions, which the judge ordinary of the Divorce Court can alone issue and enforce.

The sheriff, with Darsham Typos Ghurr, was more successful from that point of view which has reconciliation for its object. When the nabob and his pedestalic father-in-law (if I may coin a phrase) came to discuss the matrimonial matters in dispute, the nabob became quite reasonable, strange as such a declaration may sound after such an exhibition as that in Paris, which the true account of the history rendered necessary should be recorded in a former chapter.

The nabob admitted in the discussion which they had together that he had been most unjustifiably violent, but he pleaded, in extenuation, an infirmity of mind which rendered the sight of a red petticoat especially obnoxious to his eyes. In vain did the sheriff urge that it was an exceedingly small matter upon which to jeopardize the happiness of married life the nabob declared that a red petticoat was his abomination; and as it was evident that the allusion was dangerously exciting the nabob's imagination, the worthy sheriff dexterously changed the current of the argument.

"Strange that it has never struck me before," said Sir Robert Smugglefuss to his son-in-law, "your highness has no establishment in London."

"His highness" received the intimation as though the fact had never struck him either.

"Well, now you remind me of it, it certainly does appear to be an omission. Why, it is a thing I have never thought of; but we must arrange it now."

Sir Robert Smugglefuss was inwardly delighted at the pleasant turn that matters were evidently taking. The mighty citizen smiled to himself as he thought that out of the dark cloud which had just temporarily obscured the family, brighter sunshine than any they had ever enjoyed would emerge. He knew that

the wealth of the nabob was something fabulous; he had many substantial reasons for that conviction in his mind; and so it was in the power of the nabob to found an establishment which should outvie the noblest in the west-end of London. Still smiled the sheriff—a smile of self-gratification, for already he was revolving in his mind the suggestion as to locality that he should make to his magnificent son-in-law. That locality must be the west-end, of course, so that it might be the centre of a splendid circle that should be scarcely less brilliant than that of the Court itself. And in this splendid creation, so suddenly conceived, the worthy man forgot the temporary trouble which had dimmed the anticipated matrimonial happiness of his daughter. True he was looking forward to still greater glory for her, and so such forgetfulness even in such a man may perhaps be held to be excusable.

"To tell you the truth,"—gaily exclaimed the sheriff, using a common locution, especially common in those who are about to violate the truth—"to tell you the truth I never anticipated that the frivolities—to use a mild term—of the French capital, would at all suit the taste and habits of your highness. What you require is the substantial reality—if I may so speak of our metropolitan solidity. I recollect, when I was in the native land of your highness, that nothing struck me so much as the solid grandeur of those from whom you may be said to spring; and I am sure there is no place in the world that so nearly approaches that solid grandeur as London. And that makes it the more remarkable that neither of us should have touched upon the subject of an establishment before."

Probably it did not occur to the magnanimous sheriff that in reality, as far as he was concerned, there was very good and substantial reason why he had not previously adverted to the subject. The marriage of his elder daughter was not a matter of much deliberation or lengthy consideration on the part of any of the persons concerned and interested. As to the sheriff himself, up to the celebration of the solemnity in Streatham church, he had had but one single object in his mind, and that was the marriage of his daughter to the mighty nabob. Even in the matter of the settlement, it was to his daughter's own foresight that she was indebted for that provision. The grand and wealthy alliance had to be secured,



and the sheriff was determined that no obstacles arising out of preliminaries should prevent it; and so that may partially account for the fact at which he had himself just expressed surprise, that no reference or provision was previously made to or for a town establishment.

The reference to the subject now by the sheriff evidently touched pleasantly the fancy of the splendid nabob his son-in-law. It was the suggestion of a novelty—a new gratification; and as the nabob, from his impulsive nature, to say nothing of his worldly position, never denied himself any gratification that in the passing moment might arise, it may not be taken as a matter for especial wonder that he on the instant discovered in the suggestion of his worthy father-in-law the means of enjoying something like a new excitement. In the contemplation of that new excitement he was the mild nabob, as he in his ante-nuptial days appeared at Ganges Hall.

"It is a most remarkable thing that neither your highness nor myself should have thought of such a subject before; and, by-the-bye," said the sheriff, still more blandly than previously, "there is another suggestion that occurs to me at this moment. Your highness will of course at once give orders for your establishment, and that being accomplished, I think the British Legislature ought to be honoured by your presence."

And as the sheriff made this suggestion, he stepped back a pace or two, drew himself up, and gazed at the nabob as though he would say—"There now, isn't that a brilliant idea?"

The nabob was evidently struck by this suggestion also—new excitements were accumulating upon him with manifest satisfaction to himself, even as though he had never seen an obnoxious red petticoat upon the person of his wife.

"Sir Robert, you open up quite a new life to me in the suggestion that you have made," said the nabob, much gratified; "but do you think I am admissible to the British legislature?"

"Are you not exceedingly wealthy?" inquired the father-in-law of the nabob, with a meaning smile.

"I suppose I am," acquiesced the nabob.

"And is not that the great, indeed I may add the sole qualification for a British legislator in the House of Commons?" And the sheriff spoke as though

he were uttering a self-evident proposition.

"Why, you are wealthy, Sir Robert, are you not?" the nabob inquired, significantly.

"All in good time, all in good time," replied the sheriff, with a deprecatory wave of his hand, and at once taking the allusion of the nabob in the sense in which it was intended by that august individual.

"Well, but couldn't we go in together?" the nabob inquired, with satisfaction at the suggestion beaming from his eyes.

The idea was worthy of the source whence it emanated—at least such was the thought of the sheriff when the suggestion of his son-in-law was uttered.

"We will discuss this matter on another occasion," said the pleased sheriff. "It would be folly for me to conceal from your highness the fact that my aspirations have jumped in the direction to which your observation points; but my plans upon it are at present but crude, because they have not been shaped as yet into any definite object, but I must confess that your suggestion has given a fresh fillip to my ambition. I am sure you will not consider that it is an unworthy ambition, and I will immediately give my mind to the consideration of the matter, with a view to our projects in this direction being mutually carried out. And now, my dear son-in-law," exclaimed the sheriff in a sudden burst of fervour, "let me congratulate you—allow me indeed to congratulate myself upon the happy issue of this day's business. I freely confess that the morning, metaphorically speaking, looked dark and gloomy enough, but thanks to your good sense and kindness of heart, all is sunshine again. My dear son-in-law, give me your hand, and let us mutually congratulate ourselves."

And the father-in-law and the son-in-law shook hands heartily and warmly.

But whatever was the case with regard to the nabob, the sheriff showed himself far too sanguine with reference to the primary matter in hand. He had altogether forgotten the time-immemorably-established fact that there are two parties to a bargain, and he had unwittingly fallen into that very common error which has been metaphorically designated as reckoning up a brood of poultry before they are hatched. The sheriff had evidently proceeded upon the assumption

that with regard to his daughter he could exercise a kind of imperial will. If such were his impression, he had clearly miscalculated, for at the very moment when he was so amicably and smoothly arranging matters for the future with his son-in-law, his daughter was emphatically declaring that she would never again be the partner of the nabob's bosom in that capacity which the poet tells us enables a wife to double her husband's joys and to divide his cares, and that in such declaration she was being encouraged and supported by her dear mother and the dear friend of that mother's bosom.

The course of the matrimonial life of the great nabob Darsham Typos Ghurr may be said to have commenced in storm, and throughout its continuance it was destined to know no other connubial weather.

The sheriff and the nabob his son-in-law left Ganges Hall together and proceeded to the residence of Mrs. Bulkinfuddle, there to be informed that Mary, the wife of the nabob's bosom, had left that hospitable roof, but whither she had proceeded the informant was in no position to say.

And from that day forth the nabob Darsham Typos Ghurr never met his wife again.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL—A TRIAL AT WESTMINSTER, AND A LAST SCENE AT NEWGATE.

THE summer has passed away, and dreary November has arrived, and with it, of course, the inevitable opening of the Courts at Westminster. There is always a kind of romantic interest surrounding the Divorce Court and its proceedings, but on this occasion there is more than usual interest, because the case of the nabob Darsham Typos Ghurr and his wife has become a fashionable scandal, and has been periodically referred to as such by the public journals.

Sir Robert Smugglefuss had been wholly unprepared for the inflexibility of purpose and determination which his daughter had exhibited in the unhappy matrimonial differences. He had flattered himself that he had succeeded in smoothing over his Asiatic son-in-law, and that henceforth, by consequence, everything connected with the wedded life of his daughter would proceed har-

moniously and in great glory. He had, however, reckoned without his daughter. He had, indeed, never given her a passing thought in connexion with her desires, or wishes, or will. Had he thought upon that matter for one moment, he would have come to the conclusion instantly, without the least consideration, that his daughter in such a matter would of necessity be all submission. He was therefore almost staggered—certainly excessively bewildered—when, on proceeding to the nabob's wife, to convey the gratifying intelligence that everything had been amicably settled, he found that young lady inexorable. She had made up her mind to a separation, she said, and a separation she would have, for nothing should ever induce her again to be under the control of her husband. In vain did the sheriff urge that he had calmed the nabob completely down—in vain did he point out the splendid position which the nabob intended in future to occupy in the very centre of the highest fashionable circle in the land. Such a picture had no longer any charms for the sheriff's daughter. She seemed to have been suddenly and rudely awakened from a blissful dream, and now to be thoroughly awake to realities. It was a bitter revulsion at first, but she had passed through the ordeal stoutly and with determined purpose, and her will had become strengthened by it.

And so the initiative was taken by Mary herself, and the cause of Darsham Typos Ghurr *v.* Darsham Typos Ghurr very speedily became an item in the fashionable intelligence of the week, and fashionable circles became excited by it.

It was not the case in the Divorce Court which alone caused the nabob and his wife to be objects of great interest with the public, although that case had for weeks past been a standing subject in one shape or another in every fashionable newspaper in the metropolis. Some of them, indeed, each week gave a specially-prepared report of the proceedings of the nabob and his wife,—where they went to each day; what dresses they wore; whether they were attended by friends and relatives, and if so, in what degree those relatives stood; whether they were immensely rich, or only comparatively rich; and also full particulars as to the precise locality where the linen of the nabob's household was put out to wash. It was not all these adventitious surroundings that made the case of the nabob and his wife one of peculiar interest. Since the



return of Mary the nabob's wife from Paris, and the arrival of the nabob himself, another arrival had taken place which had excited the curiosity of the whole of the west-end of London. It had also excited not only curiosity, but something like consternation in the mind of the nabob, and when he was informed of it he almost trembled, and would probably have looked pale if he had not been an Asiatic.

And what was this arrival which had excited the curiosity of the west-end of London, and caused the nabob to shake in his shoes? It was simply that of an elderly woman, who if not surrounded by an impenetrable mystery, was enveloped in an almost impenetrable veil. She was the nabob's mother, a high and mighty patrician Begum of the East, who had been induced to quit the sun-gilded glories of her native land to sojourn for a time in the land of the *giaours* and unbelievers, and who for that purpose had set out the moment the intelligence reached her of her son's marriage to the daughter of one of the detestable race.

And the arrival of this mysterious personage was almost simultaneous with the issue of the process in the Divorce Court which made the nabob and his wife parties to a *cause célèbre* in that romantic court. The Begum, however, was not aware that such proceedings had been taken when she demanded and obtained her first interview with her son after her arrival. That interview was of course a most impressive one, as mysterious proceedings not uncommonly are.

The Begum on her arrival in London had proceeded to one of the largest hotels at the west-end, and a suite of apartments were engaged which during the stay of the Begum were to be guarded as closely and as religiously as the lines between two hostile camps. No Christian was to be allowed during the Begum's sojourn to pass along the corridors which led to the apartments that were engaged for the service of the Eastern princess.

The nabob, as in duty bound, attended the summons of his august parent instantly, and within a few hours after her arrival he had responded to it. No Christian eyes were allowed to gaze upon the scene that was presented at that interview; but if such gaze could have been had, an impressive scene would have been presented to it.

In the centre of the magnificent apart-

ment which had been engaged as the chamber of state for the Begum, that mysterious personage was placed upon a kind of dais or extensive ottoman, and she was seated according to the fashion of her own land. She was completely enveloped in a gauze covering of many folds, which gave her somewhat the appearance of a gigantic cocoon. Her figure was visible through this gauze covering, but her features were not discernible. Her dress, it could be seen, was of the most costly and ornate description, and her fingers glittered with gems, and so probably did her toes, but they were not visible.

When the nabob was shown into the apartment by the principal attendant, he advanced to the ottoman on which his august mother was seated, and reverentially bowed before it.

"Advance to me, my son," cried the Begum, in a solemn tone of voice, and stretching out one of her hands through the fleecy gauze in which she was enveloped.

The nabob did as he was desired, and at an indicative movement of the Begum's hand, seated himself on one of the corners of the great ottoman.

"My mother, why have you so suddenly come to this land?" inquired the nabob.

"Could you not put that question to your own heart and find an answer there?" said the Begum, with much solemnity, and again stretching out her arms.

"Why should you, my mother, deal thus mysteriously with your son?" the nabob demanded.

"Hath not that son broken the behests of the most high prophet, and thus brought reproach upon our house and ancient line?" And as she uttered this, the gauze covering of the Begum seemed to quiver as though it felt the reproach the voice that was within it was uttering.

"In what, my mother, and how has your son done this thing?"

"In an abhorred alliance with an abhorred race."

"We are in alliance with that race, mother, and our nation owns their rule."

"The spirit of a dastard must be upon thy tongue, my son, or thou couldst never have uttered such words, and as a defence."

The nabob looked moodily down upon the carpet.

"It was no defence, my mother," he said.

"Have you not formed this depraved alliance?"

"I have, my mother," said the nabob, in a dogged tone of voice and with a peculiar rolling of the eyes.

"And I have come to sever it."

"It is in course of dissolution now, my mother."

"May be so; violent indulgences have commonly violent ends. What is the course of the dissolution that you speak of?"

The nabob explained to the Begum the nature of the proceedings in the Divorce Court, at which the princess laughed a laugh of mockery.

"Why, son!" she exclaimed, in a tone that amounted to almost one of hilarity, "why, son, I have studied this law of the Christian race; I know it well; and I have come—ha! ha!—with the remembrance of the wrongs of our race strong upon my mind and heart—I have come, my son, through you, to teach them—ha! ha!—a lesson in their own law."

"Indeed, my mother," cried the nabob, in quite a changed tone of voice.

"Send your man of law to our interpreter," said the Begum. "He shall have my instructions." And then she directed one of her attendants to approach her. This personage, who was black and white—his skin being the former and his attire the latter—approached the ottoman, and when near the nabob made a profound salaam, in doing which, however, he unfortunately touched the hem of the nabob's garment, which simple accident on the instant drove the nabob into a burst of fury, and springing to his feet he struck the unfortunate darkie to the ground.

"Begone!" shouted the Begum to the poor wretch, "nor pollute the eyes of the nabob again." And the stricken servitor hastily quitted the apartment.

"It pleaseth me, my son, to see that thou hast not by thy sojourn with the Christian race lost thy ancient spirit, and it glads my heart to think that even in the temporary degradation thou hast committed we shall find the means of a small measure of retribution. What is this thing that thou hast temporarily allied thyself with?"

"A thing of beauty, but a wayward wretch," replied the nabob.

"That thing of beauty then must fade away," said the Begum.

"It rose before me like the eastern sun, but then it afterwards blazed out into the wild simoom," and the nabob glared as he said this.

"I do not understand your allegory," observed the voice from beneath the gauze.

"She held her beauty out like a flag, and flaunted it before the eyes of Frankish libertines—in our own land, my mother, I should have grasped her throat."

"Back to your own land, my son, and your dominion shall be still the same. Hence, to your man of law amongst these Christians, and bid him see our interpreter. Will you do this, my son?"

The nabob said he would, and presently he took his leave of the mysterious being that looked like an undulating cloud that had settled upon the huge ottoman in the gorgeous apartment of that great hotel that is one of the architectural glories of our metropolis.

The great case of the magnificent nabob Darsham Typos Ghurr and his wife came on in due course at Westminster, and the court was as usual crowded with the lovers of scandal and the votaries of the immoral. It was anticipated that the disclosures that would be made would be something especially piquant, and so the public appetite for that sort of thing was unusually keen. But it was destined to remain unsatisfied in the case of the nabob and his wife, for upon investigation it had turned out that there was especial significance in the allusion of the Begum to the desirability of her interpreter seeing the nabob's man of law. As she herself intimated, she had studied our laws with regard to matrimony and divorce with an effect which was death to the hopes of Mary the wife of the nabob Darsham Typos Ghurr. And so the suit by her for a judicial separation from her lord the nabob was nipped in *limine*, for evidence was given at the very outset which unhappily proved that Sir Robert Smugglefuss's elder daughter was no wife at all. People in the court held up their hands and turned up their very eyes in astonishment, the expression of which was ludicrous in itself when it was shown that it was impossible for the nabob legally to marry the daughter of the sheriff, seeing that, according to the custom of his native land, he had already no less than seven wives living, all ready to claim him as their own.

There was another legal ceremony being performed that morning in another



quarter of the town, at which the sheriffs of London and Middlesex had to assist. A poor wretch had that morning, in the presence of a sympathizing and appropriate congregation from all parts of London, writhed himself out of existence upon the gallows-tree at Newgate, for the especial edification of those who had assembled to be spectators of the scene. The ghastly figure had become motionless, and had reached the unknown ocean of eternity more than an hour past, and the sheriffs of London and Middlesex were enjoying the usual breakfast that within the walls of Newgate is prepared for themselves and their friends on the occasion of a public execution, when the

tidings of his daughter's woe, as established by the result of the cause at Westminster, was brought to Sir Robert Smuggefuss. The moment this intelligence was communicated to him, he was observed to become deadly pale; he uttered some inarticulate sounds, and fell back in his chair in a senseless state. Medical assistance was of course instantly summoned, and the sheriff was conveyed into one of the private apartments of the governor of the prison. It was, from the first moment, however, pronounced to be a hopeless case, and before the day had closed the sheriff and the culprit of the morning, in close proximity, were sleeping the sleep that knows no waking.

*(To be continued.)*

### THE BROKEN HARP.

AH ! remember me, friends ! when I'm gone—

Remember the words I've spoken ;  
Still let the songs of the bard sound on  
After his harp is broken !

For I have no home in the Temple of Fame,  
My songs are too few and lowly ;  
'Tis only in hearts I have loved, that I claim  
A resting-place—pure and holy.

The cold, cold world is a desolate rest  
For the poet, whose days are numbered ;  
Let his thoughts lie in the pitying breast,  
Where sorrows and joys have slumbered.

And there sometimes shall a passing sigh  
(Less kindred to pain than pleasure)  
Waken the lingering glad reply  
Of some old familiar measure.

Like the voice of a bird in the still, calm air—  
Like the dream of a joy departed—  
The music of song shall be evermore there,  
And memory dwell, deep-hearted !

From the whispering past shall a silent joy  
Over the soul come stealing,  
Sorrow shall mingle no sadder alloy  
With a higher and holier feeling.

Oh, then shall a fondly remembered strain,  
The chain of the death-sleep sever,  
And the friendship and love shall be warm again,  
That seemed to be cold for ever.

Ah ! remember me, friends ! when I'm gone,  
Remember the words I've spoken ;  
Still let the songs of the bard sound on,  
After his harp is broken !

## REMARKABLE CASES OF OBESITY.

VARIOUS are the opinions concerning the cause of excessive corpulence. By some it is attributed to too great an activity in the digestive functions, producing a rapid assimilation of our food; by others, to the predominance of the liver: while indolence and apathy, such as is commonly observed in the wealthy monastic orders, are considered as occasioning a laxity of fibre favourable to this *embon-point*.

It is certain that exercise, anxiety of mind, want of sleep, and spare food, are circumstances opposed to fatness. This fact is illustrated by Shakspeare, when Cæsar says to Antony,

"Let me have men about me that are fat—  
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;  
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look,  
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous."

Antony and Dolabella were both men of some corpulence. The Roman ladies dreaded above all things too voluminous a development of the bosom: to prevent it they were in the habit of applying to their breasts the raw flesh of a fish called *Angel*.

Fat is a fluid similar to vegetable oils, inodorous, and lighter than water; besides the elements common to water, to oils, and wax, it contains carbon, hydrogen, and sebacie acid, which is pretty similar to the acetic. Human fat, like that of other animals, has been frequently employed for various purposes. A story is told of an Irish tallowchandler, who, during the invasion of Cromwell's army, made candles with the fat of Englishmen, which were remarkable for their good quality; but when the times became more tranquil, his goods were of an inferior kind, and when one of his customers complained of his candles falling off, he apologized by saying, "I am sorry to inform you that the times are so bad that I have been short of Englishmen for a long time."

Obesity may be considered a serious evil, and has exposed corpulent persons to many *désagréments*. The ancients held fat people in sovereign contempt. Some of the Gentoos enter their dwellings by a hole in the roof; and any fat person who cannot get through it, they consider

as an excommunicated offender who has not been able to rid himself of his sins. An Eastern prince had an officer to regulate the size of his subjects, and who dieted the unwieldy ones to reduce them to a proper volume. In China this calamity is considered a blessing, a man's intellectual qualities are esteemed in the ratio of corporeal bulk.

There are cases on record among ourselves where unwieldiness led to estimation. The corpulent antiquarian Grose was requested by his butcher to tell all his friends that he bought his meat from him; and the paviors of Cambridge used to say, "God bless you, sir!" to a huge professor when he walked over their work. Fatness has often been the butt of jocularity. Dr. Stafford, who was enormously fat, was honoured with this epitaph:—

"Take heed, O good traveller, and do not tread hard,  
For here lies Dr. Stafford, in all this churchyard."

And the following lines were inscribed on the tomb of a corpulent chandler:

"Here lies in earth an honest fellow,  
Who died by fat and lived by tallow."

Dr. Beddoes was so uncomfortably stout that a lady of Clifton used to call him "the walking feather-bed." At the court of Louis XV. there were two lusty noblemen, related to each other: the king, having rallied one of them on his corpulency, added, "I suppose you take little or no exercise?" "Your majesty will pardon me," replied the bulky duke, "for I generally walk two or three times round my cousin every morning."

Various ludicrous anecdotes are related of fat people. A scene between Mrs. Clive and Mrs. Pritchard, two corpulent actresses, must have been very amusing. They were playing in the parts of Lady Easy and Edging, in the *Careless Husband*, when the former desires Edging to pick up a letter she had dropped; and Mrs. Clive, who might as well have attempted to raise a hundred pound weight, exclaimed, "Not I indeed, take it up yourself if you like it." This answer threw the audience into roars of laughter, when Mrs. Pritchard replied, "Well, if you wont take up the letter, I



must find some one who will;" and so saying, she beckoned to a servant in the wing, who came forward and terminated the dispute.

In some countries, especially in the East, moderate obesity is considered a beauty, and Tunisene young ladies are regularly fattened for marriage; a different practice from that of the Roman matrons, who starved their daughters, to make them as lean as possible on such occasions.

Erasmus states that the Gordii carried their admiration for corpulence to such an extent that they raised the fattest amongst them to the throne. It is well known that the preposterous size of some of the Hottentots is deemed a perfection, and one of their Venuses was some time since exhibited in London.

There is no doubt that food materially influences this condition of mankind, although we frequently see enormous eaters who are miserably lean, and fat persons whose diet is most scanty. During the late war, a ravenous French prisoner was known to eat four pounds of raw cow-udder, ten pounds of raw beef, and two pounds of candles, per diem, diluting his meals with five quarts of porter; and yet this carnivorous brute was a perfect skeleton.

Among the many predisposing causes of obesity we may rank emasculation. An epicurean fishmonger of the name of Samuel Tull performed this operation on fishes to render them more delicate. His curious experiments were submitted to the Royal Society. The same practice has been subsequently illustrated by Professor Dumeril. Father Charlevoix informs us that Caraib cannibals had recourse to this process to fatten their prisoners before they were devoured.

Anatomical pursuits are also known to occasion *embonpoint*. This has been frequently observed amongst medical pupils. Professor Mascagni attributed his corpulence to his constant attendance on dissections; he also excused his amorous propensities on similar grounds.

For the cure of corpulency, diminution of food of a nutritious nature has been generally recommended; added to this, little sleep and much exercise are advised. Acids to reduce fatness are frequently administered, but have done considerable mischief. Amongst other wonderful accounts of their efficacy in such cases, it is related of a Spanish general who was of an enormous size, that he drank

vinegar until his bulk was so reduced that he could fold his skin round his body.

For a similar purpose soap has been frequently recommended, particularly by Dr. Flemmyng. He began this experiment with one of his patients who weighed twenty stone and eleven pounds (jockey weight): in July 1754 he took every night a quarter of an ounce of common Castile soap. In August 1756 his bulk was reduced two stone, and in 1760 he was brought down to a proper condition.

Darwin is of opinion that salt and salted meat are still more efficacious than soap. All these experiments, however, are in general not only useless but pernicious, and frequently prove fatal. Mr. Wadd, from whose curious work on corpulence much is extracted in this article, properly observes that, "certain and permanent relief is only to be sought in rigid abstemiousness, and a strict and constant attention to diet and exercise." Dr. Cheyne, who weighed thirty-two stone, reduced himself one-third, and enjoyed good health till the age of seventy-two.

In another case, attended by Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh, the patient weighed twenty-three stone, and by a regular system of diet was brought down to fifteen stone. In this instance brown bread, with a certain quantity of bran in it, was employed; and it is well known that the alimentary secretions are materially altered by the quality of bread. The article of drink also requires much attention. Corpulent persons generally indulge to excess, and in this case, every endeavour to reduce them will be in vain. We frequently see our jockeys reducing themselves to the extent of a stone and a half in the week. A lower scale of diet is by no means as injurious as it is generally supposed; the English prisoners made by Tippoo Saib, though kept upon scanty pittance of bread and water, found themselves in better health than before, and some of them were cured during their captivity of liver complaints of long and severe duration.

One of the most corpulent persons known was Mr. Lambert, of Leicestershire, who weighed fifty-two stone eleven pounds (14lbs. to the stone).

At Hainton, there died in 1816, Samuel Sugars, aged fifty-two; and his body, with a single coffin, weighed fifty stone.

In 1754 died Mr. Jacob Powell, of Stebbing in Essex; his body was above five yards in circumference, and weighed

five hundred and sixty pounds; requiring sixteen men to bear him to his grave.

In 1775 Mr. Spooner, of Skillington near Tamworth, weighed, a short time before his death, forty stone and nine pounds, and measured four feet three inches across the shoulders.

Keysler mentions a young man in Lincoln who ate eighteen pounds of beef daily, and died in 1724, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, weighing five hundred and thirty pounds.

A baker, in Pye Corner, weighed thirty-four stone, and would frequently eat a small shoulder of mutton, baked in his oven, and weighing five pounds; he, however, persisted for one year to live upon water-gruel and brown bread, by which he lost two hundred pounds of his bulk.

Master Collett, master of the Evesham Academy, weighed upwards of twenty-six stone; when twelve years old, he was nearly as large as at the time of his death. At two years of age he required two nurses to lift him in and out of bed, one of whom in a fit of anger he felled to the floor with a blow of his hand.

At Trenaw in Cornwall, there was a man known by the name of Grant Chillcot, who weighed four hundred and sixty pounds; one of his stockings could contain six gallons of wheat.

Our poet Butler must have met with some such enormous creatures in the type of his Saxon Duke, who, in *Hudibras*,—

“——— did grow so fat,  
That mice (as histories relate)  
Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in  
His postique parts, without his feeling.”

If obesity has been the subject of ungenerous jokes, leanness has not passed unnoticed. An anecdote is related of a reverend doctor of a very ghostly appearance, who was one day accosted by a fellow with the following salutation: “Well, doctor, I hope you have taken care of your *soul*?” “Why, my friend?” said the divine. “Because,” replied the impertinent interlocutor, “your *body* is not worth caring for.”

A poor diminutive Frenchman being ordered by his Sangrado to drink a quart of ptisan a day, replied, with a heavy sigh, “Alas! doctor, that I cannot do, since I only hold a pint.”

When the Duke de Choiseu, a remarkably meagre man, came to London to negotiate a peace, Charles Townshend being asked whether the French govern-

ment had sent the preliminaries of a treaty, answered, “He did not know, but they had sent the *outline of an ambassador*.”

That change of spare diet to a more nutritious food may bring on some corpulence, is evidenced in an anecdote of Colley Cibber, who relates that a poor half-starved actor, who used to play the Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet* to the life, and with great applause, received an augmentation of salary in consequence of his popularity. Unfortunately, increase of wealth led him to increase his fare, until he gradually assumed a plumpness which unfitted him for the worn-out pharmacopolist; and not being able to perform in any other line, the poor man was discharged. However, poverty once more brought him down to his original condition, when he reappeared upon the boards as triumphantly as ever.

If *embonpoint* is generally a sign of good-humour and a cheerful disposition, leanness frequently betokens a sour, crabbed, and ill-natured character. Solomon has said, “A merry heart doeth good like medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones.” This observation, however, cannot be considered a rule in forming a judgment of various tempers. This is by no means an easy attempt in our intercourse with the world, when physiognomy is not always a sure guide in the selection of our companions. Dr. Franklin tells a singular story on this subject:

“An old philosophical gentleman had grown, from experience, very cautious in avoiding ill-natured people. To endeavour to ascertain their disposition he made use of his legs, one of which was remarkably handsome, the other, by some accident, crooked and deformed. If a stranger at the first interview regarded his ugly leg more than his handsome one, he doubted him; but if he spoke of it, and took no notice of his handsome leg, that was sufficient to determine the philosopher to have no further acquaintance with him. Everybody has not this two-legged instrument; but every one, with a little attention, may observe signs of this carping, fault-finding disposition, and take the same resolution of avoiding the acquaintance of those infected by it. I therefore advise those querulous, discontented, unhappy people, if they wish to be respected and beloved by others, and happy in themselves, to leave off looking at the ugly leg.”

Various expedients, in addition to a



better diet, have been resorted to, to restore lean persons to a better case; but amongst the most singular that we have on record is that of flagellation. Galen says, that horse-dealers having been observed to fatten horses for sale by flogging them, an analogous method might be useful with spare persons who wish to become stouter. He also mentions slave-dealers who employed similar means. Suetonius informs us that Musa, the favourite physician of Augustus, used to fustigate him, not only to cure him of a sciatica, but to keep him plump. Meibomius pretends that nurses whip little children to fatten them, that they may appear healthy and chubby to their mothers. No doubt but flagellation determines a greater influx of blood to the surface, and may thus tend to increase the circulation, and give tone to parts which would otherwise be languid.

A remarkable case of leanness is mentioned by Lorry in a priest, who became so thin and dry in all his articulations, that at last he was unable to go through the celebration of mass, as his joints and spine would crack in so loud and strange a manner at every genuflexion, that the faithful were terrified, and the faithless laughed. One of these miserable laths once undertook a long journey to consult a learned physician on his sad condition, and having begged to know, in a most piteous tone, the cause of his desiccation, was favoured with the following luminous answer: "Sir, there is a predisposition in your constitution to make you lean, and a disposition in your constitution to keep you so." Another meagre patient being told that the celebrated Hunter had fattened a dog by removing his spleen, exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "O, sir! I wish Mr. Hunter had mine."

### TOM ENGLEDDUE'S ADVENTURES.

THE day was bitterly cold, and the cutting wind blew sharp and easterly, as, after four hours' exposure on and off the saddle in making my professional calls, I drew up before the George and Dragon in a pretty village, and throwing the reins to the hostler, entered the house, and ordering a tankard of mulled ale, sat down before the parlour fire, in the hope of recovering, by the application of warmth within and without, that equanimity of mind and body which the fatigue and harassment of the day had not a little decomposed. I had hardly appreciated the enjoyment of the first creamy draught of my potation when I was startled by a well-known, but long-forgotten voice, exclaiming from the tap-room beyond, "Sir, I gave a kick that might have lodged him on the horns of the moon, but it only sent him, *per saltum*, through the kitchen window, slap into a copper of boiling soup the cook was at the moment tasting. Sir, it was a *vis-a-tergo* kick, as we say at the university, that would have broken the backbone of an Ajax."

"Haw, haw, haw!" shouted a chorus of yokels, while a more educated laugh of half a dozen male and female voices convinced me that the company mustered pretty strong.

"If that's a living man," I ejaculated to myself, when the ebullition had sub-

sided into a mild simmer of applause, "if that's a living man, it is my old brother apprentice and fellow-student, Tom Engledue." And I rang the bell.

"I say, Kingsland," I asked, as the landlord entered the room, "who have you got in the tap?"

"Why, Murster Keightly, it's more nor I can tell you; but one on 'um is a rum chap sureli. My missus says as how she thinks they be players—he, he! and mayhap they be. There's eight on 'um, three women and five men, and they come frae Maidstone. But you never heard sich a chap as that as is a talking now. I'm blest if he wouldn't talk a man's breeches off him. He never a tires; and sich a funny devil, you can't gainsay him nohows. I'm blest if I don't think my wife would give him her puss—and she holds that purty tight in ginerel—an he axed her for it. Talk, sir! I'm jiggered if he wouldn't talk the hair off your head. I never come across sich a one."

"An actor! No, no," I muttered; "it isn't likely Tom would have deserted his profession; and yet I don't know: he certainly never took to the art kindly, and when I left the college had only entered on his first matriculation, and——"

"Drink, sir!" continued the same voice in voluble fluency, "I could drink the Caspian, and never cry, 'Hold

enough!" Nothing, sir, is too high, too low, too strong, or too weak for my capacity; and yet, sir, in the whole course of my life I was never drunk, or exceeded in my potations. Yet, sir, I have drunk *Schiedam* with your Hollander, *cham-pagne* and *Xeres* with your Portingale and Gascon, imbibed *Johannisberg* with your German, quaffed filthy *quass* with the Moscovite, *sherbet* with your Arab, *pombie* with the African, *toddy* with the Kamtschatkan, *raka* with the Polynesian, *chicha* with the South American, and *arrack* and *sham* with the Malay and Chinese. But from the mare's milk of the Tartar to the black-ant brandy of the Swede, there is nothing comes up in potentiality and stamina to this *cererisia Londinensis*, in which I have the pleasure to drink your very good health."

"There he is agin!" exclaimed the delighted and grinning landlord, as the speaker brought his rattling discourse to a period. "There he is agin, he, he, he! —mi! Can't he talk! Why, he goes faster nor a steam-hinjin."

"Surely I cannot be mistaken in the voice," I added aloud when the landlord's chuckle had subsided. "Here, Kingsland, take my card to that gentleman, and say, if he remembers the name, I shall be happy to have the pleasure of his company." There was a temporary lull in the rollicking discord of the tap-room for a minute after the host entered, succeeded, however, almost instantly by the exclamation, "'Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses, or else worth all the rest.' Lead me to this gentleman." And the next moment, bursting in with eager expectation, my old friend Tom Engledue rushed into the parlour, and grasping both my hands, fairly overwhelmed me with the impetuosity of his delight.

"What! Will Keightly—alive and here? 'If it were now to die, 'twere now to be most happy!' Hurrah, old boy! We'll hear the chimes again at midnight, and make the welkin ring. And how are you, excellent friend, how are you?"

"Quite well, dear Tom, and very happy to see you again, but not a little surprised to find you here," I replied, shaking his hands cordially, and endeavouring to temperate his exuberance.

"And your surprise will be still greater when you hear that I have thrown 'physic to the dogs,' but not," he added in a parenthesis, "till physic had nearly made cat's meat of me, and have now assumed

the sock and buskin, or, to speak more by the card, the russet boot and the sandal. Yes, Keightly (for we must drop the familiarity of Will now you are in practice), I am now a poor player, 'strutting my feverish hour upon the stage;' one day playing the light, the next the heavy business, the toga or the livery—I see you stare—that is, bearing a missive or carrying a banner; one night 'yon trembling coward who forsook his master,' the next one of 'ye common cry of curs.' In fact, to sum up all, I am engaged for that extensive line of business denominated General Utility."

"And your companions," I inquired, "will they not join us?"

"By no means," he replied rapidly. "I shall monopolize the whole of your society myself; and besides, we were but on a halt, and they must reach Canterbury to-night. For myself, I shall follow as I list, and as we do not open till to-morrow, I shall inflict my tediousness on your worship; that is, if you will give me house room for the night, and hear the history of my adventures since they plucked me at college, and I was kicked out of the profession by a hungry foreman and an irascible jury."

"With pleasure, my dear fellow; but whether in jest or seriousness, your revelation astonishes me. My home is but three miles off, and on your way; and, as Autolycus says, 'Sweet sir, we will pace softly towards my kinsman's.'"

When dinner was over, and we had sat ourselves comfortably down, Tom gave me the following account of his adventures:—

"You remember when old Wilson, our governor, died, and my apprenticeship was cancelled, that you went up to the college and passed, and finally left Edinburgh altogether. Well, that year I entered on my first *curriculum* in the university, and tried to study hard, but somehow could never bend my mind to it at all; and, as my mother kept me pretty well supplied with money, didn't care to persevere. So, to make the beginning short, after three or four years of hard collar work (for all study went against my grain), in getting up in anatomy, chemistry, and all the other branches, I screwed up my courage, or rather my impudence, and went up for examination. But instead of giving me the *Conspectus*, which I was pretty well up in, by the Lord Harry, Will, if they did not stick Celsus into my hand, and



told me to translate a whole chapter on baths! Did you ever hear of such a swindle? Well, after breaking my shins for half an hour, and guessing at all the meanings, they fairly took the book from me, and set to, like a twenty-horse power, on surgery and practice of physic; and after badgering me for nearly two hours with catch-questions, and asking for authorities on every opinion I gave, I'll be hanged if they hadn't the impudence to pluck me, and sent me out to rusticate for six months, without a feather to fly with! But I was determined not to be beaten by a parcel of muffs, and if they wouldn't let me into the profession by fair means, I resolved to get into it without their leave; and as my mother's life and my finances expired together, I was obliged to exert myself, so I took a situation on board a South Sea whaler, and had, in the five years our cruise lasted, a good field for nautical observation, but not much for a physical one. It is true I had six cases during the voyage, but, as they all died, I can't say much for the success of my practice. Certainly the sailors thought it very odd that a simple fracture, or a rheumatic knee-joint, should terminate in a stitched-up hammock and the funeral service. But, as I told them they knew nothing of the science or the mysteries of physic, they only hitched up their trousers, took an extra quid of tobacco, and apostrophised their eyes with a few energetic expletives. Growing tired of the naval service, I resolved to commence practice on my own account; and seeing an advertisement for a parish surgeon to the district of a union in Lincolnshire, I made application, and was accepted."

"What! without a diploma, license, or testimonials?" I exclaimed, interrupting him.

"Well, that did certainly pose me at first," resumed Tom; "but I had made up my mind to have the situation, and a trifle wouldn't stop me. Besides, I wanted to begin life like a respectable member of society, marry a girl with money, keep my horse and chaise, and all that sort of thing. But still the diploma and license were *sine quâ non*s, as the advertisement pretty stringently observed; and I had not even one of my tickets left as vouchers that I had ever attended a course of lectures. Ay, you may stare, Will; but I will tell you what I did with them. You must know, when they plucked me, I made a solemn oath I'd

never go up again, and therefore my tickets were of no further use to me. Now, you may remember, Will, that at the time of that terrible affair with the two students, Whinston and Grattan, the poor girl and the resurrection, and all that——"

"Yes, yes," I exclaimed hastily, as the painful memory of the case flashed vividly across my mind, and made me look back with a shudder to an almost forgotten tragedy. "Well, go on."

"There was at that time," he resumed, "a miserable, half-starved Scotch student, almost without shoes, and quite without linen, whom Whinston called the Vampire, because he never walked, but seemed to glide along by you like a ghost. You used to tell me—for I didn't attend lectures then, you know—that this melancholy phantom was in the habit of stealing into the different classes among the crowd, and hiding himself behind the benches for fear the janitor should see and expel him; for it was generally believed he never paid for any course he attended."

"I remember the man well," I replied, "and once had the curiosity to follow him to his den, and afterwards learnt much of his history, which some day probably you may hear; but I missed him suddenly, and thought he had died, poor fellow."

"No such thing: he was found out sneaking into Hope's class, and ejected because he had no ticket. He then went to Glasgow, from thence to Aberdeen and St. Andrews, following the same course of gratuitous study at each. Well, he suddenly reappeared at Edinburgh; and whether he was Mephistophiles in disguise, and knew my thoughts, or some one had told him, I know not; but the day after my rejection, when I was hiding my shame and vexation in the solitude of St. Anthony's Chapel, on Arthur's seat, his meagre and cadaverous form suddenly appeared among the ruins, and stood before me, and in very tolerable phrase—nay, in good-set terms—begged me to give him my tickets, as he knew I should make no further use of them, at the same time modestly asking my permission to borrow my name for a few days hereafter, assuring me on the honour of a—no, he didn't say gentleman, Will—but on the honour of a man, he would do nothing to sully its reputation; that in a few months he would return them, and tell me in full the

reasons for this singular request, which he was unable—and he hoped I would be generous enough not to urge him—to divulge now. Of course I promised, for there was something in the poor fellow's address so different from his garb and aspect that I felt a sort of interest in him. So in a few days I left all my tickets, under the initials A. B., at a low cobbler's stall in Leith Wynd, and after a day or two thought no more of the matter; for looking out for something to do, kicking about town in the day, and going to the theatre to see Vandenhoff at night, occupied all my time till my appointment to the whaler. I was just going on board as they warped the ship out of dock, when a young woman, with her head enveloped in a maud, or tartan, put a letter into my hand, and with the slightest perceptible squeeze instantly disappeared. As she turned away, however, I discovered that tears were in her eyes; but whether they were the result of tenderness for an untold affection, or sorrow for an unpaid bill I might have forgotten, I could not fathom. The letter, I found afterwards, came from our friend the Vampire. It seems that he had waited till the six months, the period kindly awarded me for study by the college, had expired, when, assuming my name and presenting my tickets, he stood his examination and passed, with a high eulogium on the profit he had made of his rustication.

"The next day he got appointed full surgeon to a regiment of Cossacks in the Russian army; for at that time the college post-office contained tempting offers for young surgeons, setting aside their repugnance to paper halfpence and the knout, to enter his imperial Majesty's service; and the same day that saw me berthed on board the *Isabella Simpson* witnessed his departure by mail for Portsmouth, *en route* for the Black Sea and the Caucasus. The tickets he had left at my lodgings; but, as I never returned to Edinburgh, I of course saw them no more; and that is the reason I had not a voucher left to back my suit for the situation of parish surgeon. However, I was determined I would not be beaten, especially as it would in a short time become a serious question, not only where I should dine, but how I should perform that highly interesting ceremony. I had, therefore, neither time nor inclination to procrastinate; and having had the temerity to face a court of examiners, I

thought it was hard if I could not mystify a court of guardians. I was at this time vegetating, for the sake of economy, at a little village a few miles above Hull, and directly opposite the cluster of parishes in Lincolnshire, for the possession of which my stomach was so sensitively watering. The day of sending in tenders—as the jobbery is degradingly termed—arrived, and I sent for two boatmen to take me over, and bargain about the fare there and back. Bidding the sailors sit down while I arranged my documents, I made a liberal display of two or three pieces of old parchment I had bought for the occasion, and to which I had appended enormous red seals, carefully folding these up with several old letters, and about a score of benefit tickets that I obtained from an actor I got acquainted with in Hull. I then deposited all my spurious testimonials, first carefully tied with red tape, in an old pocket-book, whose receptacles I had previously lined with sheet lead, observing to my gaping auditors that these seeming trifles were of inestimable value to me, as they were credentials from the highest authorities. Well, my hook thus baited, and all preliminaries arranged, the expense of the sail was soon decided, and after a hasty luncheon we got into the fishing-boat, and were very soon, under the impetus of a lug-sail, staggering across the Humber at the rate of nine knots an hour. I should observe that I had placed my pocket-book in the breast of my coat for greater security; but as the breeze stiffened, and it became necessary to shorten sail, and being a pretty expert sailor, I readily leant a hand in the manoeuvres; but, as the lug wanted extra strength and exertion, I threw off my coat, taking care, in pitching it down, to jerk out the pocket-book, which I did so *à propos* that both men saw it fly a dozen yards over the gunwale, and disappear like a lump of lead—as in truth it was—to the bottom of the river. My agony and consternation, when apprized of my loss by the friendly sailors, were really heart-breaking. I tore my hair, I stamped, I swore and raved like a madman at my unfortunate calamity. In fact, though I have played a great deal since, and to audiences of all calibres, I never acted so thoroughly to my own satisfaction, or so completely to the delusion of my auditory, as on this occasion. When, after a time, I became more calm, I told the men I had decided on the only course I could



pursue, and giving each one an extra half-crown for the delay I should put them to, took them with me, on landing, to the nearest magistrate, who, I had previously discovered, was also chairman of the board. Here, after having made a lamentable statement of my loss, and candidly confessed, as one gentleman to another, that I was not at present supplied with funds sufficient to obtain copies or a duplicate of my diploma and license, I made a formal deposition of my loss, and to which the two too verdant sailors, who had previously seen the contents of my pocket-book, bore witness by their signatures. The magistrate, a good-natured, easy man, gave full credit to my statement, and when he understood that I was a candidate for the vacant office, kindly offered to use his influence in my behalf. This, of course, I knew was enough, and that I was already elected, which, in fact, that day week I was; the statement I sent to the board, backed by the chairman, carrying the day in my favour against ten Richmonds in the field, the most ignorant of whom would have been a perfect Esculapius to me, who had nothing but sheer necessity to 'prick the sides of my intent.' But my conscience was easy. I knew there were quite as great muffs in the world as myself, and holding office too; and besides, I took a virtuous resolution to do my best—and no man can do more, you know—and endeavour to commit as few professional murders as possible. However, fate ruled it otherwise; and whether it was the peculiar malignity of the disease, or the badness of my drugs, or the sheer spleen of the people, the patients would die in spite of all my endeavours to the contrary. But all the time the mortality lay among the paupers there was little attention given to the matter; but I had hardly got myself warm and comfortably installed in my new office—indeed, scarcely tucked in, as I may say—before my professional opponent, one of the unsuccessful candidates for the parish, began systematically to annoy me, and call in question the soundness of my practice, and publicly asserted that he didn't believe I had ever passed at all, or even attended a lecture in my life, and that my declaration about the loss of my testimonials was simply a flam; and to sum it all up, that I was little better than a cheat. This was getting serious, you know, and as it ran the risk of endangering my bread and

cheese, I thought it was high time to check such calumny in the bud; so taking the first opportunity of meeting my antagonist as he was endeavouring to fix a wavering patient by decrying my skill, I came abruptly upon him, *in flagrante delicto*, at a tradesman's shop door.

"Of whom, sir, are you talking?" I demanded, interrupting the confidential gossip of a knot of half a dozen tradesmen, of which the fat doctor formed the nucleus. 'Of a humbug, sir,' says he with emphasis, contracting his bushy eyebrows till they looked like a miniature scrub. 'Of a notorious humbug, sir;' and he folded his podgy arms with the air of a Coburg Richard, and looking annihilation over his shoulder, turned his dorsal proportions upon me with sublime contempt, and resumed his friendly *conversazione*.

"This, you will allow, was an insult that required vigorous measures, and I therefore prepared to treat it accordingly with the whole force of my physical ability. You remember of old what remarkable strength I always had in my legs. Well, the situation was inviting; the fat doctor, with his broad disc, was just before me within the confines of an easy swing; the provocation had been strong; the *vis vitæ* and the *vis inertie* were also strong; and I instantly called into play the gluteal and flexor muscles of hip, thigh, and leg, and, with the aim of a catapult and the momentum of a battering-ram, swung my foot full on his nether quarters, and shot the son of Esculapius, doubled up like a door-hinge, hissing through the air, and clear over the heads of his thunder-stricken auditors. After culminating as high as the drawing-room window, and describing in his perihelion the segment of a circle, he dropped like a spent bomb, disappearing through a kitchen skylight, and plunged into a copper of simmering soup, which the philanthropic inhabitants were preparing for the parish hunger. From this unexpected hip-bath he was ultimately fished out like a scalded dumpling or a huge forcemeat ball, and carried home in a sheet in a pleasurable state of steaming absorption, and lay in bed for three weeks folded up like a boot-jack. I am almost afraid to say how long it was before he straightened his legs. It was a kick, Will, that would have made a lucky man's fortune, but it only determined mine; for, as soon as he did put down his feet, he walked me down at double-quick

rate. About the same time as my antagonist began to take the air with the aid of a stick, I was sent for to attend the butcher's father-in-law for a case of hemoptysis—— Isn't that the name for hemorrhage from the lungs? I never could recollect nosology. Is that it?"

I nodded affirmatively, and he went on.

"Well, I bled him, and I dosed him and blistered him, gave him a strong emetic to clear——"

"What! an emetic?" I exclaimed in amaze.

"O yes! two, I think. Then I gave him mercury and opium; and as I remembered hearing you say there was no remedy like sugar of lead, and that you used to give it till the patient got well or died, I gave him ten grains every five minutes, and——"

"Stop, stop! Mercy, what are you about?" I cried, seriously alarmed at the blind use thus made of my authority. "I never gave it without the frequent use of buttermilk, or diluents of vinegar and water, to keep the lead always in a state of acetate."

"Ah! I forgot the buttermilk. I knew there was something else, but couldn't recollect what it was. However, it seems my practice was too energetic for his weakened constitution; for the old fellow, as if bent upon ruining me, fell to being sick, wouldn't move his legs and arms, grumbled about horrible pains in his stomach; and when I thought he was going to get better—for I had quite conquered the hemorrhage—by Jove, if he didn't slip through my fingers, and die! The butcher was furious, because the old fellow had promised to make a will in his favour; but, in consequence of his obstinacy in dying so suddenly, the money went to the next of kin."

"Why, the man died of paralysis, then, induced by the absorption of the lead," I observed, as Tom paused over the obstinacy of his patient.

"That's just what the fellow I kicked said on the inquest—that I had given him *colica pictonum*, and poisoned him. But I am anticipating. The butcher, I say, was furious, not at the death of his father, but at the loss of the money; and as for the apothecary, he gave over rubbing his back, and only rubbed his hands, and so worked upon the squire and the guardians that I was summarily dismissed from my office of parish surgeon for incompetency, all the deaths that had occurred among the poor for the last six months being brought

up like ghosts to damn me. Nor was this all: the coroner was called in, and he called in a jury; and the irascible butcher got himself made foreman, for the acknowledged luxury of proving me guilty of murder, and the pleasure of seeing me hanged. So far will malice and passion lead a man!"

"Mercy! you had a narrow escape," I ejaculated, drawing a breath.

"*Hadn't I?*" Tom resumed with his habitual levity. "And no thanks to them either; but you shall hear. My liberty, if not my life, hung figuratively on a thread, and I was resolved that thread should not be spun into a rope if ingenuity could avert it. Well, Will, the jury was sworn, and a more obtuse set of dolts you never saw, each one scowling as if I was a wild beast, and the butcher looking razors and vitriol at me, as he sat swelling in an arm-chair in the midst of his twelve 'good men and true,' jingling two half crowns and a fourpenny piece in one pocket, and rattling a bunch of keys in the other. But not to tire you with all the *pros* and *cons*, the medical evidence and the *post-mortem* symptoms, the coroner summed up with savage animus against me; for the squire, feeling ashamed of having taken me by the hand, had kindly told the coroner, who was his legal adviser and chairman of his Court Baron, to transport me or hang me, for he had no doubt I *was* an impostor: and so he did, for his bias of the case and the predetermination of the butcher induced the jury to bring in a verdict of culpable homicide. So you see, with the best intentions in the world, merely through an error of judgment, and forgetting that abominable buttermilk, and losing an old man before he had time to make his will, not only was my liberty forfeited, but my neck placed in very dangerous proximity to the gallows—a death which, ever since poor Whinston's tragical affair, I have entertained a most decided repugnance to have personally illustrated. Here, then, was I in a pretty fix—my *mittimus* made out; the constable's knuckles energetically fixed in my collar; and the jury calling for bread and cheese, beer and tobacco, to assuage their provoked appetites. All the time the foreman was jingling his five and fourpence with frantic delight, while the coroner tied up his papers, and the headborough drawled out through his snuffy nose, 'O yes, O yes!' as in set terms he broke up the court of his worship the



coroner. The whole formed a *tableau vivant* to the second act of a melodrama not at all pleasant, I assure you, to the principal actor. But I had made up my mind, as soon as I heard my fate pronounced—as I had to get the office of surgeon—to carry my point, and my determination was neither to be imprisoned nor hanged; and I therefore took it into my head to have a little pantomime of my own, and wind up the act with *éclat*. For this purpose, when the headborough's nasal bagpipes had got out the finish of his parliamentary dissolution, I suddenly gave vent to an unearthly yell, a kind of bastard screech, between a war-whoop and a colicky elephant, and clenching my fists, and playing dumb-bells with my arms, swept down both coroner and constable like a couple of nine-pins; then, with a sardonic laugh and a suffocating chuckle, rolled my eyes right round into my head, and falling, with a theatrical abandonment of consequences, on my back, began to convulse my extremities at 150-horse power.

"The effect, Will, was astounding. It did not certainly bring down thunders of applause, but it brought down pots of beer, quarters of bread and cheese, glasses and tobacco pipes; and what's more, it brought down all the jury on their knees to circumscribe and confine my frightful fit of hysterics. As the whole *posse* fell upon me, the coroner and headborough dragged themselves out of the *mêlée*; and while the discomfited functionary blew his bloody nose, and picked out the bits of his broken spectacles, the officer endeavoured to soothe a black eye that would have made the fortune of a low comedian.

"'Doctor, doctor, come and bleed him!' exclaimed the breathless butcher, as he strove to restrain the flail-like motion of my leg. 'Quick! he's as strong as a horse, and as mad——' The rest of the sentence I cut short with such a substantial kick in the chops as instantly sent him out of the contest *hors de combat*.

"'Doctor, doctor, we can't hold him!' shouted the twelve in despair, as the landlord and waiter rushed to their assistance.

"'I'm getting my lancets ready,' replied Esculapius, stooping in front of a chair, with his back disrespectfully turned to the company. 'Get off his coat; I'm just ready,' selecting his pet instrument, and trying its edge on the point of his finger.

By this time my assailants were well-nigh exhausted, and I easily contrived to hitch myself low enough down to bring the doctor's inviting protuberance within range of my foot, which, elevating with a sudden jerk, I caught my gentleman full on the crupper, and sent him performing an involuntary somersault over the back of the chair, bringing the iron heels of his boots with a formidable tattoo right on the bald head of the butcher, and beating him to the ground like a bundle of old rags, at the same time settling the doctor in the arms of the coroner, upon whom he performed an unsolicited phlebotomy by transfixing his temple with the protruded lancet.

"'Oh, oh, oh!' shouted the apothecary, tenderly rubbing the old locality.

"'Sir, you have bled me instead of the madman!' roared the terrified official, with a miniature Versailles spouting out of his head.

"As for the butcher, the rat-tat on his pate silenced him for the time by sending him to sleep. After satisfying myself that I had in part revenged my wrongs, I gave a sudden lurch over on my side, dragging the whole company helter-skelter after me, and throwing all their heads into one group like a set of rattling cocoa-nuts; then giving my body a convulsive tremor, and emitting a hollow groan, I turned over on my face, and lay quite still. Taking advantage of my tranquillity, the exhausted jury rose, panting and perspiring, from their knees, rubbing their heads, backs, and shins with anything but a pleasurable grimace.

"'Take him to bed, and carry me home,' groaned the doctor mournfully, with one hand placed gingerly behind him.

"'Stop my blood!' stammered the coroner, growing giddy, and clutching at the landlord's hair for support.

"'I'll hang him!' sputtered the butcher, waking from an uneasy sleep, and spitting out his last two molars. 'Help me up, help me up, Scrivens!'

"'I can't see,' whined the constable in reply, goggling furtively through the corners of his ecchymosed eyes.

"However, the doctor's suggestion was first complied with, and half a dozen of the less exhausted jurymen conveyed me upstairs, and pitched me, with the indifference of a log, upon the sacking bottom, from which the prudential landlady first removed the bed and mattress, when, untying my neckcloth for fear of apoplexy,

they left me in my supposed fit. Locking the door behind them, they descended to the club-room, and began refreshing their inward manhoods, and recruiting their fatigued bodies, by potations of half-and-half and rations of bread and cheese. How long the *jet d'eau* was allowed to play from the coroner's temporal I never heard, and could only surmise, from the sudden crash and heavy fall that subsequently occurred, that the arterial fountain was permitted to exhaust its victim, and that, in his fall, he brought with him the unwilling landlord, as I heard the voice of his helpmate in loud indignation and soothing condolence out of the hubbub that ensued.

"Taking advantage of the confusion below, I jumped lightly off the ticking, and spying a razor on the mantelpiece, quickly denuded my face of its hirsute appendages of whiskers, imperial, and moustache, and cramming my masculine trophies into my pocket, opened the window, and cautiously descending into the yard, took to my heels over the fields, and never paused or slackened my speed till I had placed a dozen good miles between the constable and myself. I then lay down in a wood till night, and, after a good sleep, made my way across the country till I reached Lancaster, where,

meeting the manager of a strolling company at a public-house, I engaged with him for eighteen shillings a week when business was good, and a share and a half when bad, to play the light comedy. I of course changed my name, and have ever since been known in the profession as Tom Beverly.

"From the admirable manner in which I flattered myself I had acted in my late affair, I was led to believe I should prove an inimitable comedian; but no such thing. I am a shocking bad actor, and of course fell gradually from Mercutio to Tybalt, and from Tybalt to Friar John. I did think, indeed, I should make a stand in the Apothecary; but the audience had been so accustomed to see it played by a low comedian, with a gay exit about a mutton chop, that they would not tolerate my tragic reading of the part; for I maintain that the starved Apothecary is the most touching bit of domestic tragedy that Shakspeare ever wrote. Well, after every sort of situation and company, I ultimately joined the Kent circuit; and though I am by no means a good actor, as I have told you, I am considered a tolerably good fellow, and I believe the company would rather lose a better man any day than hear of the secession of their old favourite, Tom Beverly."

## PARLOUR OCCUPATIONS.

### PICTURES IN SAND.

PICTURES in sand are not very novel; but we have no doubt that there are hundreds of our readers who never heard of such things, and therefore we have prepared ample directions for making them, in order that another feature of instruction may be introduced into our "Parlour Occupations."

Any person who has visited the Isle of Wight, and particularly the neighbourhood of Alum Bay, must have observed phials and bottles of nearly every conceivable shape, filled with various-coloured sands, arranged in such a manner, that their colours form strong contrasts; and they may also have observed pictures of Black Gang-Chine, Alum Bay, &c., formed of different coloured sands. Our present

intention is to afford our readers full directions for making these pictures.

The materials necessary for the construction of sand-pictures, are card-board or mill-board, gum arabic in solution, glue in solution, various coloured paints in powder, designs, camel's-hair brushes, a pencil, and the sands.

The coloured sands may be obtained from Alum Bay, in the Isle of Wight, where various strata of them may be observed on one side of the bay, forming a pleasing and strange feature in the view. The white sand is very valuable, being used in the manufacture of glass and china. The sands require to be kept separate in boxes or trays, which should be arranged with due regard to their



colours in the respective gradations of red, blue, yellow, and white, with all the intermediate tints.

Some persons will no doubt exclaim—"If I must go or send to Alum Bay for the sands, there is an end to my attempting the sand pictures." This does not follow. We admit that there will be a difficulty in obtaining all the coloured sands in many places; but even then pictures in sand may be formed by employing white sand for the ground-work, and painting over it, in the same manner as directed below for touching up the sand pictures. Those persons who possess a good stock of patience may collect black, white, grey, light-brown, and red sands in most localities.

We would suggest to those who visit the various watering-places during the summer months, to collect the different coloured sands that present themselves, and preserve them in separate bottles, boxes, or trays.

All the sands used in this kind of work require to be carefully dried in saucers, either in an oven or before the fire, and afterwards kept in a dry place.

As persons frequently experience a difficulty in the selection of designs, we beg to suggest the following, those printed in italics having already been executed in coloured sands, so as to produce a general impression upon observers, that they were *bona-fide* paintings:—*Mount Vesuvius during an Eruption; Dungeon Ghyll Force; a Waterfall in Westmoreland; a Dish of Fish*, in which the mackerel was conspicuous; *the Ruined Water-mill; Sunrise at Sea; Sunset upon a Common; a Group of Leverets; Boors Merrymaking*, after Ostade; a Bloodhound; *Gin and Bitters*, after Landseer; the Dutch Housewife, after Maes; Mont Blanc; *the Ruins of Netley Abbey; Alum Bay, Isle of Wight*, and several other views in the Isle of Wight, &c.

To commence the formation of a sand picture, take the design you intend to copy, and place it in a slanting position, opposite to you; then draw the outline upon a piece of cardboard, and fill in the proper colours roughly, that is to say,

lay a coat of blue over the sections which are to be coloured blue, and so on. Allow the several colours to dry, and then proceed.

*To prepare the picture.*—This consists in passing a coat of mucilage of gum-arabic or thin glue over each section at a time. For example—you pass a brush charged with either of the above solutions first over all the blues, and afterwards apply the sand as directed below; then the gum or glue is to be applied over all the parts coloured red, and so on, until the design is complete. Great care is required in laying on the fine and delicate touches in some parts of the picture, because the gum or glue is liable to spread, and thus destroy the effect by causing too much sand to adhere to a part where it was not required.

*Applying the sand* does not require much dexterity; the only precaution necessary, is having the sand perfectly dry, and each colour kept in a distinct box or tray. When the gum or glue has been applied over any particular colour upon the outline, select the coloured sand required, and sift it through a piece of fine muslin over the *whole* of the outline; allow it to remain for about two minutes, then shake off the superfluous sand upon a sheet of writing-paper, and return it to the proper box or tray. Proceed in this manner with each colour until the outline is filled in, then set it aside for three or four hours in a warm place, or, if the cardboard is very stiff, place the picture upon the hearth-rug before the fire, and it will soon dry.

*Touching up the picture* should not be attempted until the whole of it is perfectly dry, and then the strong outlines, such as architectural work, veinings, and divisions of rocks, trees, drapery, &c., should be touched up with colours in powder, mixed with some of the thin glue. Indian ink is very useful for strengthening different parts of the picture, giving a finish to the whole that it would not otherwise possess.

When sand-pictures are finished, they may be framed and glazed in the same manner as prints.

## WANDERING STARS.

## CHAPTER IV.

## MR. STUMPS' COURTSHIP.

Now it happened, by a remarkable coincidence, that whilst the doctor and his friends had been enjoying themselves in one way, his assistant and the family to whom he had been sent, were enjoying themselves after another.

Mr. Bluff, the great leading farmer at Milk cum Mallows, had a tea party on this eventful evening, or rather, Mrs. Bluff had the party, and her husband of course assisted. One of the company, a pretty niece of Mrs. B.'s, had become suddenly indisposed in consequence of a gentleman, whom she had expected to be present, not having been invited; and her illness, the symptoms of which were very alarming, compelled Mrs. Bluff to send a messenger for Dr. Mawplash, with the result we have seen.

Poor Stumps could not have had better luck, for the great farmer's hospitality was noted far and wide. The young lady's stay-laces having been cut, and a huge old-fashioned smelling-bottle held under her little nose, by the time he arrived she was convalescent. So, after feeling her pulse, he had nothing further to do but accept the farmer's invitation to join the party.

It was an old-fashioned house, constructed with an eye more to comfort than appearance, and beset with passages and various paths. He had approached it through a rough yard, between the wheels of two waggons, and past a furious house-dog, yelling and tearing at its chain like a demon; then down a short flight of steps, and through a deep porch, up a staircase, along a passage, turned to the right down another flight, up again to the left, straight to the right, then to the left and into the room.

Farmer Bluff was a tall, stout, well-built man of sixty, with snowy-white hair, a clear, frosty, blue eye, and a fine red-brick complexion. His wife a buxom dame, with a wondrous profusion of short close-twisted curls arranged in little ringlets on each temple; her complexion was more of the peony, with a dash of the apple or peach blossom, suggesting pleasant orchards, lowing kine, splashing milk-pails, and smiling maidens. She duly introduced Mr. Stumps to her

friends, but her five nieces being already supplied with partners for the evening, he contented himself with Miss Clementina Chemisette, the pretty milliner of Cropfield, a most fascinating damsel, in her most killing evening costume. She made up her mind that Stumps would be dazzled; and how could he be otherwise? So they danced, and ducked, and changed hands, and walked under each other's arms; and when he took her into supper among the delicacies of the farm, and jams, and junket, and everything else, he felt supremely happy. Old Bluff's rum-punch was very necessary after so much exertion, though of course the little creature on his arm did not drink any; Mrs. B.'s gooseberry champagne was enough for her, and indeed a glass of it would have been enough for most people. The windows were thrown open, and the cool, exhilarating air came freely in, while the band—three fiddles and a cornet—played their loudest. Stumps went at it again—never was there such a partner; so they danced, and every one else danced, as though the evening had just commenced, till the lights flashed and danced, and the old walls danced, and the whole house rocked and danced to its foundation. It was twelve o'clock before any one knew it, but still the old patriarch cried, "Go it, lads and lasses;" he had been busy brewing punch; but Stumps thought he had gone far enough, and accordingly bade them adieu.

It might have been an hour after Dr. Mawplash had returned home before any sound could be heard in the street, then came a shuffling tread on the pavement, and a diminutive tinkle at the door-bell. A window was raised, and Dr. Mawplash, in a husky voice, wished to know who it was?

"Me, sir," responded poor Stumps, quite meekly, for he was tired, and it was beginning to rain.

"Oh, you, Mr. Stumps, is it? you may remain there, sir," growled the old doctor as he closed the window: "the idea of coming home at this unreasonable hour. Why! there he goes again!" as the bell again rang, this time more impatiently. "Confound the fellow! I must let him in!" but Mawplash resolved to make him wait, however, a little longer. "Hark



ye, sir!" he cried, once more raising the sash, "just take yourself off, and don't come disturbing my house at this time of night."

"I want to come in," said Mr. Stumps, in a piteous tone.

"Nonsense, sir; 'tis out of the question."

Stumps took another pull at the bell, and then another, and wished very hard it was a glass of ale instead. Then he applied his knuckles to the door, and wished again it was his employer's head rather. Meanwhile that worthy had crept down stairs, and opening the door, the assistant managed to squeeze through and slipped off to his bed.

From an early hour the following morning the lively voice of Miss Chemisette had mingled with his dreams; and when at last he was awakened by a rapping and tapping at his door, he found, of course, his watch stopped, while his temples were opening and shutting to the music, as it seemed, to which he had danced on the previous evening; in fact, he was suffering from the unaccustomed effects of a convivial party, and enjoyed a fine splitting headache in addition to sundry other sensations, which would have been relieved by soda-water had his experience only taught him so. Under these depressing circumstances he arose to the duties of another day; but the Stumps of to-day was a very different creature to the Stumps of yesterday, as was soon evident, and he came down to breakfast with feelings too terrible to be described. First of all he never took the trouble to knock, but boldly entered the presence of his awful principal; perhaps he considered he had done enough knocking the night before: then he coolly sat down, and actually proceeded to make quite a breakfast—helping himself to a choice beefsteak, and shamelessly ignoring Dr. Mawplash's presence. It might have been reasonably supposed, indeed, he was not there, and that some strange elderly gentleman, in a helpless apoplectic state, was doing the honours in his stead; but Mawplash was decidedly there, sitting at the head of the table, staring, positively aghast at his assistant's behaviour. As for Stumps being so well employed, he could scarcely be expected to notice him while he kept playing his knife and fork at such a capital rate, even helping himself, rude fellow, to the last rasher of bacon, and pouring out another cup of coffee as if nothing had happened. It

was really pleasant, when he had quite finished his repast, even to the last egg, to see with what an agreeable smile he nodded to Mawplash as he arose to leave the room, his whole face radiating with a cheerful glow, and his inner-man responding most gratefully to the delightful consciousness of having enjoyed an unusually good breakfast, so good indeed, that he naturally expected it would be the last he should ever enjoy under that roof.

"Mr. Stumps!" ejaculated the doctor, in a thick, husky voice, "I'll speak with you, and settle with you, sir, by and by."

There was nothing so strange in Mr. Stumps walking at a good round pace down the town, even after partaking of such a good breakfast, and at half-past ten in the morning, for this at least he was in the habit of doing, but there was something unusual, not to say suspicious, in his making choice of the very street in which resided the fair partner of his dance, and if this was not enough, there was the additional fact that he was seen to loiter on passing a particular house, which was more remarkable as the house itself could have had no charms for his eye, any more than the large bow window full of ladies' fancy work, and a flat-faced dummy garnished with a model head-dress, in front of which a small brass-plate announced Miss Chemisette to be the presiding genius of the place. Stumps had often passed the house before without being the least conscious of any unusual sensation, but how differently he felt on this occasion. Even his coat unbuttoned itself with the swelling of his breast, and as for his pulse he vainly attempted to count it. Ah, Mr. Stumps, you are strangely conducting yourself this morning. He walked past the window safely, but then he thought he must go back for something, and so this foolish, infatuated young man walked forwards and backwards nearly half-a-dozen times, till the fairy of the palace perceived him.

"Dear me, Mr. Stumps, is that you, sir?" she exclaimed; "I hope you are none the worse for the exercise of last evening?"

Stumps turned red in the face like a guilty man; and just whispering to himself, "now I am in for it," found himself in the next minute actually seated in the little back parlour of the fairy's abode. While the lovely enchantress, by an artful stratagem, had forgot something, and

rushed upstairs to put on another dress, and pin a killing brooch on a natty ribbon in her bosom, leaving her admirer meanwhile contemplating a canary in its cage, a stuffed ditto, a gold fish going on its morning rounds in a glass globe on the table, and a sleek tabby sleeping, or pretending to sleep, on the sofa.

"And why did you leave us so soon last night?" asked Miss Chemisette, when they had exchanged a few common remarks on things in general. "I felt quite deserted indeed, Mr. Stumps."

"That visit cost me dear," exclaimed Stumps, in a tragic voice.

"Oh! but did it really then?" replied the siren; "how very odd that was. But what can you mean, Mr. Stumps? You men are so deep."

Poor Stumps felt very nearly out of his depth, and began to think the damsel was getting too deep for him.

"You are aware how I am situated," he said, "and that will explain my meaning."

"Oh, la! how you frighten me, Mr. Stumps. Oh, I am so nervous this morning. Do you know I was dreaming all the night. Do you believe in dreams, Mr. Stumps? Oh! I had such a dream. I dreamt I was married!—ha, ha! and I have been so nervous ever since. Now, do you think any medicine would do me good? Oh, don't touch me, please," for Mr. Stumps had seized on her pulse with professional ardour; "don't support me. Oh, thank you—thank you; I shall be better presently."

It was a striking example of the inconsistency of the female mind, that when this young person cried "Don't touch me," she almost fell over Mr. Stumps in her anxiety to keep him at a distance, and he could not under any circumstances do less than support her, while he supported himself at the same time against the table. It may have been that some indistinct expression about the support he afforded her, or some faint allusion, quite natural, as to the means he had of supporting her, acted after the manner of smelling-salts; at any rate Clementina opened her eyes—they were never quite shut—and resting those tender melting orbs on the beaming countenance of Stumps, murmured softly, "How kind," and then relapsed into a deeper faint than before.

Poor Stumps was now fairly overcome, he was absolutely perspiring with the heat of the room and his bodily exertions,

to say nothing of his mind; he was further distracted by catching a glimpse in the mirror of a deep yellow stain round his mouth, resulting, no doubt, from his indiscreet indulgence in eggs that morning; so, placing the almost unconscious form of Clementina on the sofa, he assiduously set to work on his lips and chin, applying the handkerchief with fearful energy, unawares that his manœuvres were being watched with the greatest anxiety and apprehension.

"He can mean nothing less," gasped Miss Chemisette, "and with my handkerchief too!"

But Stumps, having removed the elegant traces of his breakfast, now put the handkerchief, in the most matter-of-fact way, in his pocket, and then casting one eye at the recumbent form on the sofa and another at his watch, silently left the room.

The artful Chemisette, on witnessing the desertion of her Adonis, gave a shrill scream, upon hearing which he simply observed "there she goes again." And fearing his morning had been already wasted, thought it best to leave her to recover alone. Stumps accordingly returned to his post in Dr. Mawplash's surgery, and was presently thumping the mortar with immense energy when the doctor entered the room, and saw, to his utter amazement, his delinquent assistant working as though it had been any ordinary day of his life, but Mawplash was not the man to regard it in that sort of light; to him it was a day to put a mark upon. So he coughed a cough of surprise, and then advanced and coughed again, more positively than before, but still the attention of his assistant refused to be distracted from his labour; so, finding this mode of attack ineffectual, the doctor grasped a heavy *lignum-vitæ* ruler that chanced to be at hand, and coming close up to where Stumps was manipulating his pestle, proceeded to open fire in a loud and ireful manner on that weak-minded young man; but though his voice shook the bottles on the shelves the assistant seemed to take no notice, but went on pounding as hard as ever.

"Will you attend to me, Mr. Stumps?" exclaimed Mawplash with a sudden fury, and to give additional emphasis to his speech, he made, what was intended for a forcible rap on the desk. Stumps, however, feeling convinced that the blow was aimed at nothing or nobody less than himself, immediately stepped back a pace



or two, and looking hard at the doctor's face, sent the pestle with all his force, not of course absolutely at that gentleman's head, but as near as possible, and the missile, flying on its course, fell with a tremendous whack on a huge jar or bottle of ruby-tinted tincture of logwood, the contents being immediately scattered on the floor, causing a deep red pool of most serious and sanguinary appearance. At the instant Stumps had raised his hand to fling, the arm was grasped with all the strength Mawplash was master of, and he was himself seized in like manner just on his cravat, receiving a choker. Unable to shake off his adversary, the doctor backed against the wall, Stumps clinging to him with all the determination of despair, till, slipping on the wet floor, they both fell, rolling over and over, locked in deadly embrace. Meanwhile the domestics, attracted by the scuffle, though neither of the combatants had uttered a sound, came peeping in, and at this critical moment discovered the employer and employed engaged in a mortal struggle, with an abundance of red fluid shed copiously around, and the malignant Stumps leering after the most approved method of the P. R., yet looking deadly vicious all the time. Raising a loud shriek, the two women—cook and housemaid—rushed in, one tearing frantically at the assistant's coat, the tail of which immediately came off in her hands, while the other, seizing her master's shoulders, dragged him by main force out of the field and carried him off for safety. Stumps was therefore left master of the situation, to refit and repair damages, which were very considerable—his buttons and tails of his upper garment having come off in the engagement. After recovering from the effects of the struggle, Dr. Mawplash at once resolved to send for the policeman and give his assistant into custody. This was a wise resolution, for it allowed time, while the officer was being sought, to reconsider the matter, with the additional advantage of being first in the field; accordingly, he complacently ruminated as to the charge he would prefer against Stumps, and on the faint probability of that unfortunate person being able to make a successful defence.

The servant, however, returned to announce the failure of her mission, the policeman of Cropfield having, in fact, gone to bed for want of better employment, so Mawplash had to pocket the indignities and leave Mr. S. master of

the situation. It could not, however, be supposed he would be allowed to occupy that post very long, and his employer determined, after some further deliberation, to seek the legal assistance of Mr. Taper, the eminent Cropfield attorney, not to be confounded with his professional brother of the convivial turn.

Mr. Taper was always to be found at his office, sitting at a desk in an inner room, the walls of which bore testimony to the high respectability of his connexions in the shape of numerous "safes" and chests labelled with names and titles remarkably edifying to the amazed client who might chance to enter his sanctum. Taper had taken his pinch of snuff and looked up at the clock that ticked in a methodic, business-like manner over the fireplace; he had just signed some papers and was affixing his signature to others, when his clerk, a thin, wiry young man in a seedy coat and threadbare velvet collar, announced—

"Dr. Mawplash, to speak with you, sir."

"I am come on business," said the doctor, seating himself in an old-fashioned mahogany chair, with a frayed horsehair cushion—"on business of a very painful description."

"Dear me, doctor!" exclaimed Taper, forcing into his countenance as much solicitude as it could admit; "why, bless my heart, what can have happened? not that fellow Toops again, I hope?"

"The snake, my dear sir—"

At which reply Taper spasmodically twitched up his legs on the high stool where he sat.

"The snake I have warmed has stung me."

"Oh, that assistant of yours?" said the lawyer, putting his legs down again. "Now what has he been doing, I should like to know?"

"Oh, 'tis actionable, sir—actionable," answered Mawplash; "I wouldn't be in his shoes for a hundred pounds."

"And yet," urged Taper, when he had heard the details, "I confess, though the intent of assault seems clear, there has been no battery. You said, doctor, you were not struck."

"Tut, tut, my dear sir, I should have been murdered—murdered in my own surgery, had not the servants heard the disturbance and come to my help in time."

"Did you send for the police?" asked Taper.

"Yes, and he couldn't be found."

"Ah well, you sent; that's good. The fellow never is, when wanted. I will make a note of it. And your assistant is now——"

"At large."

"Just so."

The attorney bit his pen.

"No thought of a compromise, eh?"

"Compromise!" roared Mawplash, with a look of awful disdain. "Why, sir, the fellow would trample on me next. No, it must be put down."

Mr. Taper said he should like to see him try that, as no doubt he would, and Dr. M. observed that he had better.

Then the wiry clerk, having made a long entry of the business, Taper promised to give it his best consideration, and the doctor left with the air of a man determined not to be trampled upon, and with the sublime consciousness of having done his duty. The wiry clerk with the seedy-looking coat bowing him to the door and closing it with a grin, while his master took another pinch of snuff, and the clock went ticking as before.

Poor Stumps had never felt more lonely and wretched for the rest of that unlucky day; he had not even the sympathy of the maid-servants, who evidently regarded him as a sort of Greenacre or Rush, and so in his utter misery he resolved to go out and seek once more the tender condolence of the little woman whose heart and house had that very morning been invaded, and which he felt assured would still be open to him. Nor was he disappointed.

"What, Mr. Stumps, that cannot be you, surely?" cried the sweet, familiar voice of Miss Chemisette from the sanctuary of her back parlour. "To think of your coming back after leaving me so cruelly this morning. It is too bad of you, indeed."

"Come, never mind," said Stumps, as he made his way into the apartment. "You know I said that party last night cost me dear."

"La, Mr. Stumps, but you never meant that, I am sure—how could you? Now do tell me;" and, as she spoke, she seated herself with much care and nicety on the sofa, while Stumps, for want of a better place, sat down by her side.

"Well," he said, "you see Dr. Mawplash and myself have had a difference about a trifle, and our interchange of sentiment led to a mutual embrace" (here, with the strictest sense of propriety, Miss Clementina moved off a little

distance), "in consequence of which we shall separate, and I intend leaving——"

"Leave!—going to leave? oh, don't say that now, Mr. Stumps."

"Why not? Of course I must leave; there is nothing to prevent me, I hope?"

Upon receiving this intelligence she gave a faint cry, and was only prevented from fainting by Stumps' presence of mind in catching her hand in his own, while with his other he performed a delicate drum solo over her spine; this had the effect of warding off the threatened attack, which it would have been difficult under such peculiar circumstances to accomplish.

"I thought you had intended setting up in the town," said Miss Chemisette, with a sigh.

"Ah," replied Stumps, profoundly moved, "that corner house, with the snug business that I should have realized."

"And the little drawing-room looking into the street," responded Clementina.

"And the rosewood cottage-piano," answered her admiring swain.

"And the roaring practice," rejoined the fair object of his devotion, looking slyly into his face.

"And the charming creature I should call my wife," said Stumps, squeezing her hand, and repeating the drum performance on the sofa cushion.

Never had the future looked so real as at that very moment when it threatened to be prematurely extinguished. They were both silent. Was it, after all, the mirage of the desert of his life? Stumps was growing sentimental.

"I think it will be best," observed the prudent, matter-of-fact Clementina, after sitting in silence for several minutes, with her hands locked in his, "if we say nothing of this to anybody for the present. You will look out about that house, I suppose, as early as possible, and we can return to the subject when your plate is on the door."

To this chilling proposition he at first strongly demurred, being of opinion that the bird in his hand was worth any number in the bush; but his impetuous spirit was compelled to yield to the calm reason and strong sense of Miss Clem, whose instinct on this subject was undeniably correct. So each party entered into solemn treaty to keep the matter quiet.

The next morning the assistant, who, as if from force of habit, had returned to his duties, was engaged in pounding when a note was brought him, to read which he



laid down the pestle, and blowing the rhubarb powder off his sleeves, read as follows:—

"SIR,—I must request you will call at my office to-day on a small matter of business.

"Yours obediently,  
"S. TAPER."

"On a matter of business!" ejaculated Stumps, renewing his pestling. "What can he mean? However, I suppose it must be attended to."

About an hour after he obeyed the summons, and found Mr. Taper at his desk, looking as cheerful as though Stumps had brought him a golden fee.

"Ah! Mr. Bumps, I believe. How d'ye do, Bumps?" and he hopped off his perch. "Rather grave business. You know what I mean—law proceedings, battery and assault, eh?—ha! ha! ha! Now we understand each other. Clever fellow, that Mawplash; oh, clever fellow! But pray be seated, Mr. Bumps; pray be seated. Scamper (to the clerk), fetch me that paper you copied yesterday. There, now leave me with this gentleman. Ugly case, Mr. Bumps—very ugly case. Wouldn't give much for your chance, eh! Now what do you propose doing?"

"What?" replied poor Stumps, wriggling uneasily on the horsehair seat. "Why, what can I do? I must defend myself on the trial I suppose."

"Ha! ha! ha! Very good, Mr. Bumps—very good, indeed! Put yourself on your country. Now listen to me. My client is so good-natured as to say he will take an apology. That's an offer you would not get from any one, I can tell you."

"But what am I to apologize to him for?" growled Stumps. "Neither of us struck the other, and I didn't say a word to him all the time."

"Pooh! pooh! Mr. Bumps; now don't adopt that argument—don't, I pray you; it must break down. There are witnesses—his own servants! What can you say against such a mass of evidence? Now just look here. I have a great opinion of you, Mr. Bumps. Samper, that memorandum. Here now, ahem! I have put down a few words on that bit of paper that would be the proper sort of thing to say. Just affix your name to that, and you are all safe."

Stumps thought of trial by jury, and the vague chance of being convicted of intent to do grievous bodily harm; then

his thoughts reverted to the fond hopes inspired by his interview of the previous day with Miss Clementina Chemisette, and between the two he considered it wisest to sign the document. "After all," he reasoned, "no one can think the worse of me for doing so, and nobody will care about it."

The same day Mawplash gave his assistant a month's notice in exchange for the apology, and the balance of power having been thus adjusted, Stumps gave a violent thump with his pestle in the mortar, exclaiming—

"And then see if I don't set up against him, that's all." Which we may hope to do another day.

## CHAPTER V.

THERE WAS AN OLD LADY IN BATH.

"I AM almost tired of this shilly-shallying business," said Mr. Trot one morning, about a month or two after leaving Cropfield. "You see, Provi, how this old lady has taken an uncommon kind fancy to our gal, and as she promises to pay everything—mind that—everything, including travelling expenses and 'oss exercise, if necessary, why, dang it, wot's the use of us being so proud; let the old ooman do as she likes, and give Bertha the chance, that's my opinion."

As Mr. Trot finished speaking, he cast a dirty, crumpled letter on the table where they were at breakfast, and taking from his waistcoat pocket a short, discoloured pipe, which he called a "cutty," proceeded to plug the bowl with a coarse, stringy variety of the herb tobacco. This operation being concluded, apparently to his satisfaction, he felt in the corresponding pocket for a moment, and then producing a match, set alight to his pipe, and fell to smoking. In order to give full play to the working of his great mind, and at the same time to keep up the appearance of a prudent father, he shut one eye, and with the other looked hard into the midst of the smoke, which ascending in thick curls and festoons, rendered the atmosphere of the apartment particularly fresh and bracing—a condition quite thrown away on Mrs. Trot, who being so long accustomed to her husband's elegant pastime, merely showed her appreciation of it by an occasional little spasmodic cough, or a momentary jerk of her head, as though some species of intellectual machinery

was at work within, and the machinery hitched for an instant and then went on again; but the progress was a slow one, and even Trot was surprised at her long silence.

"Come, wake up, Provi, and tell us what you think of it," he exclaimed, jogging the table. "Depend on't, we had best let the gal go."

"I was only a thinking," replied his helpmate, thus adjured, casting her eye at a fly on the ceiling, and then to the bottom of her tea-cup, "whether 'twould be worth our while to let her go?"

"Ah!" said Trot, blowing a grand deliberative puff, "that is certainly a matter for consideration; it's the business side of the picture, my dear, and does you credit."

After this, both parents subsided into deep thought, the father blowing grand puffs at short intervals, and Provinda showing symptoms of the machinery in her head, going on as before.

It might have been half an hour later, when the pipe went out of itself, and Trot, looking cautiously at his wife, knocked out the ashes, and then went out also.

"Very remarkable woman," he muttered, as he softly closed the door. "She is sure to hit it about right, I'll take my 'davit;" but his 'davit not being at hand, he took a glass of mild ale instead.

Miss Clara Pegfoot, generally known to the world as Mrs. Pegfoot, was the lady alluded to by Mr. Trot, in the above conversation, as the person who had taken a kindly interest in their daughter.

This benevolent individual was, of course, a single lady, notwithstanding the prefix of Mrs., with which it pleased her to ensnare her unsuspecting fellow-creatures into the belief that she was at least a widow, by which pious fraud a very handsome profit had been realized in a certain seminary for young ladies, that she had long conducted with much credit and success at Slapham. It was a large and, on the whole, a very formidable establishment for the cultivation of young female intellect; but, having now given up the management, she lived at Bath, in a crusty old house, in a smoke-dried crescent, where she enjoyed the society of innumerable lapdogs, and the unlimited conversation of their mistresses, enlivened by an occasional tea-party, and the presence of a stout man, who invariably came, and always wore black clothes, and a dingy white cravat. He was

understood by the gouty, red-faced party who got his living by pushing a Bath-chair up and down Milsom-street, to be none other than Pegfoot himself, though Miss Clara knew very well there never was such a person. There was indeed a tradition, only current in very retired circles, that in her early days Mrs. P. could have had any husband she pleased; but this was simply a private legend, and not to be insisted on as an article of faith. Perhaps some conditions might have been attached which did not meet the lady's approval; possibly she conjectured the school would pay better in the long run. At any rate, the matrimonial crisis passed away, and Slapham Hall became a great reality. The pupils learnt lessons they were not likely to forget in a hurry, and the Hall acquired a high character for discipline and strict moral tone.

When the Pegfoot dynasty was about to terminate, and the pupils were looking forward to milder times, the good-will of the establishment, including boarders and fixtures, was transferred, along with the building, to Miss Sarah Snail, and that venerable spinster entered on her career as proprietress of Slapham Hall. Mrs. Pegfoot reserving the right of introducing a pupil at a nominal charge, and having effected an advantageous bargain, laid down for ever the rod of authority, and Miss Sarah Snail hung it up in her room.

It had happened that a person in Bath, whose benevolent disposition had long since endeared him to Mrs. Pegfoot and her circle, chanced to hear, through a fortuitous combination of circumstances, about the equestrian circus, which was now one of the leading spectacles in that city, and his accidental discovery of Miss Trot's wonderful talents, led him to bring the subject prominently before Mrs. Pegfoot's charitable committee, consisting of three elderly ladies, five poodles, three Blenheims, and two King Charles spaniels, besides six tabby cats, on the occasion of their meeting to celebrate the recovery of a pet dog from the hands of an eminent dog-fancier, the recovery being promoted by the exhibition of a five-pound note and threats of legal proceedings.

On this interesting event an appropriate congratulatory speech was made by the benevolent gentleman in black, and a vote of thanks passed for his spirited conduct in threatening legal pro-



ceedings if the five-pound note was not accepted. After this an extra blanket and a dish of posset having been ordered for Fido, who was supposed to have caught a cold from sleeping in a damp bed, the meeting resolved itself into two sub-committees, the one formed by the tabbies and poodles aforesaid, for considering the amount of cream and buttered toast, and the other of our benevolent friend the kind old lady and three others, who drew round the table for deciding on the merits of tea and buttered crumpets. After which the stout gentleman begged to introduce a subject of interest hardly excelled, he added, by what had gone before.

"First, he must beg permission to allude in a few touching words to his own experience of Bath, its notorious character for levity and the unceasing carnival which ever revelled in its streets. Having said so much, he would request them," (meaning the ladies, the cats and dogs having gone to sleep,) "to carry their mind's eye," he did not say how this was to be accomplished, "to that Pandemonium of vice, the great circus, lately set up in the place. Let them only remember the scenes of idle amusement it afforded to thousands, and the evil result of riding on horseback" (a groan from a very aged lady who had slipped off her donkey some years ago at Brighton), "riding, he might say, standing! He could positively prove that the man who owned the circus had a daughter" (groans and deep sighs from the committee), "had a daughter, and was himself married!" Here Mrs. Pegfoot, after a manner peculiar to herself, proceeded to stamp her feet alternately on the floor, by which process she unconsciously trod on the tail of her favourite tabby, which occasioned still greater disturbance, the furred monster refusing all consolation and retiring under the sofa, growling audibly. "It was to this daughter he begged to invite their particular attention," placing, as was his wont, two fingers of the right hand obliquely on the palm of the left hand, and casting at Mrs. Pegfoot a look of superhuman compassion.

"Well, dear soul, and what is to be done?" cried that good-natured lady, removing as she spoke certain traces of emotion which had burst forth on her forehead after the misadventure of tabby and the imbibition of six cups of very warm tea. "Why, dear me, there's that

good soul, Miss Snail, I'll write to her on the subject."

The result of which letter was Miss Sarah Snail's prompt compliance with Mrs. Pegfoot's wishes in respect to that "dear little thing," and a communication was accordingly opened with Mr. Trot on the matter, and by him referred to his wife, as we have seen.

"I don't care a button top," he remarked as he returned from the stables, "'tis all the same to me; if Provi thinks she had better stay with us, she shall, but 'tis summit odd for an old folk to be so hanxious and a begging and a praying for to 'ave the expense of her hedication."

In the meantime Mrs. Trot had worked out the problem, not without many extra jerks and had arrived after all at the conclusion, all things considered, it would be as well to let Bertha go to school and profit by the offer so generously made them.

It was about a week after these deliberations that a stout man with an awkward gait, dressed in a suit of black and wearing a dingy white tie, called at the tap of the Golden Eagle, where Mr. Trot was to be heard of, and asked in a bland, oily voice if the proprietor of the circus was within. The proprietor being out, and his locality not known, he suggested in an insinuating tone that Mrs. Trot would do as well, but that excellent woman not being in a state to receive visitors, the gentleman in black was requested to call again. The person who brought this message was a little slender bright-eyed girl, whose fanciful dress and deportment seemed to indicate her as connected in some way with the great horse-riding establishment over which the Golden Eagle at present presided. Perhaps such an idea dawned on the dark visitor's mind, or it may have been only out of regard to her pretty face and extreme youth that he feebly smiled, and stretching out his right hand, concealed in a large ill-fitting black glove, patted her head and looked as though he meant it for a benediction. Then the smile crept stealthily across his face, till his eyes, which were fishy and not pleasant, caught the gleam, and his nose, which was red and unctuous, smiled also.

"Ma says," exclaimed the child, drawing herself up, "that if you like to wait for an hour, you may see pa."

"Ay, ay," replied the benevolent gentleman. "You are the proprietor's

daughter, I see. Ha! ha! ha!" he added, slightly intoning each syllable, and gently rising a note in each. "So you are the little girl, I see."

"My name is Bertha," answered Miss Trot, rather doggedly.

"Oh, Bertha; indeed! Ah, a very pretty name, my pretty child. Now just go and ask your mamma if she will allow you to go with me for a minute to Mrs. MacCrust, the confectioner's, will you, there's a dear."

Bertha knew Mrs. MacCrust's, a "sweet shop" as she called it, and she knew her mother would not let her go alone, so she thought it best not to ask her leave, but running up stairs, fetched her bonnet and straightway walked off, with her little hand in the great paw of the dark gentleman.

"Dear me, how strange I should have seen you," he said, after they had walked some way in silence; "how strange now, how very strange!" It seemed as if he was speaking to himself all the while, turning over something in his mind, till, after walking for ten minutes in this way, "Why, bless me," he exclaimed, "I think we must have passed Mrs. MacCrust's; how strange, how very strange!"

"Perhaps another will do as well," said Bertha, looking up timidly, for she was beginning to feel rather uneasy lest her mother should find her out.

"Another?" cried her companion. "Oh dear me, to be sure. I never thought of that; how strange, how very strange!"

By this time they had left the streets where shops stood side by side, and were walking fast along a dim serious-looking thoroughfare, with very grim respectable houses on either side. At one of these they presently stopped, and the door opening almost immediately, the stout gentleman entered, gently pushing little Bertha before him. The door closed with a dull heavy sound, and the servant maid ushered them into a small sitting room, where he deposited his umbrella and hat, and then they proceeded up stairs, passing through an ante-room into a comfortably furnished drawing-room in which sat an elderly lady, with a cat on her lap and a dog on a chair by her side.

"It is very good of you to come so soon," she said, rising slowly; "but who have you got there?"

"This, my dear madam, is the little girl about whom you are so greatly in-

terested; her name, I find, is Bertha. I knew you would wish to see her before——"

"Oh, it is very good of you indeed, to bring her; very considerate. Well, my little dear, and how do you like the thought of going to school?" As she spoke, Miss Pegfoot's features relapsed into a faint leer, and her eyes glistened much as they might have done thirty years ago, when a new pupil was placed under her maternal care. "Jones," she cried, as a servant came into the room, "take this young person down stairs, and take off her bonnet and hang it on a peg in a closet, and don't on any account lose sight of her. And Jones, just take this tract, and let her read it till I ring. There, go with the servant, my dear, and try to be happy."

It was very necessary to add the last injunction, for poor Bertha looked very much as if she was going to cry, and when she left the room her tears fell fast and her voice, half-choked with sobs, was heard through the closing door.

"Poor little dear," said the kind-hearted lady, "she seems to feel the separation. I suppose her parents are quite sensible of their obligation, and treated you with proper respect."

"Oh yes," replied the benevolent gentleman, "quite so—quite so. Indeed the little girl came of her own accord, gladly—gladly!"

"Did she, indeed? sweet child. We shall send her off to-morrow, if all is well. Miss Snail says in her letter she is quite anxious to have her, if it is only for an example to the rest, and I am sure it could not have been better arranged."

During this conversation Bertha was being regaled below with a slice of cake, supplied by the compassionate Jones, and the tract, which was headed in a fat type, "Are you Happy?" was cast aside.

"Is this a sweet-shop?" asked the child, appealing to the servant.

"La, my dear, talk of sweet-shops, 'tis a sweet-shop, and no mistake. I niver seed such an one in all my born days."

Bertha failed to comprehend the pointed sarcasm of her companion, so she munched the cake in silence, thinking it might be true, but she did not like the looks of it.

Presently a bell rang. "Now, miss, we must go up to the drawing-room again."



Come along." The stout gentleman had left, and Mrs. Pegfoot was now alone.

"Jones, you can leave the child," she said, "and come for her when I ring."

Jones therefore retired, and Miss Trot, standing in an humble attitude, with her hands behind her back and her chin on her breast, was *tête-à-tête* with her patroness.

"Little girl," said the old lady, in a voice of mild severity, "look up when I address you, and stand just before me. No, I said in front, not on one side: please not to look out of the window, nor let your thoughts wander, and just answer my questions."

"How old are you?"

"Please, ma'am, I think I am thirteen."

"Don't you know for certain, child? How grossly ignorant! Can you say your catechism?"

"No, ma'am, I don't know what that is."

"You pretend you do not know, you mean. Well, my dear, they will teach you, where you are going, that and some other things, especially to curtsy when you speak to your superiors."

"What have you learnt?" Bertha looked at the hearth-rug, and then at the carpet, then at the dog, then at the cat,

then at Mrs. Pegfoot, and then down at her shoes.

"Did you hear my question, child? What have you learnt?"

"Please, ma'am, nothing."

"Oh, nothing! Indeed! Then they will teach you something where you are going."

"What can you do? Can you sew, eh, child?"

"I can ride," answered Bertha, moodily.

"Ride! ride! ride! did you say, child?" cried her examiner, that unlucky fall still rankling in her memory.

"Ah, well, you will find that a very useful accomplishment, I expect, where you are going, my dear—very useful indeed! But perhaps you can do something else?"

"I can leap, please, ma'am," replied Bertha, without raising her eyes.

"What, miss? Reap?"

"Leap, ma'am, please."

"Oh, leap! What at, pray?"

"Please, ma'am, over flags and through hoops."

"Jones," cried Mrs. Pegfoot, in her most decided voice, "take her out of my presence. Give her a bed in your room, and a slice of bread and butter for supper."

(To be continued.)

## CHIROMANCY, OR HAND-MAGIC.

THE poets and romancists of literature are an innocent and harmless race, compared with their counterparts in the stricter domains of science. Some romancists of science, spurning the secure boundaries of systematic classification and legitimate deduction, give birth to new theories, which, like Minerva springing at once into mature existence from the brain of Jupiter, are let loose upon the world, armed at all points; and, from their very absurdity, equally defy the crushing mace of logical refutation, and the keen falchion of satirical criticism. Others, according to the leading bias of their minds, seize hold of a vulgar error or popular superstition, not, perhaps, devoid of some truth, and torturing it on the Procrustean bed of their imagination, transfigure it into a so-called scientific system, giving to it an air of verity which at first attracts our attention and then excites our ridicule.

Chiromancy, or Palmistry, the art of foretelling future events, or deciphering a person's disposition by the lines naturally impressed on the human hand, has, in all ages, received the implicit faith of numbers of mankind. Aristotle taught that the duration of life depended on the length of the lines on the hand; the Pythagoreans were of the same opinion; and in ancient Rome it was the most important branch of the Augur's mysterious profession. In the credulous Middle Ages it was elevated to the dignity of a science; and such men as Cardan and Melanchthon were not ashamed to practise it. Even when astrology, alchemy, and other occult arts were forbidden by the all-powerful Church, chiromancy was tolerated, and this toleration was mainly owing to the scientific character with which the adepts presumed to invest it. They said:—"The hand of man is a complete epitome of human organization. Each of the more noble and essential parts of the body, all the principal organs, have their representatives in the hand, upon which they act sympathetically; and consequently, the form and state of the lines on the hand reflect, as it were, the precise condition of the brain, heart, and other correspondent internal organs." I may add that certain planets were also supposed to have peculiar influences over

certain parts of the hand; but, as it is no use burrowing in the grave of ignorance merely to exhume some of the defunct giant's rotten remains, we shall leave ancient Chiromancy in the shadow of its own oblivion. Suffice it to say, and anatomy proves, that the connexion between the hand and the body is maintained by the nerves and blood-vessels alone. Men of science, in short, have left Chiromancy to the gipsies, and our natural love of the marvellous is now amply catered for by mysterious ladies, second-sighted youths, clairvoyants, mediums, and spirit-rappers.

Such was the train of thought developed in my mind, when walking to town the other morning, by seeing a gipsy crone intently poring over the horny palm of a too credulous maid-of-all work. Credulous, did I say?—are we not all credulous in some things? I must confess to an undefinable kind of belief in coincidences—and sure enough a remarkable coincidence with the subject-matter of my thoughts took place not five minutes afterwards.

Passing over Waterloo-bridge I met my old schoolfellow, Murray, whom I had not seen for a dozen years. I could not be mistaken—it was his long, gaunt form and grisly beard I saw before me. One word on Murray's previous history before I proceed farther. He was a naturalist when a schoolboy—a nasty kind of experimentalist, continually impaling caterpillars, dissecting lobworms, or disembowelling mice. He subsequently passed through his collegiate career with credit, walked the hospitals, became a clever surgeon, and a rising man. Comparative anatomy—the anatomy of the lower animals—was his all-absorbing hobby, and the rock he wrecked his fortunes upon. He neglected his patients, and his practice deserted him. He then went to Paris, and worked for several years in a blue blouse, as anatomical assistant to a celebrated French naturalist, till the death of a distant relative supplied him with funds to carry on his favourite study in his own manner. Just a spice of misanthropical eccentricity casts a shadow over his strong mind, and causes him to live in the strictest seclusion.



I have frequently observed that men who do not mix much with the world either cannot, or do not, care to conceal their sentiments, as those do who are more accustomed to the society of their fellow-creatures. After our mutual greetings, I plainly saw that it was with an intense expression of scorn Murray said:—

“And you *too* are a naturalist!”

“I have written a little on natural history,” I good-humouredly replied, “and the world has not received it unfavourably.”

“But you adhere to the miserable, unnatural classification of the day.”

“It is better,” I retorted, “than any that has preceded it. I acknowledge it contains some anomalies, but future discoveries will no doubt connect the broken links.”

He mused for a moment, as if revolving some question in his mind, and I added:—“How can we obtain a better system of classification?”

After musing a moment longer, he said:—“Come with me, I will show you my collection, which no mortal but myself has seen for the last seven years, and I will teach you the true system of zoological classification.”

“Most willingly,” was my ready reply, and entering a coach, we were in a few minutes set down at my friend’s house in the near vicinity of Kennington Oval. On entering his museum, I was struck by the singular nature of its contents. At first they seemed a confused collection of hands, fore-legs, paws, hoofs, wings, and fins. Some were merely wax mouldings and plaster casts of the natural objects; but the greater number were preserved in all the different methods known to the taxidermist. After a few moments, I observed that these fragments of comparative anatomy were arranged and subdivided into orders and classes; and I was then satisfied that my previous suspicions were correct, and that Murray was neither more nor less than a scientific romancist. I took care not to be the first to speak.

“For the last eleven years,” he said, “I have occupied myself in perfecting the only correct system of classification. All the systems hitherto proposed have no real foundation in nature. The truth,” he exclaimed with animation, pointing to his collection, “is there, only there, and nowhere else. Those organs, possessing so many striking differences and analo-

gies, form an unbroken chain from man down to the lowest mollusc, and place each animal in its proper position in the great scale of nature.”

“But,” I observed, “Storr, in the last century, attempted to establish a system of classification founded on the fore limbs of animals, but did not succeed.”

“True, but Storr had not the advantages of the great discoveries since made in comparative anatomy by St. Hilaire, Cuvier, and Owen.”

“The importance of those organs,” I said, “has ever been acknowledged by naturalists; the words *bimana*, *quadrumana*, *biped*, *soliped*, *quadruped*, prove the high position they hold in our present classification.”

“Undoubtedly. Naturalists have not been so unreasonable as to repudiate those organs altogether; but they have not put them in their proper position at the head of the system; and the present classification being founded on the teeth, instead of the anterior limbs, throws the whole system—*want* of system, I should rather say—in endless confusion. Do you know the history of the great-lipped bear?”

“Very well,” I replied; “it is the *ursus labiatus* of modern naturalists. The first one brought to Europe in 1790 was figured by the inimitable Bewick, and from having lost, by accident, age, or other cause, its incisor teeth, it was supposed to be a species of sloth; later discoveries, however, have proved it to be a true bear.”

“Right! now this gross mistake could never have been made if the naturalists had studied its paws instead of its teeth.”

“In my opinion,” I replied, “both should have been studied. I do not think that the fore limbs alone, nor the teeth alone, should be the sole standards of classification. Truth will be easier discovered in the mean between the two extremes. As in the natural system of botany, the points of resemblance between the various parts, properties, and habits of animals should be taken into consideration, and those placed next each other which have the greatest similarity in these respects; and consequently, the proper position in the system of a newly discovered or imperfectly known animal may be judged by that of another which is well known.”

As I saw that my opinion was not very palatable to the romancist of science, I

endeavoured to change the subject by saying:—

"Talking of bears—do you recollect how, when only a schoolboy, you detected the imposture of the pig-faced lady, that was exhibited in a show at one of the Lammas fairs."

"Perfectly," he replied; "it was a bear fastened, in a sitting posture, into a large easy chair; its head and paws were shaved, a set of false ringlets, cap and bonnet, placed on its head; and all the rest of its body, excepting the two fore-paws, enveloped in a silk gown and shawl."\*

"The bear's paw, when shaved, having considerable resemblance to the human hand, aided the deception."

My last remark was an unlucky one, as it fairly started the scientific romancist off on his hobby again.

"Yes. But to the comparative anatomist, a bear's paw does not resemble the human hand so closely as the paws of many other animals. Ah," he continued, with enthusiasm, "in the organs of touch and prehension will be found not only the germ of correct zoological classification, but also the elements of a rational physiology."

"Your last proposition," I observed, "approaches very closely to the Chiromancy of the ancients; if, indeed, it be not Chiromancy itself."

"It matters little by what term you designate a knowledge of the relations which exist between the hand of an individual, and his intelligence, temperament, passions, and diseases. It is sufficient for me to know that there are such relations, and that to learn them only requires patience and penetration. From the earliest antiquity man has ever given his open hand to a friend, but presented it closed towards an enemy. The open hand has ever been the emblem of friendship; the closed hand, the symbol of hostility. I tell you that all physiology, all psychology, and even pathology is written in legible characters upon the human hand. Here," he continued, taking some plaster casts out of a glass case, "is the cast of the hand of an intelligent man, of a philosopher (Fig. 1). Observe the regularity of its form and the harmony of its lines. The disengagement of the thumb permits it to be opposed to all the fingers; and it rises in height to

nearly the second joint of the fore-finger. The fingers are all of different lengths; but close your fingers upon your palm, or



Fig. 1.

grasp a cricket ball, and you will find that they all appear equal. Thus it is that the hand of an intelligent man can use the sword, pen, pencil, hammer, needle, graver, and other tools, which the intelligent mind has invented. Observe, also, how few lines and creases there are in the palm—like the elevated intelligence it appertains to, it is neither empty nor broken. Compare this hand



Fig. 2.

of an idiot (Fig. 2) with the former. Observe its general thickness and clumsiness of form, and the great depth of its lines. The muscles of the thumb being rendered useless by callosities, it cannot be opposed to the fingers. Thus deprived of its principal function, that of prehension, this hand, incapable of grasping material objects, well represents the brain of an idiot incapable of sustaining an idea.

\* A fact; the imposture was detected at Plymouth not many years ago.



"If lunacy really be, as it is generally supposed, an undue elevation of the intellectual faculties, even to their perversion and overthrow, this hand of a lunatic (Fig. 3) admirably exemplifies such a



Fig. 3.

state of the mind. What confused and irregular lines cross each other in all directions! Do they not seem like the confused imaginations of a madman? Observe particularly the clumsy thickness of the hand, like that of the idiot, a sure token of the loss of the reasoning faculties.

"Here, again, is the hand of a monomaniac (Fig. 4), whose intelligence is not totally obscured, but whose every faculty is concentrated upon one single object. Observe how it is traversed by only one line, deeply marked, like the one predominating idea of the maniac. All the fingers are involuntarily inflected to that one line, as all the faculties of the maniac are towards the one object



Fig. 4.

of his mania. But nature shows that this unhappy mind still retains a certain degree of sanity. We see none of the clumsy thickness which the hands of the idiot and lunatic exhibit; yet at the same time, the shortness of the thumb and little finger proves that, like the mind of the maniac, his hand is abnormal and incomplete."

Here my friend stopped speaking for a few seconds, as if to enjoy at leisure the surprise which I unconsciously

evinced at the demonstration of his system. Then resuming the air of a person revealing profound truths, he thus again commenced.

"As nature has marked the intellectual gradations from the intelligent man to the idiot, so she has established in the conformation of the hands of all men infinite shades of distinction, which faithfully represent the innumerable shades of mental energy that distinguish the characters of mankind, one from another. It would be impossible for me to go further into this subject at present, as it would occupy several hours to explain even a few of those nice shades of distinction. I shall therefore proceed to show you two more links in the chain of degradation.

This brings me back to zoology," he continued, as he spread on the table a number of specimens; "between the first and second links of the animal chain—that is to say, between the intelligent man and the monkey tribe, nature has placed an intermediate race, whose forms resemble man, but whose savage instincts approach the inferior animals



Fig. 5.

This double similitude is portrayed in their hands. Here is a cast (Fig. 5) from the hand of a Bosjesman. Compare it with this preserved hand of a Chimpanzee (Fig. 6), and this other cast



Fig. 6.

(Fig. 1), the first I showed you of a civilized European. In the hands of the Bosjesman

and Chimpanzee, the thumbs are shorter than in the hand of an intelligent man. Observe, they barely reach to the first joint of the fore-finger, an invariable sign of want of intelligence. The narrowness of these two hands also indicates an instinct of theft and rapine. Yet the Bosjesman, being more nearly allied to the intelligent man than to the Chimpanzee, the hand of the former does not present the rude energy of the latter, constructed to climb the loftiest trees of a tropical forest.

"The farther we penetrate into the study of animals, we shall find more and more of the irregularities of zoological classification. Here are five paws of animals placed by naturalists in the same order—the carnivorous. This order, which is considered one of the most natural, is at the same time full of contradictions. True, it has been subdivided into classes and families; but even in those subdivisions nature is not better respected. Even with the little knowledge we possess of the habits and instincts of animals, who can witness without astonishment such dissimilar creatures as the mole, lion, dog, bear, and cat, placed in the same order? How much more plainly than their teeth, do the paws of those

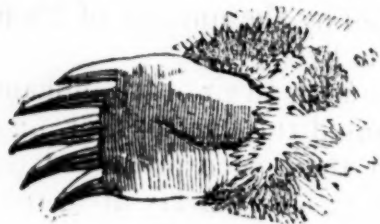


Fig. 7.

animals proclaim their proper classification? At the first sight of this paw (Fig. 7), short and thick, with claws long and hooked, can you not read the history of the animal it belongs to? You require no book—no long, finely-worded description. You see that it is constructed to scrape and burrow in the earth, or to seek food and shelter from its enemies. In short, the whole history of the mole is



Fig. 8. (Fig. 8), the striking provision of nature, which applies a tendon

legibly inscribed on this solitary claw. Again, examine these paws, belonging to the four best-known species of the carnivora, whom man has placed in one family group, though nature has most distinctly separated them. Admire,

to each claw to prevent them being blunted by contact with the earth. Does not this arrangement proclaim to us that the lion tears his prey before he devours it. On the contrary, the claws of the bear

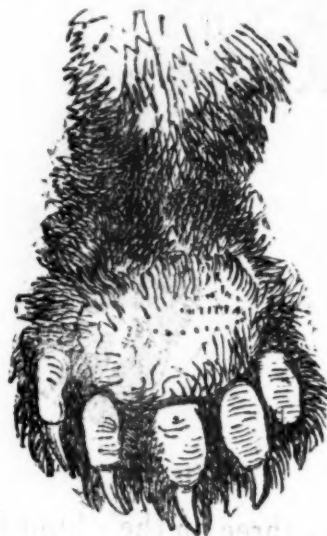


Fig. 9.

(Fig. 9) are sunk in a clumsy mass of flesh: decidedly that animal does not tear its prey. Observe this paw of a cat



Fig. 10.

(Fig. 10); the toes and claws are partly concealed by hair. You know a cat has a velvet paw, but its claws are sharp and cutting—a significant proof of the dissimulation and cunning of the animal. In the paw of the dog (Fig. 11), the friend and companion of man, the claws are blunt and harmless, and the length of the toes denotes his docility and intelligence.

"If time permitted, I could detail a great many traits in the character of these animals, clearly pointed out in the forms of their fore-paws; but you must be satisfied with this hasty sketch at present, and I will pass on to the well-known order termed by naturalists, from the peculiar form of their incisor teeth, the rodents. All the animals of this order



have four toes on their anterior paws, though some have as many as five, and



Fig. 11.

others only three on their hind feet. This regularity of conformation in the fore-paws of so many animals is an evident proof of the importance attached by nature to those organs. Now, notice these three paws, and tell me if the animals to which they belong can have the same habits or the same intelligence? Decidedly not! With the exception of some slight analogy in their teeth, naturalists have no grounds for placing the



Fig. 12.

squirrel (Fig. 12), the jerboa (Fig. 13), and the marmot (Fig. 14), in the same class. Destined to live in forests, to leap from bough to bough at a great height, the squirrel exhibits a paw admirably adapted for such a state of existence. Its crooked claws can be easily inserted into the bark of the hardest tree; and the length of the hinder part of the paw permits the animal to suspend itself from the thickest branch. Moreover, as if nature wished to show that it was the most intelligent animal of its class, it is furnished with the rudiments of thumbs. No appearance of such organs can be detected on the paws of the jerboa or marmot, and their toes being united by a ligament, as far as the first joint, clearly

indicates that their intelligence is likewise contracted."

"Excuse me for a moment," I said, interrupting him. "If the junction of the toes indicate a want of intelligence,



Fig. 13.



Fig. 14.

pray, then, explain how the amphibious mammalia, with toes deeply impacted in a fleshy web, are so much superior to the rodents in intelligence?"

"Undoubtedly they are," my friend triumphantly exclaimed; "but you must not overlook one essential circumstance in the study of the relations of the paw with the intelligence, and that is the number of the fingers. The seal, the walrus, and other amphibious mammalia, are certainly more intelligent than the rodents; and this superiority is plainly indicated by the number of their fingers, which is five."

Here with an air of triumphant pleasure he counted the five toes, or fingers as he termed them, of a preserved paddle of a seal (Fig. 15) that lay upon the table.

"According to your doctrine, then," I



Fig. 15.

rejoined, pointing to some hoofs, "the elephant must be less intelligent than the seal, and the horse inferior to the cow and other ruminating animals, which is contrary to well-known facts."

"I understand your objection," he replied, with a smile; "and it is utterly worthless. Among all living beings, the organs are valued according to the functions they are called upon to fulfil. In the animals I brought under your notice,

the functions of touch and prehension are executed by the extremities of the two fore limbs, and I attempted to demonstrate that the more or less imperfect state of those organs is in strict accordance with the more or less imperfect development of intelligence—in other terms, that the functions of touch and prehension always correspond with the intellectual faculties. You object to my argument by referring me to the *feet* of hoofed animals. Remember, they are never termed paws, and, in this instance, the vulgar tongue is strictly in accordance with science; for the extremities of the anterior limbs of hoofed animals are not organs of touch and prehension—they are merely organs of locomotion. As such, I have nothing to do with them, and seek elsewhere for the organs I require. In the elephant I find them in the trunk, in the horse, and the ruminating animals, I find them in the upper lip. Here, however, there is still the same general law. The elephant, whose sagacity is so remarkable, has, in its proboscis, an admirably-constructed instrument for its relations with the exterior world, to examine and take hold of any object it may desire. The horse, in its upper lip, has a less perfect organ, and consequently, its intelligence is inferior to that of the elephant. If we

descend the scale of the hoofed animals, each step will more and more confirm the great truth that the sense of touch is intimately connected with the faculty of intelligence."

"Yes," he continued, after a moment's pause, "the intelligence, habits, instincts, of all living creatures, are not the only things portrayed in the organs of touch and prehension; the temperament and diseases can also be read in them. You smile at my assertion; but if you were a medical man you would not do so. You would know that some physicians, from the form of the hand alone, can foretell consumption twenty years before the insidious disease appears in the lungs. Consumption is not the only disease that can be thus anticipated and guarded against. The lower animals have also the same privilege of indicating their diseases. Ah!" he abstractedly continued, "it is a new science, and has yet to be created; but its boundless horizons are worthy to tempt the ambition of the most venturesome explorers, of the most elevated minds."

"And pray what do you term this new science?"

"It is COMPARATIVE CHIROMANCY."

My friend then fell into a deep reverie, under cover of which I ventured to take my leave.

## LOST IN THE SNOW.

IN the year 18—, I received an invitation from a friend in Hereford, who had often pressed me to visit him before. I left London early one morning by the Great Western Railway, and arrived in Hereford the same night. We had capital shooting in the neighbourhood for several days, and our evenings were spent convivially enough. One night, a gentleman from the neighbourhood of Rhayader joined us, and hearing from my host that I was fond of sport, pressed me to visit him, and he would give me some excellent shooting. The invitation was given so cordially that I accepted it at once, and as it included our host, it was arranged that as soon as our present party broke up, which would be in a day or two, we should take the early morning coach and journey to Rhayader. The last night of our stay in Hereford was bitterly cold, and there

were indications of a heavy fall of snow, but we thought nothing of it, and retired to bed early, as the coach started at six o'clock, and we had a long day before us. When I looked out of window in the morning, I could just see by the dimly-lighted streets that there had been a great fall, and it was still snowing. We enjoyed a good breakfast, and then sallied out for the hotel whence the coach started. When we arrived it had just come in and was changing horses. We were the only passengers, and although I dislike the inside of a coach, still, in deference to the wishes of my friend, and perhaps a little in deference to the weather, I consented, and we got in. For the first twenty miles we went along pretty well, but after we had left Kington, and the road commenced winding among the hills, it was awful work



for the horses, and when Radnor was reached we were three hours behind time; but our conveyance bore the magic letters V. R. upon it, and was obliged to go on, and we determined to go with it, as Rhayader lay only seventeen miles farther. But this stage, notwithstanding all my friend could say to the contrary, I would ride outside, and accordingly joined the coachman on the box. We had heavy work for the first few miles, but after this was over the road appeared to be almost clear of snow, and we seemed to be making fine progress. I congratulated the driver on it, when he darkly remarked, we might suffer for it by and by, for we were now in Radnor forest, and added something of which I could only catch the words—"Snow drifting—hollows farther on." Presently the coach came to a dead stop, and the coachman hallooing "Joe," the guard came forward. They held a low conversation, from which I understood they considered there was great danger of the road ahead, but still thought it would be as unsafe to go back as forwards. All this time I was far from realizing the danger of the position, or I might have prevented part of what happened after. We were now approaching what appeared to me to be a perfect level, and the coachman touching his wheeler with the whip, the animal slipped, then plunged, and the leaders becoming frightened, increased their pace down what afterwards proved to be a steep dip in the road, and in less time than it takes to tell it, we were all fighting in a perfect sea of drifted snow which was here quite fifteen feet deep. Self-preservation being the first law of nature, I managed, I know not how, to struggle on to the roof, where I was joined shortly by the guard, the snow being then up to our waists, and still snowing heavily. The driver had been dragged off his box and was among the confused mass of horses. We could just dimly see where every plunge was hastening their death-agony. Each second the plunges grew more and more feeble, and in a few minutes, the guard and I looked

in each other's faces with the sad conviction that we two were the only living beings in that howling wilderness, and with an instantaneous death staring us in the face. The guard began muttering something about poor Jim, the horses, and of all things the bags entrusted to his care, while I bitterly thought of my kind, noble-hearted friend, smothered in a moment when not thinking of danger.

"Come, Joe, my boy," I said, "we must not give way. It won't do to be smothered here, which we very soon shall be if we don't do something. Does not a bank rise up on one side higher than the road—quick?"

"Yes, on the left-hand side the road rises; on there the country slopes upwards all the way round to Radnor, and a foot man might, if he picked his way to the left, reach the town; but who would jump? It may leave off snowing; and besides I can't leave the bags."

"Well, my boy," I exclaimed, "it is only a chance to die at once or in a few minutes, so here goes." And setting to work, I cleared the snow away as far as I could, and after a dreadful wrestle, managed to make a platform, from which I jumped. I landed nearly up to my chin, but in time I worked my way up the bank till I was comparatively free, whence I urged my companion, by everything I could say, to follow, but all that I got from him was—"Radnor, left—poor Jim—can't leave the bags;" and so I struggled off to the left, the last words of poor Joe ringing in my ears—"Can't leave the bags."

How I reached Radnor I know not, but when I recovered from a dangerous illness, consequent on all I had endured, I heard I had arrived at the inn in the night, in a wild state, repeating, "I can't leave the bags." They went next day to dig out the coach, but it was three days before they reached it; then they found the coachman dead between the horses, my friend sitting calmly inside, and Joe still sticking to his bags. I never reached Rhayader.

DEANE SMITH.

## CUSTOM AND HABIT.

"HABIT," says John Foster, "is in most things a far worse evil than any of the plagues which afflicted Egypt." It would be easy to detail various instances wherein the final result of the force of custom, or usage, is in many human affairs of exceeding importance. This subject is one truly in which we are all of us more or less interested, and continually playing our parts. In handling this theme for a little I shall therefore be at no loss for materials to work upon—they lie everywhere around me ready to my hand.

Let it be noted, first of all, that habit has advantages as well as disadvantages. We see so little of the real causes and issues of what we are, and of what we do, that we may be at first loth to admit that the force of habit can be at all a boon in our ordinary affairs. But it lightens the irksomeness of our daily task; it enables us to perform with facility things once difficult, and renders, when accompanied by perseverance, the acquisition of all branches of knowledge comparatively easy. Then lower still, coming down to one of its every-day benefits, which concerns our animal nature, it leads us to demand our food for the body at certain wonted seasons, when if it were not for such a constraining appeal, those who do not live for the sake of eating, would often, when engaged in some favourite pursuit, neglect their internal economy. It is to be remarked, that though the words custom and habit are often interchanged, and used as if they were identical in meaning, yet the word custom is properly of wider signification than the word habit. The latter I restrict rather to the individual man, the former I should apply to the modes and usages which are national, or prevail among large masses of mankind. It is against the abuses arising from the bias we suffer in this way that my arrows will be especially aimed. We have constantly to fight the force of evil habit in two shapes; first, we have to contend with our own foolish, almost irresistible tendency to repeat certain actions, irrespective of their rectitude or faultiness. Secondly, we copy, both knowingly and unawares, from those around us; an unaccountable impulse urges us often to imitate what in many cases our judgment condemns. Do not the low "sensation" songs of our day, which our street-boys

resound in my ears, repeat themselves again and again unsought in my memory, and still worse, even rise to my lips? There is an imitative mania with regard to many crimes, the details of which a person may pore over again and again in the newspaper, until a mysterious inward prompting drives them into the same labyrinths of iniquity. Though we have, alas! this proneness to evil, we do not rise so readily to the height of deeds heroic. The valiant act or the eloquent word has less stimulating effect than baser examples have upon the majority of us. To will is one thing, to perform is another, and not so easy. Since the force of human example is so great, it is incumbent upon us if we value our welfare to be exceedingly cautious; so that as the influence of custom makes us copyists we may as far as possible secure good exemplars. Again, as we copy from our neighbours their peculiarities, they also in their turn are inclined to borrow from us, and to take pattern by us in those things wherein we differ. There are of course variations occurring in men of different temperaments. There are differences manifest between strong-minded and weak-minded men; between those who are infirm of purpose and the heroes of the age. Making all deductions, it is most evident that each one, be he ever so low, exerts in his sphere a manifold influence upon his brother man. The power of example is far greater than the power of mere words. I may advise a man well, but if he knows my deeds, and these do not agree with my speech, the probability is that he will grasp these, while the loose phrases that have flowed from my lips leave no appreciable result.

It is noteworthy also how public opinion sways mankind to and fro in a crowd, how sometimes fashions, like the winds, revolve in particular periods, and old forms appear again. The bold men who dare to front the all-prevailing influence of fashion have always been few. Richter, the German author, when young, adopted a style of dress unusual, and as he himself tells us very objectionable in the eyes of his fellow-townsmen.

Amongst other singularities, he went abroad with his bosom bare. This he persisted in for several years. "Our foolish regard to public opinion," he said,



"is a worm at the root of true greatness, and I will destroy it at all hazards." He deemed eccentricity to be not an accident, but an essential of true greatness; therefore many great men have it is well known been thus reputed to be eccentric. It is doubtless needful as a preliminary to success in various human affairs, that, as the poet phrases it, your isolation should grow defined. Man has been aptly described as a "bundle of habits," and it is exceedingly difficult for me to separate myself—me proper, me *ipse*—from the familiar objects with which I am surrounded, and from my customary modes of thinking, speaking, and acting. The influences of custom sway the greater part of our race so effectually, that really there is little left in word or deed that is truly original. A Frenchman proposed once to compile a volume which was to contain all those things which had only been said *once*. From his initiatory labours, he imagined that it would only be a book of a very moderate size he should have to produce. It has been said that mankind for the most part sail their life-voyage in huge fleets like a herring fishery. This is to be regretted, for there are capabilities lying inert in not a few, which, if each one were thrown more upon his own resources, would enable him to achieve much that at present he deems impossible.

Taking my subject more in detail, I observe that of all things terrestrial in which the soul of man places its dependence, far more important in fact than even its bodily senses is its language, its form of utterance, the expressions in which its thoughts and afterwards its words frame themselves. For it is remarkable that without words we cannot even think; vague emotion must take definite shape in a phraseology of some sort, even in the most foolish mind. However various the languages are which by strong effort a linguist may acquire, I imagine he will generally think only in one. This may be either his native, or his best-known tongue. He may translate his thoughts when he embodies them in speech, or even in his internal cogitations, but this will be their first appearance.

Our language, then, is a thing of custom, and of essential importance. Of all languages found upon this planet, from its richness and grace, the Greek is considered by good judges to be the best deserving of the palm. It is thought by

many, however, that our English tongue will one day become the universal language. It has been framed and compounded of very various materials. Though its Anglo-Saxon basis still remains, many foreign words have from time to time become part and parcel of it. I believe that in this nineteenth century our language has undergone greater modifications than in the seventeenth and eighteenth; the tide of innovation has grown and swelled, till it threatens to become a resistless torrent. Words are twisted from their old meanings, and fresh expressions have been coined, while other forcible old Teutonic words used by our forefathers have passed into deep oblivion. Here each one may, and should, exert an influence; and in our familiar talk and our written productions let us strive, if we cannot bring back obsolete words—at least to check all further unnecessary change. Though we watch innovation with caution, there are some men—half-a-dozen perhaps in a century—in whose wake we may contentedly follow, and who will from time to time make changes we shall gladly, or at least willingly adopt. Amongst these masters of their art who have stepped forth into the arena of speech, Carlyle in our times claims the foremost place; he has had a great influence upon our language, and we do not see the end of it yet. I do not say that he can or will revolutionize it. Many of the words he uses, and many of the meanings he affixes to words are not novelties, but old forms revived. He has been accused of Germanizing our native tongue; but never was an accusation more untrue. Carlyle never uses words at random; his stirring writings abound in old Saxon words, and even his own peculiar expressions, his originalities, have their intrinsic worth. You hear persons complain that they cannot understand Carlyle. When this complaint is reiterated it reminds me of Johnson's response to an opponent who declared that he could not understand him. "Sir, I am obliged to furnish you with arguments, but I am not required to give you brains." The usage by such a man as Carlyle of an expression which seems to belong to the denomination of slang is authoritative, and places it at the disposal of all future writers and makers of dictionaries. Thus the phrase, "*no great shakes*," sounds rather low, I doubt not, in the ears of some, but Carlyle has given it his im-

primatur by his usage of it in several places. He makes new words also, rather remarkable ones sometimes. Thus the word *gigmanity* sounds odd; the incident which led to its production he thus details. Some case was on trial at one of our judicial courts, and a witness having stated, while under examination with regard to the social position of some individual, that "he was respectable," the question was then put, "What do you mean by respectable?" "He keeps a gig!" Hence Carlyle observes, we may consider society as divisible into three classes; namely, gentlemen, giggers, and men. He elsewhere characterizes by the word *gigmanity*, that pretentious assumption shown by individuals in various spheres, by which they endeavour to impose themselves upon their neighbours as very different to what they really are.

Tennyson again, in his poetic capacity, has a great influence upon our tongue. It is remarkable to how great an extent he uses Saxon words. Professor Angus has shown that he is almost as Saxon as Bunyan, and more so than Milton. It is partly owing to the expressiveness of the vocabulary he chiefly favours that his poems are so abundant in minute and graphic touches. In his power of word-painting he is to be placed upon a level with Dante and Shakspeare. I may notice in passing, that he is partial to compound adjectives; take the following from *In Memoriam* as proof: "influence-rich," "tenfold-complicated," "all-assuming." With the writings of these two master-spirits of the day the student who wishes to gain the mastery of his mother-tongue must acquaint himself thoroughly. But here perhaps he is a little in danger. We strive to imitate in exact proportion as we admire; and the authors we read most we do almost unwittingly make our models. It is necessary, therefore, as a qualifier, that we mingle other reading therewith in its due proportion, and acquaint ourselves, as far as our time will allow, with all those writers who are entitled to be called, *par excellence*, the "standard authors." If we are desirous of forming a style which shall be peculiarly our own, we must either read a great deal, or else not read at all. It is remarkable how poor comparatively our every-day speech is, and how little use we make of the rich stores the English language contains. It is computed that the English tongue in-

cludes about 40,000 words, leaving out participles, and ultra-scientific or technical words. Most persons of some education in speaking and writing seldom use more than 2000 or 3000. In the lower orders of society we find a still greater poverty of expression. It has been shown that amongst agricultural labourers the number used and found sufficient for their manner of life is frequently only some 300 or 400.

To acquire the habit of expressing our thoughts in a correct and elegant manner, it is necessary for us, as a mental exercise, to embody our ideas in writing. In the production of themes and essays we can put ourselves to the test, and detect and eradicate errors into which we may have unconsciously fallen. For as in the turmoil of life we are unavoidably brought into contact with men of every description, and imbibe the elements of disease, not uncommonly, from the air just exhaled from the lungs of some infected man, so also the language which floats around us when

Wild words wander here and there,  
God's great gift of speech abused,

this also unawares enters our mind, and appears again in our own speech.

In these days, besides great incorrectness in the use of words, are faults of pronunciation. Not only the vulgar cockney errors of ignoring the letter H where it is needed, and prefixing it where it is uncalled for, and the friendly interchange of V and W; but the aristocratic sins of substituting W for R, and Th for S, and also appending the letter A at the end of various words in a drawling tone.

From faults of language I come to speak of faults of literature. The influence upon our minds of what we read is so great, that an enervating book has an effect which is more than temporary upon the heart and head of the individual who peruses it. We take our tone, too, so much from our reading, that you can form a good idea of what a man is, when you know who are his favourite authors. At this time it must be owned that the public taste is very diseased; there is a morbid craving for the exciting, both in reality and in fiction. We are flooded with books and periodicals of every kind.

In the era of the *Spectator*, the papers produced by Addison and his coadjutors were perused every morning by an intelligent public, with as much zest as



we now skim through the *Times* newspaper. That was truly the Augustan age of English literature. In proof of it, only contrast the writings of that century with the average contributions now furnished to our serials. The feebleness of these is notable, two characteristics being especially evident, a continuous attempt at fine writing, and the production of humour, or what will pass as such. In spite of these efforts, how much falls dead when it quits the press, and swells the stores of the boxmaker and candle retailer. We blame these writers, and they deserve it, but the fault lies also at the door of the public; authors attempt to produce what the public demand. A degenerate age brings degenerate authors in its train. It has been said that the sum total of humanity's exigencies may be summed up in the two words "need" and "greed;" but few of our writers can claim exemption from the exigency of the first, they are men, and must at all hazards keep themselves alive. In fact, even of what is good literature we have almost too much thrust upon us, and too little time to read it in. Glancing casually over page after page is not reading in any proper sense of the word; we have only truly *read* what we have made our own by assimilating as far as possible what there is in it of real value. But nothing pleases men now that requires much thought or that is difficult of digestion: the cry is "Feed us with milk and not with strong meat." We cannot wonder that men are weak if they insanely reject all aliment of a substantial nature either for body or mind. Fiction now enters into every kind of periodical, it even obtrudes itself into the newspaper. Much of this is feebler than milk even; we can only compare it to milk and water spiced artificially. Inane as to its literary merits, in its moral influence it is pernicious enough. The flavouring is powerful indeed, seemingly agreeable, but as deadly as it is potent. But too much reading of any kind is undeniably bad, it is useless to oppress the brain with a burden which it cannot grasp. Hence amongst the lower orders (so called) of society, it will generally be found that limited as is their range of reading, it is generally effective. The quantity of literature brought before them is less, but their memories therefore grasp more. The "massiveness" of the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has been long enough a theme for jest in our

day, it is time now to take a soberer view of them. Their heaviness may well be called an "energetic solidity," unscientific and speculative as many of them were, they have a depth which the puny minds of the present day cannot fathom.

To speak now of some of the influences of custom upon our social habits and every-day life. Here its evil aspects are multiform. Foremost in the rank of our social customs, I see thrusting himself forward that most universal and pernicious monster, our drinking usages. These prevail far less now than formerly in the upper ranks of society, and amongst the better portion of the middle class. Still amongst millions of our fellow-citizens they are frightfully potent. I am not, I confess, an advocate for nephalism or teetotalism except in special cases. If a man has not accustomed himself to take any alcoholic beverage and feels no need of it, or taking it, fancies he might do just as well without it, let him abstain if he will. Or if a man has not himself under due control, and cannot stop at that point which nature herself indicates, then he must flee such drinks as he would poison. But we have none of us a right to impose abstinence upon each other causelessly, and whoever finds beverages of this description assist him in performing his daily duty, and experiences no after injurious effects, may and should take them unimpeded by any one. What I protest against is that strange delusion, the imaginary link that, with many, connects the glass with every change of circumstances; we must ratify the bargain, welcome the friend, celebrate the birth, the marriage, the death, all with liquor. This not because we really need it, but, I suppose, partly for the sensual gratification it affords, partly because of some supposed significance attaching thereto.

"Dinners," Carlyle observes, "are the ultimate acts of human communion; men who can be sociable in no other way can at least eat together and rise to some feeling of brotherhood over food and wine." As the dinner is not always accessible, our people try the supposed humanizing influences of the glass of spirits or the pot of beer. Gladly would we hail the day when these needless and injurious potations shall have entirely ceased. Although at public and private dinner-parties most persons in a decent position in society cautiously avoid any approach to inebriety, yet, on these occasions, far

more is drunk (and eaten also) not only than the human frame can possibly require, but than it will permit to be taken with impunity. In the custom of "toasting," there has been a gradual improvement during the last forty years; the long succession of healths and sentiments has been abridged. It is no longer compulsory for you to empty your glass. Sanctioned by long usage, as it appears to be, still many wise men see that the custom of drinking healths is one which it might be well to relinquish. It is a custom, not of Popish, but of positively heathen origin. The Greeks and Romans poured libations of wine at their feasts; and while saluting their friends, invoked the favour of the gods and goddesses. Its absurdity strikes very forcibly those who, for the first time, behold the practice, and who are natives of countries where it is unknown. In connexion with this, the following incident may be related:—

About forty years ago a young foreigner came to spend a winter in London. Although he arrived as a stranger, he held recommendations to some of our first merchants, and was therefore almost unavoidably compelled to mix a good deal in society. All his pleasures, however, were marred by the necessity laid upon him of drinking frequent healths, to which he, being naturally abstemious, had a great dislike. In vain he pleaded to his friends his dislike to wine, or his inability to understand the sentiment pledged, or his ignorance of the merits of the man toasted; his so-called friends persisted in forcing his compliance, and although he never became intoxicated, he took sufficient to inconvenience both body and mind. At last the time arrived for his departure, a day or two previous to which he invited all his friends to a grand entertainment which he provided at one of the best taverns. After the usual succession of courses, when that expressive benignancy began to overspread every countenance, which told that the digestive apparatus of each was comfortably at work, he addressed them thus:—

"I am sensible of your kindness to a stranger; you have taught me to be generous, and in my way I will try and requite you." He gave a signal, and a huge Westphalian ham was placed upon the table, and every guest furnished with a knife and fork. Consternation and surprise appeared upon every face. The foreigner, however, rose unmoved, and cutting off a large slice, he raised it upon

his fork, and said, with much solemnity, "The King." His friends endeavoured to evade this novel method of showing honour; some declared that they had eaten enough; others, that they loathed ham, and that it would make them ill!

"Gentlemen," said their host, "this is not a matter of choice; I shall fine every man a bumper of ham who will not eat to the glory of your excellent monarch. Far be it from me to desire that you should be sick! Have you not, to my great annoyance, compelled me repeatedly to drink to the merits of your great men? Not an orator or a general shall now be forgotten, each shall be honoured with his appropriate slice of ham." It need scarcely be said that his disgusted and disappointed guests departed in confusion; but carried with them a subject for reflection from which they might draw some profitable conclusions.

Passing from this subject, I next observe that some of the customs which regulate our intercourse with each other—the small civilities which are current, are extremely undesirable. I speak not of the conventional "How d'ye do?" which we reciprocally ask, and scarcely ever answer; or of the good old phrase "God be with you," now clipped down into the unmeaning word "Good-bye." But how false at bottom are many of the expressions which politeness, so called, puts into our mouths, and which we thoughtlessly use! How often is the law of truth violated by our deceptive assertions! We declare ourselves sorry when we are glad, and glad when we are really sorry; not that we are bound to put all our feelings into words. True politeness adheres to verity, but never voluntarily wounds the feelings of another. It has been said that the politeness chiefly to be found amongst our "upper ten thousand" is of that Pharisaical description which would suffer crucifixion rather than ask twice for soup.

One would be sorry to believe this true of the greater proportion of them. But in trivial matters of etiquette an absurd scrupulosity prevails amongst a considerable number of persons. Some carry their obsequiousness so far that they continually place themselves at the mercy of those with whom they come into contact, seeming scarcely to have a will of their own.

Their submissiveness stretches almost as far as that of a young man, once nar-



rated to me, who at the performance of the marriage ceremony, when the clergyman asked him the usual question—"Wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?" replied—"If you please, sir!"

From custom, again, it arises that we Britons are generally so diffident in addressing strangers. If some of the continental natives show too great a readiness to enter into conversation with persons unknown to them, we err on the other side. The unwillingness, almost amounting to suspiciousness, with which we often respond to a casual observation made by a by-passer or by a fellow-traveller, arises from an excess of caution not to be justified. It seems almost to be our rule to regard every man as an enemy till he has proved himself a friend. We are frightfully frigid, too, the most of us, even with persons that we do know, and hence often sadly at loss for a topic. The public health and the weather are our two mainstays; the latter, a friend of mine describes as the "universal hammer to break the ice of a fresh introduction."

Another influence of unwise custom springing up and strengthening itself in our day, is one that touches the mutual relations between master and servant. Nothing, ere long, will form a reciprocal bond between these two—nothing, at least, but the "hard cash," grudgingly wrought for and as grudgingly rendered.

Servants now are no longer servants, but *employés*. They had long ceased to be servants, no doubt, in the true sense of the word, before they dropped the name. Nomadism, or incessant change, is the order of the day; instead of submitting to wholesome reproof for wrong doing, the servant becomes mutinous and gives warning. The supply of servants, especially of the female domestic class, that are really worth keeping, has hence fallen far short of the demand: women will drudge at the sewing-machine for the merest pittance rather than submit to honest servitude. It is thought, too, so common not to have a servant, that people will pinch and screw in all ways rather than do their own household or shop work, even if they have abundance of time. So even the ordinary mechanic's wife must keep a slipshod damsel, who goes about with tangled hair and a dilapidated dress.

Turning to another aspect of our social life—public meetings of various kinds,

how one can indicate exactly the stereotyped form of proceeding that will in most cases be gone through. First, we have the chairman looking pompous, but apologetically bewailing his incapacity, which we, alas! thereafter find too true. He commences by complimenting his audience, and the speakers who are to follow him. Next, we have the speeches of one individual after another, going again and again over the same topic, with varying shades of ability or stupidity, from the zero of inanity, to the torrid heat of inflammatory claptrap—the golden mean (*i.e.*, well-chosen matter well delivered) sought and attained by few. The invariability of all this is tedious. Speakers, also, feel themselves bound to occupy a certain amount of time, even if they have little to say. When we think of meetings drawn out to the length of five hours, we may well exclaim, "Great is the power of human dulness, but fortunately, still greater is the power of human endurance."

Lastly and briefly I shall speak of some of the modes of dress which we have adopted at the instance of custom rather than choice. Of the chief feminine evil of this sort in the present day, namely, crinoline, with its monstrosities and dangers, and (it must be said) indecencies, it is unnecessary for me to say much. Its defenders, at least among the male sex, are few. It is one of the notable proofs how the vane of fashion swings round. A mode of disfigurement prevalent amongst our grandmothers' grandmothers, once more becomes almost universal. True, it has developed itself into absurdities unknown before; but this was to be expected in the nineteenth century. It is of man's dress, however, that I shall venture to speak. Glancing first at the head and its coverings, I remark that we have for some centuries past treated our heads very badly. We have plastered our hair with powder in veritable flunkey style; we have drawn it behind into an ugly club, and walked about the streets with it hanging down our backs; we have cut it close and concealed it entirely beneath a wig. Now we are the jest of our German neighbours for the mathematical precision with which we divide it. The latest fashion, as every one sees, is to part it down the middle of the head; I expect shortly we shall see a dividing line carried across also from ear to ear.

Thus have we served nature's brain-

covering. With regard to an additional artificial protector, we can boast an extensive variety, as any book of costumes will show. But we have certainly reached the climax of inconvenience in the present style of hat, beaver or sham ditto, which is now so universally worn by decent individuals of all ranks. Inelegant in appearance, whether black or white, broad brimmed or narrow, high-crowned or low, there is nothing scarcely to be said in its favour. In hot weather the internal space becomes filled with heated air, much to the discomfort of the wearer; in cold weather it is inefficacious as a covering, the head and ears being imperfectly protected. The pressure also upon the forehead of the hard and unyielding rim is, if not dangerous, at least unpleasant. If you visit any assembly of people, you are compelled, if you value your hat, to hold it in your hand and watch it constantly; if you place it beneath your seat an individual in your rear very likely places one of his feet in it, or kicks in the side as he wipes off his superabundant mud upon its exterior. Then if you hang your hat up, the chances are that it falls from the peg, and some lady passing by trails it along the ground beneath the skirts of her ample dress. So singular did the hat appear to some of the natives of South Africa, the bushmen and Kaffirs, when they were first visited by our people, and so diverted were they at the idea of wearing what they called a lidless box upon the head, that they adopted a descriptive epithet for the strangers derived from it, and henceforth termed them the "hat-wearers." Other styles of hat—artist, wide-awake, and the like—have of late been rather more in use, but the prejudice against them is strong. As most projects seem to succeed best when a society is formed to take them up, perhaps the best way would be to

originate an "ANTI-CHIMNEY-POT HAT SOCIETY."

Again; how long did men wear round their necks that uncomfortable collar, fastened by strings, and conspicuous with its two remarkable peaks? This is going fast to oblivion with its companion the tight stock. But who will deliver us from the bondage of buttons? Our daily existence in comfort depends upon these. We have been well described by a foreign author as a "buttoned people." From neck to boot, we have nothing but these. It needs to be an invariable part of the education of a boy that he learn the method of replacing them.

Then, might it not be more convenient if the tails or loose skirts which fashion appoints for our coats were much abbreviated. The shell-jacket worn by some soldiers is too short and has not a *distingué* air, but some modification even of that would be far more agreeable than the coat with its long appendages, although, of course, the tailors would unitedly oppose a change. Lastly, descending to the feet, who does not perceive that the tight-fitting boots and shoes which we wear are injurious to the structure and impeding to the movements of the foot? I do not advocate a return to the Oriental mode of sandals, but surely we might make an alteration in size and shape which might diminish these evils.

To sum up in a few words the gist of these desultory remarks, it may be observed, that one of the best ways to avoid being unduly biassed by others in trifles or in greater things is to use our reflective powers and determine for ourselves—determine and act thereupon. Observe, by all means, all that passes around you—observe all, but test all. When you differ from your fellows and yet feel that you are in the right, stand defiant of the world's obloquy.

J. R. S. C.



## THE MAID OF SCIO—A GREEK TALE.

A NIGHT of beauty was rising over the Archipelago and its lovely islands. Across the waves a broad pathway of moonlight seemed to divide the sea that sparkled like diamonds beneath its radiance. A single star, high above the mountain peak, glittered and twinkled, "a gem of purest ray" alone and unapproachable in its beauty, in the dark blue sky.

From the gardens, beneath the wide terraces, came up the mingled odours of the orange, lemon, and almond tree, while wafted to the senses by the light airs that blew from the sea, were the soft scents from the flowers that grow wild upon these beautiful shores.

Beyond, a range of rugged hills were faintly outlined in the moonlight, some of them doubtless covered with blooms to the summits. The sea lay calmly beautiful beneath. An open decked *caïque* lay softly rocking on her bosom near the shore.

The scene would seem incomplete unless a pair of lovers were in its midst; and lo! upon one of those fragrant terraces stood two forms, that might have well served the old Greek painters for their most exquisite models.

Dion Andena and Ida Casseles were these lovers—he, good, handsome, and brave; she, lovely as any Greek maiden since the days of Sappho. Her father was rich, dwelling in all this magnificence of nature, and gathering around him rich treasures of art. Ida was his only child, and her mother was dead. No wonder that he clung to this one treasure with all his heart. He had given her to Dion, only with the agreement that she was not to leave the beautiful abode where she was born and had been reared.

Casseles was one of the most successful merchants of the Levant, princely in means and mind. Dion was associated with him in this pursuit, and the three were happy and blest in each other.

Strangely enough, in the midst of all this happiness, Ida had been all this day a prey to distressing apprehensions of evil. She could not define the shape in which it was to appear; but the terrible presentiment of approaching horrors could not be driven away. She had no concealments from Dion, and it was a comfort now to impart her state of mind to him,

although she knew he would laugh at her fears.

"What *can* there be, my love?" he whispered, secure in a happiness and prosperity that had lasted so long that he could not believe any evil lurked behind it. "You must not give way to this morbid state of mind. You are not ill, and your father and myself are in robust health. There is not a cloud in our sky, and we will not call one there by substituting idle presentiments for realities that are far away from us. Look up, sweet Ida, and let this fair moon and brilliant star look only upon smiles."

He ceased, for a tear glittered upon her cheek that he knew was not shed for any foolish or idle whim. She was too good, too sensitive for that. He drew her to his loving heart, and talked to her of the splendour of the evening, bade her listen to the chants of the boatmen as the *caïques* passed and repassed with little pleasure parties near the shore, until she yielded to the enchantment of the hour, and became once more calm and quiet.

Just below, in the moonlight, they could see the towers of a little Greek church, and a procession winding toward it. They who composed it carried lanterns or torches, and the rich, wild music of a Greek funeral was borne to their ears by the evening breeze.

Then a sound that shook the surrounding hills as with thunder drowned the rich tones of the funeral chant, and every torch fell to the ground. A wild cry arose from the mourners—not of grief for the dead, but of a wild despair for the living.

The lovers heard it, and sprang toward the house. Ida's father met them halfway, and hurried them toward the reservoir, behind which was a concealed recess, unknown to any but the family. Here the merchant had often concealed treasure; but why he was opening the little door now, and why he was pressing Ida toward it, they could not understand.

"Speak, father!—why is this?" burst from the lips of the agitated girl.

"Hush, my child! the air will bear your words and mine abroad. Ida!—Dion! heard you those sounds? They were from the cannon of the Turkish fleet. Already have they landed upon the island,

and we must join the band of frightened citizens who are feebly endeavouring to repulse them. Ida must enter here, and I have ordered Adrian to follow with food and wine for them both until we can come to them. Look, Ida! I will close this stone door, but should we not return, and you should not hear any sounds of the Turks, you can lift it thus, and release yourselves. One kiss, my darling, and then pray to God for our safety and your deliverance."

Dion uttered no word. He opened his arms and the terrified girl sprang to his bosom, and clung there as if there were no safety for her elsewhere. One long embrace and they were gone, and she was left alone with the little Albanian boy who had served her as a page.

It was a sad night for Scio. Fifty thousand Moslem troops were ravaging the sweetest and loveliest spot beneath the Grecian sky. Helpless old men, women, and children were torn from their beds at midnight, and they who were strong enough to fight, were unmanned by the thought of what must happen to these defenceless beings.

Safe in her rocky cavern, yet trembling for her father and lover, Ida strove to keep up a show of courage, for the sake of her little page, who cowered in alarm at every sound of the Turkish cannon that penetrated their retreat.

Terrible indeed was the warfare upon the unprotected inhabitants of Scio. Coming upon them when utterly unprepared for strife, quietly sleeping in their beds, without watch or guard, it was no wonder that the Turkish troops triumphed; and that most of those who did not fall before the scimitar, were carried off as perpetual prisoners, or retained with the "forty hostages" whom their captors' bad faith consigned to a terrible fate. Half these hostages were hung the next day. Of the other half were Ida's father and lover; but they were missing.

What dreadful thoughts came to the trembling inmates of the cavern may not be told. All was still—the very stillness making it more dreary.

"Dear lady," said the little page, whose pallid face, seen dimly through the gloom, struck upon Ida as the hue of death, "let me go out and listen. If I do not hear any noise, may I go near the house and see if any one is there?"

Ida reflected that her friends might be there, suffering.

"No, Adrian, not alone. We will go together, and may God protect us!"

They left the cavern and looked forth upon the spot where her father's house had stood, and near it the houses of Dion's uncles, all rich and magnificent buildings of white marble, but now blackened by smoke and only the walls remaining.

Ida dragged herself toward one of the apertures that had once been a beautiful window. The rich stained glass was lying about in fragments. No one was in the solitary apartment, but a scene of desolation met her eye. Her father's beloved pictures, half-burned, were hanging drearily upon the walls; the statues defaced and broken, and rich vases and precious ornaments trampled on the stained marble of the floor. She sickened at the sight, and clung to the boy's arm to sustain her from falling to the ground.

But all this was as nothing to her apprehensions for her father and Dion. If they were alive and free, they would surely be here to relieve her from the confinement which she had found so dreary.

As she sunk upon the steps of what had been her home, she saw figures approaching. They might be friends—they might be foes. So benumbed had her senses become, that she had no thought of danger to herself, but watched them passively. They came up and gathered around her. They proved to be some returning fugitives; and she wildly asked them of her father.

None of them had seen him since the first hour of the strife. Then he was heroically fighting the foe. These people, having no arms, had contrived to escape, bearing the helpless infants and assisting the old to a place of comparative safety. They told Ida that, out of the hundred and ten thousand inhabitants of Scio, only one-fifth had escaped being murdered or sold into slavery.

Then, indeed, there was no one to care for the poor, bereaved girl. Houseless, friendless, save for the orphan boy at her side, to whom she was now all on earth—what could she do? What could that poor boy do?

One image was ever present to her mind—her father, bowing, perhaps, his venerable form in abject slavery to the cruel Turks. She saw him continually, in imagination, subjected to the most



heartless indignities, a prey to anguish for her, a burden to himself.

"Oh, my father! it was not a weak and idle imagining that saddened me on that terrible night! No. It must have been the shadow of evil that cast itself before my sight. Or, was it mercifully permitted by God, to prepare me, in some slight measure, for what has followed?"

A single room in the ruined home was capable of being made comfortable. This Ida resolved to inhabit. With Adrian's help, she dragged in two or three of the richest couches that had partially escaped destruction, a marble table and some marred dishes. There was food and wine in the cavern, and she found more in the cellars, that the soldiers had spared or overlooked.

With this provision against hunger she watched and waited, half hoping to hear something that might cheer her almost despairing heart. We cannot tell how often that despair deepened around her, nor how desolate were the days in which she sat by the window and looked out upon the dreary scene. Occasionally, one of the returned fugitives would come to her with presents of fruit or bread, and tell her of some one who had come back after their friends grew hopeless of their coming.

"Do you see that figure, dearest lady?" asked Adrian, one day, when her hope seemed unusually darkened. "It is an old, feeble man," he continued, "and those steps are too steep for him to climb alone. May I go and help him in? He comes to beg food, perhaps."

She gave the boy permission, scarcely glancing at the old man, so abstracted had she become, until the boy led him in. Old, bowed, the dark locks changed to a dull gray, the staff quivering in the feeble hand, the hoarse, almost unearthly voice—could that be her stately, white-browed father? Oh, Heaven, what a change! It was not until they laid him upon a couch and administered a cordial to his famished lips, and bathed the soiled face and hands, that any semblance of himself could be traced.

But the meeting with his daughter gave him new life, and when he was dressed in some discarded garments that Adrian had found in the cavern, he was refreshed, and became calmer and more tranquil.

Gradually he was restored to something like his former health and strength. He never told his child what horrors he had experienced. She only knew that he had, at last, escaped to the mountains, where he had hidden awhile; thence to the sea, where a caique took him to Spain. From Spain he went to Italy, and, without stopping to rest or change his worn-out garments, he landed on the shores of Greece, half distracted with apprehensions of his daughter's fate, yet hoping that Dion had found his way home before him. The uncertainty that hung over the probable misfortunes of Ida's lover distressed him inexpressibly. He saw his daughter wasting like a snow wreath, and had no power to whisper words of comfort to her ear, when his own heart was forbidden to hope.

Months passed away, when one evening, Ida, who had seemed more cheerful through the day, was seated with her father and Adrian upon the terrace that overlooked the sea, watching the boatmen, who, in their picturesque Greek costume, were rowing their boats near the shore, and chanting their evening hymns as they rowed.

"This scene pleases you, Ida," said her father, as he marked a glow upon her cheek that had not lighted it for a long, long while. Perhaps it was the reflection of the sunset clouds, or it might be that her grief for Dion was giving way to renewed cheerfulness. Her eyes were fixed upon a caique that was apparently running into harbour, and, glancing at Adrian, he perceived that he also was gazing at the same object, his breath coming and going quickly, his colour raised and his eyes sparkling. The old man seized a small telescope that hung near him, and looked steadily through it for several minutes. He threw a glance of intense satisfaction at Ida, and handed her the telescope.

A cry—not of sorrow—came from her lips.—The glass dropped from her fingers to her lap, and her hands were clasped joyfully together, but no word was spoken by either, although both had seen on the open deck a figure that wore no boatman's dress.

Soon the keel grated on the sands, and the figure was seen ascending the slope. Ida glided away like a spirit, and ere another minute passed, she was gathered to the living, beating heart of the beloved Dion!

## TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

FLOATED out on the fragrant air the waltz-music, burning, delirious. The rich bloom on Lute's clear brown cheek deepened into the red of wet coral, or of the fuchsias that burned in the snow of her dress and drooped among her broad black braids, and the long eyelashes fell with a sudden sweep to hide the pleasure flashing too brightly in her lustrous eyes.

Jack Centyre's name was on a line with the "Gunst Werber" on her tablets. He was coming across the room to claim her hand, and she tangled the chains of her fan and her bouquet-holder inextricably together. The liking of a year could no longer be masked by cool tones and words. It struggled about her mouth, looked shyly from her downcast eyes, spoke in the very tremor of her little hand resting in his as they glided off into the wild music groaning, quivering, and whirling about them, making itself one with motion, and a part of the thrill and shuddered delight pulsing in their every vein.

In the centre of the brilliant rooms he bent low his handsome head till his bright hair touched her glowing cheek, and whispered—

"Farewell, love!"

Lute looked up aghast; her eyes met his full of solemn tenderness and warning. The music faded, died almost away.

"As I was saying," went on Jack, steadily, "this waltz-beat is noticeable in all——"

It burst out again; his voice sunk low, his lips murmured close in her ear—

"I came here to say farewell. Walls have ears, writing may betray. I leave Nashville to-night."

Another whirl and rush of music; then Lute's voice, faint and trembling—

"Leave! for what?"

"For our country, Lute—for the Stars and Stripes—for the Union!"

He tightened his grasp as he spoke, for she seemed falling. Another turn took them within the arch of the conservatory door. A fall of fleecy curtains separated them from the glaring, heated rooms, and the faint ray streaming from a single globe of ground glass alone did battle with its shadows. He drew her into its dimmest corner, still holding her fast. She struggled slightly, with timid hands tried ineffectually to free herself

from his firm clasp, then drooped her face, crimson even in the darkness, low, lower, till it was hidden quite on his shoulder.

"Two hours later I shall be flying like a felon, travelling in the darkness, hiding by day, hunted down, perhaps, like a dog or a slave," he said, hurriedly. "Think how little heart I had for this; but I could not go without saying good-bye to you."

"Where is the need?" she asked, with a shudder.

"Every need—the direst. Our flag and our government are not idle words, Lute—showy insignia brought out to grace a gala-day, nothing worth in themselves. They have been our very life and breath all these years, and like the air, because unseen they have been unvalued, their very existence almost denied. Now the day of our trial is upon us, and let him be called coward and slave who shrinks or falters."

"And I——"

The words escaped unconsciously. She was thinking of that dear head lying low in some ditch or on some mountain ridge, upturned blankly to the sky, cold and dead. His stern-set face relaxed suddenly, and the dark flame in his eyes melted into infinite tenderness.

"You dear! Will you care? Will you wear heart-mourning for me if I fall?"

A tear glittering on her cheek in the faint light was her answer. He stooped to kiss it away, but voices came perilously near. The waltz was done.

"Give me something of yours that has been near you," he whispered.

She undid the belt that circled her trim waist, and gave it, with its gold and azure clasps, into his hand.

"God bless you, keep you from all harm, and bring you back to me!"

Her voice sank so low that he could scarcely catch the concluding words, but there was no time for answer. A sudden ray of light shot in through the parted curtains, soft footfalls and silken rustlings sounded close by them. He bent low over her, and pressed his lips to hers. Merry voices called them—the Philistines were upon them. Lute answered with a careless laugh, he with a jest, as they mingled again with the crowd. Who



could have dreamed of that last burning kiss, that voiceless farewell?

An hour after exclaimed Evelyn Devereux, the hostess—

"Lute Loder, do you know you have lost your belt and those lovely clasps? What a pity! I thought I had never seen anything so pretty. I shall have the servants look everywhere."

Lute smiled faintly at thought of such profitless looking. Miles away at that very moment, it was rising and falling with every pulse of the heart of Jack Centyre, as he rode steadily and swiftly on in the darkness.

Let those who have kept vigil through long months with hope and fear, tell how the weary ensuing days passed for Lute, if words can tell; if there is any expression for an undying heart-sickness, a never-ceasing terror. From society she was presently ostracized. Came there one day, Mrs. Rawlinson, the outward and visible sign of that inward and mysterious essence, principle, or quality, whatever it may be, known as the "ton," indignation throned on her bushy eyebrows, determination ensconced about the corners of her mouth.

"Ah! come here, you naughty child," was her salutation as Lute entered; "we were talking of you, were we not, Miss Primly?"

Aunt Rachel, who interpreted aright the ominous quiet of lips and mouth in her somewhat unmanageable ward, assented feebly, while Lute seated herself without other reply than a bend of the head.

"I came here to talk to you quite seriously," pursued Mrs. Rawlinson, smoothing her gloves uneasily, and obviously embarrassed by the steady gaze and formidable composure of the culprit. "I knew your mother, my dear, and I feel an interest in you. Young people will be indiscreet, will draw wrong conclusions; no one knows that better than I. A pretty girl of eighteen can't be a Socrates—we don't expect it. In fact, why should we expect it? As I said to the ladies yesterday, berthas not battles, pleasure not politics, is running in your little head."

No answer to so much condescension; no appreciation of such elaborate kindness, either expressed or implied; only ominous silence, stormy eyes and mutinous though as yet quiet lips, and Aunt Primly looking on aghast and helpless. Clearly there was no resource left

Mrs. Rawlinson but to bring out her heavy guns and open fire.

"Miss Loder, in a committee of our ladies it was yesterday decided," continued Mrs. Rawlinson, "that while our husbands, fathers, and brothers are away fighting our enemies, we cannot in justice tolerate them in our midst. We have a list of ladies professing Union sentiments, and painful as it will be, we are resolved to cease all association with them."

"The question is, then, who are the sufferers?" retorted Lute.

"I am sorry to say that your name is on the list."

"It is honoured then."

"I pleaded your youth and beauty in vain. You are more than suspected of Union feeling."

"Why not say more than suspected of Christianity, love of country, or some such heinous offence?" burst out Lute. "If I am only suspected, let suspicion be changed to certainty. I know no country but the Union. I acknowledge no allegiance to any flag but the stars and stripes. I desire no friendship with traitors and ingrates."

"She is mad!" gasped Aunt Primly.

"Worse!" echoed Mrs. Rawlinson, solemnly.

Lute rose to her full height.

"Mrs. Rawlinson, tell your friends that the poorest man that fights for his country against the treason of secession is more honoured in my eyes than your proudest leaders. If I were a man, my best blood should seal my words; as a woman, I am only sorry that I cannot prove my sincerity by a more costly sacrifice."

Mrs. Rawlinson rose, reddening and swelling.

"You will repent this."

"Perhaps. All things are possible."

"You have ruined yourself," quoth Aunt Primly, in despair. And if to be sedulously excluded from all recognition is to be ruined, then Aunt Rachel was right. The girls, her old friends, passed her with a giggle and whispers about strong-mindedness and abolitionism; the men with looks of cold reproof; the elderly ladies with real or affected horror. Aunt Primly read her a daily homily; secession was blatant all about her; not one word, not even a token of any kind, had she ever received from Jack; yet he was not dead; for she read, with a thrill that who can describe, in one of the local papers, that the arch traitor Jack Centyre had

escaped, and was serving as a lieutenant in Buell's army; but she stood firm—words easily written, lightly read, but hard and bitter in practice.

At length Miss Primly fell ill, and while her fever was at its height came the news of the fall of Fort Donelson, and the wild panic and terror that overtook Nashville. In the midst of it all Lute sat calm and even joyous, for to her the Federal army meant simply Jack Centyre. Jack well, faithful, and coming back to her, was the picture Hope held up before her; and one afternoon, while the city was breathlessly expecting the coming of Buell's army, as she sat by a lower window weaving golden dreams, she heard the jar of the gate, and looking up caught the glitter of sword and epaulets. He had come! and breathless with delight she ran to the door, opened it, and started back aghast. The uniform of the Texan rangers met her eye, and a face pre-eminently handsome, spite of the evident traces of debauch—a face only too familiar to her, that of Raymond Mainwaring, outcast for his vices from a circle by no means saintly, and her bitterest enemy because she had once rejected him. What could have brought him there? She stood holding the door, looking at him with undisguised dismay.

"May I come in?" he asked, with an evil smile. "It is so long since we have met."

Even as he spoke he stepped past her into the hall, turned the key in the lock, and took it out.

"These are unsettled times," he sneered, "and I have no fancy for being impaled like a bug on a Federal bayonet, and sent North as a curiosity. Will you come into the library, Miss Loder? I have something to say to you."

There was no one within call but female servants, for all the neighbours had fled; no help but to follow. Lute did so with a silent prayer. He gave her a seat, placed himself beside her, and, leaning forward, fixed his eyes intently on her face.

"You, I remember, are fond of poetry," was his most unexpected beginning. "I came here to quote a stanza that has been running in my head all day."

"Kind of you, but is it worth the risk? Pray, what is your quotation?"

He took her hand. Direful menace and fierce triumph flamed in the midnight depths of his eyes. He spoke as if he would burn in every word on her memory:—

"For Time at last sets all things even,  
And if we do but watch the hour,  
There never yet was human power,  
Which could evade, if unforgiven,  
The patient search and vigil long  
Of him who treasures up a wrong."

He had a marvellous voice, full, deep, capable of any inflection, and it rung out now like the toll of doom. Lute's heart gave a sudden bound, and then stood still in mortal terror; the blood surged over cheek and brow, and as suddenly receded; and her voice shook spite of her bravest efforts, though her words were calm enough.

"*Bon!* I see your taste has improved; but I conclude this is only your text. What is your sermon?"

"A short one, Lute. A year ago I loved you, and you might have saved and redeemed me. You refused with scorn, and society applauded you, but 'Time has set all things even.' The wheel has turned. Society has need of me now, ignores you."

"True, yet hardly worth the telling."

"You are right, as usual, were that all I had to say; but listen. I am a man of a curious pertinacity of disposition, and I never relinquish a determination. A year ago I decided that you must belong to me. I have not changed my mind, though I have waited in silence. My time has come. Your consent is no longer necessary. You are alone here, in a city distracted with mad, selfish terror, and Government will not inquire too closely into the conduct of so useful an officer. I shall take you."

"You dare not!"

"I dare anything."

"God——"

"Is on the side of heavy battalions and favourable circumstances."

She struggled to shake off his grasp on her wrist, which he had unconsciously tightened to a painful degree. A locket fell from her belt. He picked it up and opened it.

"Jack Centyre! So he is my rival! Will it interest you to know that I saw him at Fort Donelson? He was one of the first to scale the walls, and I think was cut down at once. But come, my love; time presses."

A pistol lay on the table. Lute, in desperation, caught it up and aimed it at him. He smiled scornfully.

"Shall I show you how to pull the trigger? I think you are more afraid of



it even than of me. What a soldier's wife you will make!"

She dashed down the pistol and darted toward the door, but he held her fast. A moment's struggling exhausted her little strength, and left her utterly helpless in his iron grasp. There was no relenting in his determined face—he had no pity. Surged up then to her brain, with a dull, waving sound in her ears, the quickened tide of blood. She seemed fainting—dying; when suddenly, amidst the whirl and confusion of her faculties, she found that she was listening to a sound growing nearer and louder every moment: the quick gallop of horses; the creaking of the gates; the loud echo of hoofs along the carriage-road.

"Come!" urged Raymond.

Her answer was a long and thrilling shriek. Shouts and voices responded from without. They were thundering at the door—locked, alas! and quite strong enough to withstand a lengthy siege. Some one called her:

"Lute! in God's name, where are you?"

It was Jack's voice! She answered with a second shriek, as Raymond tried to drag her toward the door. They were coming around the house. There was a jingle and a crash of broken glass as a window was dashed in, and then sprang into the room men in the welcome Federal uniform, with swords and revolvers drawn.

Lute ran up to the leader.

"Oh, Jack, you have saved me! I knew that you were not dead, and that you would come!"

And so, as usual, the little things of man's estimation were the agents of Providence. Jack's impatience proved Lute's salvation, and her happiness also; for Aunt Primly could not in decency deny to Lieutenant Centyre the life that he had saved. Mainwaring was then marched off to the camp in triumph, and the official report coolly noted him down as "One prisoner taken."

How many that read it dreamed of the almost tragedy depending on those simple words?

D.

## THE REVENGE.

[*From UHLAND.*]

THE bondsman has murder'd his knight so true,  
For the slave wish'd to be a noble too—

He's murder'd him in the dark wood's shade,  
And deep in the Rhine his body he's laid.

He has clothed himself in the armour bright,  
And mounted the horse of the murder'd knight.

But as over the bridge he would ride, O see!  
How the courser prances to shake himself free!

With the golden spurs as he strikes in his side,  
One plunge—and he sinks in the foaming tide!

With arm and with foot he struggles—but, lo!  
The heavy armour has dragged him below!

## THE "MOON OF THE MOUNTAINS."

## A HISTORY OF A RUSSIAN CROWN DIAMOND.

THREE brothers, named Shafras, were one day walking along one of the principal streets of Bagdad, in Asiatic Turkey, when the eldest suddenly stopped, and said, pointing to a stranger on the opposite side—

"Behold the Affghan whom we have so long sought in vain!"

"Then let him not escape us again," replied the other two; and all three ran over to the stranger, who looked round in surprise and alarm.

"God is God—fear not!" saluted the eldest brother. "It is Shafras of Bas-sora, whom thou didst once seek, to dispose of a great diamond, called 'MOON OF THE MOUNTAINS,' and other precious stones. These are my brothers, who rejoice with me to have found thee, because we now wish to purchase."

"Alack for ye, good masters, I am no longer the owner of those glittering treasures!"

"What hast done with them?"

"Allah be praised! I have at last just sold them to the Jew Mordecai of this city."

"At what price?"

"Sixty-five thousand piastres and a fine span of horses."

"Thou wast a fool and Mordecai a knave!" rejoined Shafras, with an angry sneer. "I would have given thee double!"

"God is great—thou didst have them offered thee for half—and more fool thou that thou didst not purchase then."

"Because I thought thee a thief, and my conscience forbade. But let the past go. Where lives Mordecai the Jew?"

"I will show ye, good masters—so shall there be no ill-will between us."

The Affghan led the way, and pointed out the residence of the Jew, on the bank of the Tigris. The brothers then parted from the Affghan with friendly words, and the eldest went in to bargain with the Jew.

"Son of Israel," he said, in a tone of flattery, to the present owner of the royal gems, "thou hast in thy possession a diamond called the 'MOON OF THE MOUNTAINS,' a sapphire called the 'EYE OF ALLAH,' and several other precious stones,

which thou didst lately purchase of a wandering Affghan, who came not by them honestly. I do not seek to take them from thee unfairly, but will give thee good recompense on thy bargain."

"How much?" inquired the Israelite, with the hard, eager look of one who knew his own business and the value of what he held.

"Thou didst give sixty-five thousand piastres and a span of horses—I will give thee seventy-five thousand and take the risk."

"I will not endanger thee by selling," returned the other, with a covert sneer.

"I will double thy purchase money," said Shafras.

The Jew laughed—a cold, hard, knowing laugh.

"Not for a million will I sell to thee," he rejoined. "Go thy way! thou knowest not the value of what thou wouldst buy."

The Armenian departed, cursing the Jew in his heart.

"He knows too much for us—he will not sell—the Jewish dog!" said Shafras, with bitter anger, on rejoining his brothers.

"Then we must *take*!" returned the youngest, with a significant look, which he saw mirrored in the eyes of his elder kinsmen.

They went away and laid their wicked plans together. The night following, Mordecai the Jew was awakened from his sleep, to find the knives of three murderers and robbers at his breast. They speedily dispatched him, and threw his dead body from a window of his own dwelling into the river Tigris. They then seized all his jewels and money, and got safely away, without creating an alarm. Who cared about the murder of a single lonely Jew in the city of Bagdad?

The next day betimes, the three murderous brothers met by chance the Affghan stranger.

"What luck, my masters?" he inquired.

"God is God! and Mahomet is His Prophet!" replied the eldest. "The jewels are ours; and in honour of the



event, thou shalt dine with us, in our tent, to-day, just without the limits of the city."

The unsuspecting stranger went with them to their tent, in a secluded spot, on the bank of the Tigris, above the city, and there ate his last meal. They carried deadly poison with them, and mingled it with his food. They then robbed and cast his dead body into the river, saying—

"Go, fool, and join the dog of a Jew! thus do we destroy all dangerous knowledge of the precious stones."

They then gathered up their tent, mounted their camels, and hastened away to a desert place, where they halted to examine their treasures and make a division of their spoils. The money was soon equally divided, and without words. Not so the jewels, which were of unequal value—the great diamond, the size of a man's little finger, being worth far more than all the rest. Each wanted this for his share, and neither was willing for either of the others to have it. At first they argued, and then disputed, and then quarrelled, using loud and bitter words. At last the eldest brother said, in a conciliatory tone—

"By right the diamond should be mine, because I was the first to see the Affghan and tell you of it, and without me you would never have known him in Bagdad; but that there may be peace between my mother's sons, we will dispute no further, but all go to sleep this night, and let the Prophet decide the matter by our dreams. On the morrow each shall narrate the vision of his sleep, and he who shall present the clearest proofs of the prophet's favour, shall have the 'MOON OF THE MOUNTAINS'—this swear we all, by the beard of our father!"

All acquiesced in this—the younger brothers each thinking he could outwit the other in his own cunning construction of the dream purporting to come from the Prophet, and the eldest satisfied that his own secret and wicked design would long ere then make all secure. So he managed to convey some of his poison into their food for supper, and with fiendish satisfaction saw both fall over dead, and knew himself the sole possessor of jewels worth millions.

Stripping his brothers of everything of value, the fratricide mounted his own camel and rode swiftly away, leaving the other camels to stray where they pleased, and his murdered kinsmen to be devoured

by vultures. His object now was to leave the country as quick as possible, and make his way to some European court, where he hoped to sell his jewels, especially the "MOON OF THE MOUNTAINS," on his own terms. Disposing of his camel, disguising himself, and putting on the garb of a mendicant, he slowly made his way to Constantinople, whence he sailed in a Dutch ship for Holland, where, having arrived in safety and good health, and feeling himself secure against arrest for the crimes committed in his own country, he boldly made known his possessions and design to the court, and through the different ambassadors to all the other courts of Europe.

The "MOON OF THE MOUNTAINS," and the "EYE OF ALLAH," were not unknown to the crowned heads and nobility of Europe. They had for a long time been in the possession of the royal line of Persia, and it was rumoured that after the assassination of Nadir Shah, they, with many other precious stones, had been carried off by the common soldiers, who, not knowing their great value, had probably lost them on some desert march, or, it might be, still retained them in obscurity, as so many pretty gewgaws. It was therefore only necessary for Shafras to state what he possessed, to be clearly understood by those whom he wished to interest in the purchase of his gems.

For some considerable time, however, no one seemed inclined to bargain for his great diamond, or wondrous sapphire; but as he still had plenty of money, and smaller stones that he knew he could readily dispose of in case of need, this gave the Moslem no trouble, he believing the right person would come at the right time.

The first serious inquiry concerning the price asked for the "MOON OF THE MOUNTAINS," came from Catharine II. of Russia.

"Tell her Majesty I will accept letters of nobility, a life annuity of ten thousand rubles, and five hundred thousand rubles, in ten equal yearly instalments," was the proud answer of the vile robber and murderer.

"Invite him to Russia, introduce him to our court jeweller, and let the best terms possible be made with him!" were the subsequent orders of Catharine II. to Count Pannin, her minister.

"Hold out strong hopes of early purchase, and, if possible, let him be drawn into every manner of extravagance

and dissipation!" were the further orders of the prime minister to the court jeweller.

Shafras went to Russia and fell into the trap set for him. In a short time he had spent all his own money; and finding his credit good everywhere, and every one willing to trust and lend him, and the contract of his great sale always going to be signed on the morrow, he soon got overwhelmingly in debt. This was exactly what Count Pannin wanted and had planned. By a law of Russia, no foreigner could leave the country while in debt; and with his money all gone, how was the Armenian to pay what he owed, except by selling the great diamond at whatever price the royal purchasers might choose to set upon it?

"Tell him her Majesty has finally concluded not to accept his extravagant and insolent terms;—and then, as necessity will compel him to sell, you may offer him, as if on your own account, about one-fourth of its real value," were at last the orders of the count to the jeweller.

This message and offer opened the eyes of Shafras.

"God is God! and Mahomet is his Prophet!" muttered the Moslem. "These dogs of Christians think to cheat and swindle me out of what I have perilled my soul to get! The foolish knaves have lured me into debt, and think now I have no means to save myself but to accept whatever they choose to offer. They shall find, however, that one believer in the Holy Prophet is more than a match for a whole nation of such scoundrels!"

Watching his opportunity, Shafras very quietly slipped around to some money-brokers and jewellers, and disposed of several of his smaller gems at a fair valuation. With this money in his possession, he as quietly paid his debts, got aboard an English vessel, and secretly sailed from St. Petersburg, the magnificent and intriguing City of Palaces. When the minister subsequently sent his agent to see if he was about to accept of his paltry offer, the cunning Mohammedan was not

to be found, nor could the swiftest minions of the disappointed count again lay hand upon him within Russian dominions. The proud queen was deeply chagrined at her loss of the royal prize, and administered a severe reproof to her mortified agent for his unskilful management.

For ten years after his sudden flight from St. Petersburg Shafras was lost sight of, and the "MOON OF THE MOUNTAINS" remained in obscurity. Then he was discovered at Astrachan, and again invited to visit Russia.

"Ask the Royal Majesty of Russia if she expects to catch an old fox twice in the same trap?" was the insulting answer of the murderer of his kinsmen. "To make a short end of a long controversy, listen to my *ultimatum*! I will go to Smyrna, and there accept of letters of nobility, and eight hundred thousand roubles in hand paid. If these terms and conditions are rejected, I swear, by the beard of the Prophet, that Catharine the Second of Russia shall never be the possessor of the 'MOON OF THE MOUNTAINS!'"

The result was that royalty finally humbled itself sufficiently to accept the insulting terms of a wandering homicide and fratricide, and all for a little stone that a child might swallow.

Shafras, the Armenian robber and murderer—now changed, by royal letters, to a Russian nobleman—returned with his great wealth to Astrachan, where he subsequently married and settled, and had a family of seven daughters. He lived to see his daughters grow up and marry—but finally met the fate he had meted out to others—being himself poisoned by a son-in-law, who was impatient to get at his share of the spoil. His great fortune, at that time amounting to millions, was soon squandered by his unprincipled heirs, and some of his grandchildren are said to be now living in poverty.

Such is the modern history of the "MOON OF THE MOUNTAINS," one of the CROWN DIAMONDS of the CZARS OF RUSSIA.



## PERILS AND DISASTERS.

By LIEUT. WARNEFORD, R.N.

## No. 6.—THE BURNING OF THE "KENT" EAST INDIAMAN.

How true it is that only the flowers of memory, upon which tears have fallen, retain their freshness to the last, bloom perennially, veritable immortelles of the soul! The sad, heroic story—sad as a psalm, heroic as that of the Maccabees—of the burning of the *Kent* East Indiaman, vividly illustrates to me the eternity of that truth. It has been told before—the main incidents—supposedly the main incidents, and, in a certain sense, justly so supposed—have been penned, catalogued; but only by him or her who was present, lived in, lived over, the terrific tragedy—who can individualize, impersonate, as it were, its sublimity of sorrow, its gloom and grandeur—can it be approachingly realized. Let me at once premise that I am not about to introduce with this terrible "Disaster at Sea" a romantic love-story. There could be no love, in the sublime or silly sense of the word, in the case. I was a sucking cadet, rising sixteen, in the service of the Honourable East India Company—Fanny Darton, aged about twelve, the daughter of a sergeant-major of the 33rd Regiment of Foot, going out with her mother to join Sergeant-Major Darton at the head-quarters of the 33rd in Bengal. Not much material in that to furnish forth a tea-tray sketch of *London Journal* romance.

The *Kent* East Indiaman, Captain Henry Cobb, 1350 tons burthen, sailed from the Downs, for Bengal and China, on the 19th of February, 1825. She carried 344 soldiers, 43 women, 66 children, 17 passengers, and a crew approaching to 150 men—about 600 souls in all. The ship had been advertised to sail on the 1st of February, but whether detained by contrary winds or other impediments she did not finally spread her white wings for the long flight to the Eastern seas till the 19th. I, infinitely proud of my cadet commission and laced cap, had worried my father into taking me to Gravesend on the 30th of January, in order that there should be no chance of losing my passage, or the Indian Empire being deprived of my services one day longer than need be. Gravesend then, whatever it may be now,

was a dull place in February. The days passed wearily till the last week, when Mrs. Darton and her daughter Fanny made their appearance on the sands, and nowhere, as far as my experience went, but on the sands. A singularly charming child!—joyous as a bird!—and how it delighted me to watch her skip gaily along, her bright hair floating in the wind, and she looking so exquisitely, purely beautiful. I made acquaintance with Mrs. Darton, and was permitted to run with Fanny, render her small services—such, for example, as taking off her shoe when filled with sand, cleaning and placing it on again; for which attentions I was always rewarded with seraph smiles, which to this day play about my heart like lambent rays of a lamp suspended in and irradiating the darkness of a tomb. Our boy-and-girl intimacy continued on shipboard. Fanny was buoyant, bright as ever, as soon as the distressing *maladie de mer* had passed away. The weather was calm, clear, and for the time of year unusually mild; and several times when evening was falling, the earlier stars were glinting forth, and few persons except the ordinary watch remained on deck, she would sing, in a sweet, low voice, a child-song—"My Sister now in Heaven"—to my accompaniment on the flute. A simple thing it was, and a great favourite with both herself and mother, applying it as they did to Rebecca, an elder sister of Fanny's, who had died about a year previously. They guessed not how short a space of time divided them from her, nor how terrible would be their brief passage to that Heaven where Rebecca awaited them, and all tears would be wiped away.

About noon on the 1st of March, the *Kent* then crossing the Biscayan Bay, and well out to sea, the weather for the first time assumed a threatening aspect. Black clouds piled thunderously upon each other spread swiftly over the heavens—though in the lower strata of the atmosphere not more than the faintest current of air was felt—shutting out the sun, and darkening and enveloping all things as with a funeral pall. All but the sailors seemed awe-

stricken—to feel that a great peril was impending. I was standing between Fanny and her mother, both holding me tightly by the hand—both trembling, shuddering in the shadow cast before of near, inevitable death. This was my, perhaps superstitious, fancy or feeling, when afterwards recalling the incidents of that fearful night. All hands were piped on deck, and I observed that not one of the rough salts, who in obedience to the summons hurried upon deck, but, after one glance overhead and around, became immediately silent, serious. The business of sending down the top spars, close-reefing the sails, making everything snug as possible, was gone about with a will, and nearly accomplished, when—

“Luff! luff!” suddenly shouted Captain Cobb. “Luff! Here it comes with a vengeance.”

As he spoke the hurricane broke in wildest fury. A blinding flash of forked lightning tore through the deep blackness, followed by a reverberating thunder crash, to describe which I could find no words. The ship, struck by the furious tempest, was thrown upon her beam-ends, righted, however, and shooting up into the wind, trembled, shook like a frightened living thing. It had become so dark that except by the lurid flashes of lightning you could not see the men lying out on the yards, one of whom losing his hold fell from the main-top yard upon the deck close to where we stood, pitching upon his head, and the warm blood jetting upwards besprinkled Fanny Darton’s face and mine!

The first burst of the tempest having been encountered without the sustenance of any material damage, it appeared to be thought that no apprehension need be felt for the safety of a ship so well found and ably handled as the *Kent*, though the ocean had been lashed to fury and the ship pitched and rolled fearfully to a landsman. Still as she behaved wonderfully well, steered like a fish, Captain Cobb assured us we were as safe as we should be on land. He nevertheless insisted that every one except the cabin passengers, and crew of course, should go below, and he recommended them to turn in at once, as the hatchways would be immediately fastened down and the deadlights shipped. The captain’s cheery words had no reassuring effect upon Fanny or her mother, but little upon me. The shock caused by the poor sailor killed close to their very feet had

greatly increased the nervous terror which before possessed them. Neither could endure the thoughts of going below. It is always dreary, depressing there, in a ship crowded with men, women and children when the hatchways are closed, and the only light permitted is that of a lantern swinging to and fro with every motion of the vessel, and serving but to make the oppressive darkness visible; whilst the disciplinary silence always enforced in such ships as the *Kent* deepens the general gloom. Captain Cobb who had himself several times kindly noticed Fanny, readily acceded to the request that she and her mother might remain in the poop-cabin till at all events 5 p.m., the usual time for going below.

The tempest continued to rage with unabated fury, but there was plenty of sea room and the *Kent* made no more water than one pump could discharge, showing that there was but slight strain upon her timbers. The tremendous blasts of wind rendering it impossible for even the sailors to keep their feet upon the deck without holding on by something, the mountainous waves breaking over the ship from time to time in immense volume; the vivid lightning and crushing thunder were terrifying only to the land-folks on board, the crew apparently regarding the fierce commotion of the elements with calm indifference. As night drew on the weather became clearer, the black clouds were broken by rifts through which gleamed the fading rays of the setting sun. When four bells struck (6 p.m.) those rain and thunder clouds—the rain had come down not in drops but bucketfuls—had entirely disappeared, the clear sky was studded with stars, the wind, however, not abating in violence, nor the sea consequently its to me terrific rage.

I think it must have been about 8 p.m. when it was reported to the officer whose watch it was that some spirit-casks had broken from the lashings and were rolling about in the forehold. The captain, who was conversing at the time with the lieutenant in charge of the ship, immediately directed another officer to go immediately below and secure them. He himself returned directly he had given the order to the poop-cabin, and resumed the game of whist which he had been playing with three military officers, to whom he mentioned the circumstance. Fanny and Mrs. Darton were still in the cabin: the beautiful child fitfully slum-



bered, awakening in sudden starts, caused now by a more than usually violent pitching of the vessel, now by some affrighting image, as she told me in a tremulous whisper, presented by her broken dreams.

Presently there was a sudden stir upon the deck, sounds were heard of hurrying feet, cries of alarm, another moment and that fearfulest of shouts at sea rang through the ship: "Fire! Fire! The after-hold is in flames!" Captain Cobb flung down his cards and hurried out, the officers following. I should have done the same but that Mrs. Darton and her daughter excited by a new terror, clung to me with frenzied violence. The situation was in truth a fearful one. The officer charged to secure the spirit casks, carried a small hand-lamp—one of the casks burst assunder, and at the same moment the lieutenant, thrown off his balance by a sudden lurch of the ship, let fall the lamp, which igniting the spirit, the hold was immediately in flames. He himself and the men with him barely escaped with life, and frightfully scorched. When I had at last, partly by entreaty, partly by force, freed myself from the grasp of Fanny and her mother, the scene which met my view as I emerged from the cabin was appalling in its terrible ghastliness. By some misapprehension, I was afterwards told, of Captain Cobb's orders, the hatchways had been opened and the coombings knocked away: the ship broached to, the instant consequence of which was the shipping an immense volume of water which cascading into the uncovered hold did not avail much to extinguish the fire, but very nearly did the lives of the people below, who, half-drowned in their berths, scrambled upon deck in the best way they could, and swearing and screaming in panic bewilderment, most of them in their night-clothes. It was some time before anything like order could be obtained; a mad rush at the boats was made by both seamen and soldiers which defeated itself. The boats, which would not have held one hundred persons closely packed, were swamped almost immediately they dropped into the water, one only floating long enough to enable five selfish resolute cowards—only one a sailor—to get into her, when she too went down with them. The impossibility of escape from the burning ship thus clearly demonstrated, the voice of authority made itself heard, respected. The orders given by Captain Cobb, as calmly to outward appearance as if he were peacefully

sailing upon a summer sea, were zealously obeyed, but every effort to stifle the fire proved unavailing, and either from forgetfulness or design no order was given to drown the magazine till to do so was impossible. Captain Cobb may have reasoned thus: if the fire can be extinguished, which it must be if at all, long before it reaches the powder-room, there will be no necessity to do so; if the fire cannot be got under the sooner the curtain falls upon this terrible tragedy the better.

There they were, those six hundred frightened, despairing souls, crowded together upon the foredeck of the ship. I ran back and brought out Mrs. Darton and her daughter. They were already more dead than alive; the sense of death, as it is said, being most in apprehension. I placed them—clasped in each other's arms, Fanny quite insensible—in the fore-part of the doomed ship. Threading the awe-stricken, fearful crowd, pale as ghosts, but for the red flicker cast upon their faces by the flames, I passed near to Captain Cobb and the officers about him. Despair—so rebuked by courage that it showed like resignation upon the surface—was upon their faces also. The quiet which prevailed was positively awful. Even children in their mothers' arms seemed hushed to silence by a vague sense of the dreadful doom impending over us all; and nothing was heard but the dull roar of the flames in the after-hold—the fierce dash, the wild moan of the sea, and the howling wind. That frightful silence was hushed by a wild scream of mortal agony from below. Two of the men who were vainly fighting with the fire had been caught in its burning embrace, and rushing upon deck their tarry clothes ablaze, were quickly destroyed. I mean that the poor fellows fell down and expired in horrible torture: their bodies were blackened, charred, not consumed, I think. My memory confounds, confuses, blurs the incidents of that terrible night—I seem to remember a mass of things, but—till a considerable time after those flaming spectres (they so seemed to me) rushed upon deck—nothing quite distinctly. Some one, a soldier, officer I believe, exhorted us to humble ourselves in prayer to God, who alone could deliver us. A deep stir—if the phrase may be used—was caused by his earnest words, and the multitude—it was a multitude, the confined space consi-

dered—the multitude responded to his exhortation by a confused medley of ejaculations, prayers, curses, groans, lamentations, interrupted, stilled by a cry from the mainmast-head of “On deck there—sail ho!”

“Whither away?” shouted Captain Cobb, galvanized by the hail into renewed life and energy. “Whither away?”

“On the lee bow—a three-masted ship.”

God! what a revulsion of feeling—a lifting up from hades to heaven! There was a rush to the leeward of the ship, and sure enough there was the *Cambria*—though then we knew not her name—the *Cambria*, Captain Cook, bound to Vera Cruz, and having on board between thirty and forty Cornish miners, sent out by one of the companies recently formed to work the mines of Mexico.

She was bearing down towards us; but how could she afford us effectual aid? Her boats, could they live in that wild sea, would be dashed to bits in a moment if they attempted to come alongside; and, oh God! how long would it be before the flames reached the magazine?

Nevertheless, the appearance of the *Cambria* restored to life a hope in every bosom. I hurried to Fanny and her mother with the glad news, and the pale, down-drooping lily looked up and smiled—a sad smile, more a recognition and reward of my solicitude than the expression of joy—of belief that the dread danger had passed, or would pass away.

The *Cambria* hove to within about three hundred yards, and immediately lowered two boats. That deftly done with complete success, the boats pulled towards us. Three more boats, all the *Cambria* had, were next let fall from the davits, not with the same good fortune. Two were swamped; but the one that lived was quickly manned and hastening to the rescue.

Captain Cobb ordered a spar to be run out astern, through a block at the end of which a strong rope was rove. The *Cambria's* boats could approach sufficiently near to receive all who could creep along the spar and lower themselves down by the rope. Even if they dropped into the sea, they would almost certainly be caught by the sailors and hauled into the boat. At all events, this was the only mode of escape from the burning ship, and the experiment succeeding tolerably—three women were

lost, fourteen saved, in the first essay—two other booms or spars were run out one on the broadside to leeward. There would have been a rush to be first, as in the case of the *Kent's* boats, had not Captain Cobb, his men, and the military officers, forewarned, armed themselves.

“We must have funeral order here,” Captain Cobb sternly exclaimed. “The women and the children first, then the men; officers last. Any one that shall attempt to proceed out of his turn is a dead man—I tell him so, and you all know I keep my word.”

The warning was unheeded, perhaps unheard, by a Mr. Foljambe, cabin passenger, bound for the Cape, where the *Kent* was to touch. He was a middle-aged, stout, vigorous gentleman, but demented with terror. He rushed forward, hustling this one and that one aside in his frenzied haste to reach the boom.

“Stand back!—keep your turn,” shouted Captain Cobb, levelling a cocked pistol.

The threat was unheeded;—there was a flash, report, and Mr. Foljambe was a corpse!

The terrible example was a salutary one. Thenceforth the embarkation, if so it may be termed, went on regularly; but it was very difficult as regarded the women and children. A sailor guided, pushed, dragged each along the spar, and in the handiest way he could dropped them down the dangling rope; many fell into the water, some were drowned, and there were three who resisted with screams to venture, though quite aware that from one moment to another the fire might reach the magazine and blow us all to heaven or the other place. One man, a soldier, I saw strap three little children round his body and glide with them along the sharply-inclined spar; their mother, with the aid of a sailor, following. They were saved. This was seen by Fanny Darton and her mother, who intimately knew the woman and children. I hoped the encouraging example might overcome their nervous repugnance to make the attempt. A vain hope! Captain Cobb's entreaties were added to mine, and he actually passed, with his own hands, a belt round Fanny and me, so that there would be no chance, as we slid along the spar, of my losing hold of her. The captain's well-meant endeavour annoyed, irritated her. I fancy her sentiment of modesty was



wounded. Possibly so. But I could not leave her. Not for the wide world and all which it inherits could I have left, abandoned them. Thank Heaven I did not. Had I done so, as sure as I now live and pen these lines I should, young as I was, have soon afterwards committed suicide. I feel positive I should. It seemed to be tacitly understood that we should share the same fate, live or die together. I cannot but believe that a sort of fatalism must have dominated me—a feeling that by the decree of destiny our lives were bound up together—that by no effort of mine could that decree be defeated.

I do not dwell upon the accessories, the surroundings which heightened the horror of the dread reality, and rendered the horror picturesque as it were: the blazing ship—the roaring waves—the curses of despairing men—the piteous wailings of women—the screams of the unfortunates who fell into the sea, and were in a moment gone for ever—all that must be left to the reader's imagination.

The transfer of the *Kent's* living freight to the *Cambria* went on, though slowly, steadily. All belonging to that ship were equally zealous to afford us aid. I, who have had much experience of them since then, have suffered, fought with them under circumstances which try men's souls, never saw the high qualities of British seamen, their calm audacity, chivalrous compassion, carelessness of self, more grandly displayed. Still my admiration was most powerfully excited by the Cornish miners embarked in the *Cambria*. Those brave fellows had never been at sea in their lives before, had but a few days previously left Falmouth. They stood in the ship's chains drenched, half drowned, blinded by the surging sea, to catch at and pull up, by sheer strength of muscle, our people in the crowded boats, which could not venture in that wild sea close alongside the ship, the moment a man or woman was lifted within reach of their strong arms upon the crest of a wave. Very many were got in that way safely on board the *Cambria*; others by ropes thrown out, to which they clung, and were so hauled up. Many perished—about a hundred—but the great majority were saved.

The behaviour of Captain Cobb and his officers was beyond all praise. Not till every woman, every man, who could by entreaty, argument, command, be induced to leave the ship, by the peril

ous but only expedient that could be devised, did they themselves abandon the *Kent*. Two were lost. One, a midshipman, in dropping off the end of the spar, struck his head, as it seemed to me, upon the gunwale of the boat, and went down at once; the other struck the water first, as the boat lifted away some half-dozen yards by the waves, and almost immediately surging back, fell, as it were, upon and killed him.

At last all were gone that would or could go. Thirty-two remained. I counted them all twice or thrice over. I was preternaturally calm, collected, in a certain sense. Fanny was seated by my side, one arm encircling me, one her mother; her beautiful head drooped upon my shoulder; her wet, dark hair fell over my face. Fourteen of the thirty-two were seamen, who had obtained access to the spirit-room, and were dead drunk, helpless as logs of wood. There were also ten young soldiers, mere lads, unnerved, prostrate, helpless with terror; the others were women, Fanny, and myself. It is necessary to understand that the flames, though unextinguishable, did not spread rapidly; thanks to the heavy seas frequently shipped, and I had heard one of the officers say that he thought it possible, though the fact could not be ascertained, that the magazine was drowned. It was therefore just possible that the sea would ultimately subdue the fire, and the ship might float, till the tempest abating, we could be taken safely off by daylight. Some vague hope like that must, I think, have lingered in my brain, or I surely should not, with gay, lusty life throbbing in my veins, have accepted death without a struggle to avoid it.

The *Cambria* made sail, left us, and as is well known, reached Falmouth in safety. To have remained near the *Kent* till all was over would not, Captain Cook must have argued, have saved or served us poor forlorn wretches, self-doomed to perish with the fated ship; and no doubt it behoved him in the crowded state of the *Cambria*, which was but of 200 tons burthen, to make for the nearest port without delay; yet I confess to a feeling of inexpressible bitterness when I saw her run off before the wind, and presently disappear in the dark, distant night.

With the disappearance of the *Cambria* the strange apathy which had as it were benumbed my sense of danger, dulled, obscured—I hardly know how to express my meaning—the apprehension of death, left

me. I roused myself; strove to rouse Fanny and her mother, when it was all too late, and unable to do so, so sunk were both in the stupor of exhaustion—fear—burst into a passion of boyish tears. That paroxysm of hysterical excitement passed away, but not before I saw the white sails of another ship, at no great distance from the *Kent*. That vessel proved to be the *Caroline*, Captain Bibby, a merchant vessel bound to London from Alexandria, Egypt. Again Hope, never extinct but with life in the human heart, revived within me; and again I strove to rouse Fanny and her mother from their state of stupor—helplessness. I did not succeed; though Fanny once unclosed her soft blue eyes, and looked in my face

with the former sad, despairing, but sweet faint smile, and the pressure of her arm was I thought, and still love to think, tightened slightly for a moment. A few minutes after that, a wall of blinding, blasting flame seemed to spring up before me, with a roar as of the crash of doom. I was caught up, whirled aloft, Fanny with me—I am sure of that—and I remember nothing more till many days afterwards, when I found myself in bed at home, my father, mother, sisters with me. I and thirteen others had been picked up by the *Caroline*. But amongst those thirteen was not Fanny Darton nor her mother.

JAMES BOLTON,  
*Passenger.*

### SHAMS.

ALL the world is playing a part,  
And our faith in the best is gone;  
Who has not asked the world for a heart,  
And been given a sculptured stone?

Who has not found the warm right hand  
But the handle of a machine;  
And, like the block in the barber's stand,  
One bright face—nearer seen?

The fragile friends we have loved so long,  
Are spoiled by a warm embrace;  
The men are little but show and tongue,  
And the women are made of lace.

The "lady and gentleman" now, forsooth,  
Replaces the "man and woman,"  
And the honest, earnest, simple truth  
Is getting very uncommon.



## MY SEASIDE HOLIDAY.

A RIDE of three hours from Tunbridge by rail through a pleasant and undulating country brought us to the shores of the "ocean wave," and to the town of Weymouth, the marine residence of George III. A statue of that monarch is erected on the esplanade, to commemorate his attaining the 50th year of his reign; it stands on a pedestal with a lion couchant on each side. The River Wey divides the town into two parts. The two principal streets are on the eastern side; they are well built, and of good length, but close, narrow, and not too clean. That part situated on the western side of the river is of considerable antiquity, as the style of the buildings sufficiently testify. The *single* bridge across the river is so narrow, that two vehicles cannot pass each other, which is very awkward, and the cause of much delay and confusion, it being the only means of crossing the river by land. The esplanade extends from the quay in an easterly direction for nearly a mile, when it is terminated by a pretty church of very recent erection. At the mouth of the harbour is a pleasant grassy promontory, called Nothe Head, which we reached by crossing the river in a boat, and then ascending a flight of stone steps to the summit. Round this point, at the extreme edge, a gun battery is in course of erection, a company of royal engineers were throwing up earthworks and digging embrasures for the guns—their jackets, which they had thrown off and spread on the greensward, looked like a group of slain warriors on a battlefield.

Seated on the brow of this eminence, we enjoyed a beautiful and varied scene. Immediately opposite was the Isle of Wight: on our right the sea bounded our view, and on the left the bay and esplanade of Weymouth, with its terraces, hotels, &c., mirrored in the lucid waters; farther still to the left was the quay, the river, and the harbour, with its steam-packets, yachts, fishing-smacks, and boats. A number of sea-birds were hovering on the surface of the waters, and the sailors were climbing the riggings of the vessels lying in the harbour, and busily taking in the sails, for a rough breeze had suddenly sprung up, and immediately behind us were groups of visitors seated on the grass, reading,

or chattering, and others climbing the sides of the rocks, and not a few were attentively watching the progress of the fortifications.

This is the most frequented spot in the neighbourhood. The scenery about Weymouth is not very romantic or sublime; there are no dizzy heights or rocky precipices overlooking deep ravines; but nature here assumes a mild and gentle aspect, much more so than at Portland, which we visited the second day of our arrival.

This island is in reality a peninsula, being joined to the mainland by a pebble beach. It lies three miles south of Weymouth. The Breakwater, which is the first object of interest to all visitors, commences about half a mile from the pier.

Having signed our names at a small house at its entrance, we mounted a number of wooden steps to a platform four feet wide, and extending the whole length of the breakwater. Each side of this platform is a tram-road, and the whole is supported by immense wooden beams; these beams are numbered, and clamped together with iron. But this structure is not the breakwater, but merely the scaffolding to it, like that to a house while building. The breakwater itself rises like a large screen or rock of stonework on the left hand as you proceed, and entirely shuts out every object on that side. Immense masses of stones of all sizes are thrown indiscriminately at its base into the bed of the sea, as if some great convulsion of nature had hurled them from its side. From this promiscuous pile towers the walls, composed of smooth and even masonry, and strengthened at intervals by buttresses. This wall is not in a straight line, but in a curving direction, and is about two miles and a half in length. The surrounding sea lashes and beats like a caged animal against this barrier, which repels its efforts with majestic grandeur, and seems to say, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." On standing at the extremity of the platform, the whole structure presents a most imposing appearance. One cannot but feel struck with admiration at the magnitude of the design; it seems like a triumph of art over nature; and when

we consider the prodigious quantity of material, the vast amount of labour, and the great cost expended in its construction, we must acknowledge it to be a surprising and gigantic specimen of human ingenuity and skill.

On our return from this colossal exhibition we visited some of the best sea-views in which the island abounds.

The road winds for some distance round the edge of the rock, overhanging the village of Chesil, which lay mapped at our feet in a most picturesque position. Ascending a steep hill, we arrived at the Portland Arms Inn, which is associated with a reminiscence of King George, who often stopped here to regale himself with plum pudding, which the hostess excelled in making, and of which his majesty was particularly fond. The driver informed us that a monster pudding is annually made by the present landlady to keep up the remembrance of these visits of royalty. Passing through some straggling and uninteresting villages, we arrived at the quarries from which the far-famed Portland stone is dug, which is used for our public buildings, and has been in repute from the reign of James I. There are three qualities of stone; the roughest is employed for foundations, and the finest for ornamental masonry. These quarries abound in petrified trees. The work of the quarrymen is very laborious, and the heat of the quarries excessive, the air being confined by the walls of stone, and no shelter or shade from the sun's rays, which darted fiercely down on our heads while we followed our guide through the pits.

Continuing our route to the south, we arrived at Pennsylvania Castle, a fine edifice belonging to a descendant of William Penn, from whom its name is derived. Romantically situated on a lofty eminence, it commands a most magnificent and spacious view of the sea by which it is bounded on three sides. A little to the left, on the edge of a jutting rock, are the remains of Bow and Arrow Castle, consisting of a ruined arch (through which we obtained a delightful peep), and part of a round tower, which serves as a parapet, over which we could safely take a survey of the surrounding scenery. At our feet, immediately below, a gentle declivity sloped down to the sea; as far as the eye could reach was the wide expanse of water; to the extreme left a bold range of cliffs, and behind rose the castle, embosomed in trees, which, bent

by the influence of the sea breezes, inclined their heads towards the land in a very picturesque manner. In a hollow below are the ruins of a very ancient church and burial-ground.

This was the "last scene of all," which terminated our drive. Returning by the same route as we came, we arrived at the pier just as the steamer was starting for Weymouth.

We had left untouched and unseen many objects of interest and fine views; really to inspect Portland, to do justice to its numerous beauties, and to come away with a knowledge and appreciation of its several charms, one day or two is insufficient. The lighthouses, the Chesil Beach, and the New Convict Prison, deserve special notice: the latter lies up a steep hill beyond the quarries. This establishment is not open to visitors except by an order from London. The Government works carried on in this island, independent of that done by the convicts, afford an immense deal of employment to masons, engineers, &c., and inundates the villages with the wives and families of the workmen: every house and room in the whole island is crammed with inhabitants, who are sometimes put to great shifts for accommodation. Portland extends about four miles and a half in length and two in breadth. The natives were formerly famous for slinging stones.

The following day being Sunday, we attended morning service in St. Mary's Church, and in the afternoon walked to the village of Wyke, thinking to hear service in its church, but it was closed while undergoing repairs and being repewed, &c., for which it seems a very unpropitious season, while the influx of visitors is at its height. One would imagine the winter months to be the most fitting opportunity for repairing a sea-side church.

But we were amply repaid for our walk by a stroll through the burial-ground, which contains many interesting tombstones, some of ancient date, and others recording sad and plaintive tales of wrecks, of unknown mariners, and of those whose bodies washed ashore were buried here without a friend to claim them, but who may have relatives in other lands still hoping and still longing for their return. Among others was one inscribed to the memory of Major Ker, who had joined an expedition of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, in 1798. He was wrecked off the coast of Portland, all hands on board perished, and the



bodies of as many as could be found were interred in one grave underneath the stone which recorded the melancholy event. The church is a picturesque old building, in the Gothic style, with a high tower, which serves as a landmark for a considerable distance out at sea. The village lies on the *land* route to Portland, not very far from the pebble beach, and the road from Weymouth, from which town it is distant about two miles, is shady and pleasant, and on a continual rising. At the summit of the hill is a fine view, both of land and sea.

Three miles from Weymouth is the village of Upwey, where the river Wey takes its source. The road, which lies inland, passes by the villages of Radipole and Nottingham; the latter possesses a mineral spring of a strong sulphurous smell. These places being situated on the high road to Dorchester, we agreed to take a drive as far as that town, dine there, and return by train in the evening.

On arriving at the Upwey springs, I was exceedingly amused at a number of children, who ran to meet us. Every one had a tumbler glass filled with water from the spring, which they held up to us without speaking a word. I shall never forget them, they swarmed round us like bees, and looked so beseechingly into our faces that we drank each a glass to satisfy them. They varied in age from four to fourteen years. I asked them why they filled so many glasses? "For the ladies to drink," they replied. "But do you expect two persons to drink so many glasses of water?" A deep curtsy was the only answer. Having distributed some small change among the little crowd, we pursued our way to Dorchester.

The road now became more romantic—ascending a hill we had a fine prospect of the sea, Weymouth, Portland, &c. The rail runs nearly on a parallel with the high-road on the right hand, and on the left rises a remnant of ancient times, called Maiden Castle, an immense earthwork either of British or Roman origin, and used for purposes of observation or defence in time of war. Farther on, just at the entrance to Dorchester, is another remain, supposed to be that of a Roman amphitheatre, and capable of holding 10,000 persons.

The town of Dorchester is very ancient, it is the Durnovaria of the Romans, and the Dorneaster of the Saxons. It was the scene of some of Judge Jeffries' diabolical atrocities. The town is built in the direction of the four cardinal points. The streets are very straight and on the incline, which gives them a picturesque appearance, especially on standing at the upper end. Dorchester abounds in woodland, and is surrounded by shady avenues of trees; the walks on the banks of the Frome are delightfully refreshing. Quarter of a mile north-west of the town is a circle of about an acre in circumference, composed of mounds six feet in height, and in the centre is a small round mound the size and shape of a haystack. This place is called Foundbury. Its origin is very obscure, and variously attributed to the ancient Britons, Romans, Saxons, and Danes. It appears to have been used as a place for general assembly, and the centre mound as a rostrum. Though so near the town its solitude was extreme, and the wind being very rough sounded like the voices of the mighty dead, whose spirits seemed to be holding council there still. Foundbury is situated by the roadside, on the summit of a hill, at the foot of which is the barracks.

The next day being that of our departure, we spent the morning in a drive to Sandsfoot Castle. By a singular coincidence Henry VIII. fortified this part of the coast against the French, and this castle formed a part of the fortifications. It is situated in a delightful nook close by the sea, one mile and a-half from Weymouth, a spot well adapted for a picnic, being sheltered from the wind and sun by the overhanging rocks and the undulating nature of the ground. This ruin is a sad *débris* of former strength, only a wall now remains, which is scribbled on by modern hands, and the invading sea will gradually annihilate it altogether.

We had now completed our sea-side tour, and after bidding "a long farewell" to marine views, rambles among pebbles, and drives to ruined castles, we took our seats in a railway carriage for "home, sweet home."

A

## THE DOBBS FAMILY IN AMERICA.

## CHAPTER V.

NEW YEAR'S CALLS—SECRETARY CHASE,  
MAJOR-GENERAL BOMBAST AND BRIGADIER-GENERAL BUNCOMB—WILLIAM H. SEWARD—SECRETARY STANTON—ATTORNEY-GENERAL BATES.

ON New Year's Day, Mr. Dobbs and Mr. Ruggles proceeded to make the customary calls on their friends, the members of the cabinet, and the President. Owing to the immense crowd waiting for admittance to the executive mansion, they concluded charitably for the President, not to add two more to the number of hand-shakers.

The first call was upon Secretary Chase. The usher, in conventional black and white choker—no unimportant personage in this establishment—received the cards of the gentlemen from Dobbstown, and announced in his best voice—

"Honourable John Dobbs!"

"Mr. Thomas Ruggles!"

Deep rivers move with silent majesty—small brooks are noisy. The magnate of Dobbstown moved into the drawing-room with the imperturbability of a man assured of the solidity of his position. His fine bearing and large proportions monopolized at first the regards, and Ruggles was unobserved. In an easy, natural manner, Dobbs turned off the usual New Year's compliments, after his presentation to the ladies, when Ruggles stepped forward and paid his respects.

Governor Chase, as his friends call him, is remarkable for his fine appearance. As Ruggles remarked, "he is the noblest Roman of them all," and the toga could not invest a more noble form certainly than that of the keeper of the national purse. As the smart newspaper folk say, the dignity and grace of his manners are only equalled by the fineness of his face and the grasp of his mind. Ruggles whispered in the ear of Dobbs, as soon as an opportunity occurred—

"He is an Apollo amplified, and about ten years older than he is usually represented in marble."

While he is being talked to, his face wears a listening expression, which is rare with public men, owing likely to the inordinate quantity and inferior quality of talk which is sounded in their ears. His smile, which is very winning, has a boyish ingenuousness about it. His face in re-

pose is full of majesty—the eyes are of a clear grey that never quail, and yet possess that kind of tender expression which the painters have put into the eyes of the first Napoleon. If the fully developed lips and rounded chin hint of a penchant for the good things of the *cuisine* and the wine cellar, the refinement and intellectuality of the other features repel the insinuation. His daughters were near him—the elder as lithe and graceful as an osier willow, and as beautiful as an houri.

"You still hold in your hands the hen that lays the golden eggs, Mr. Secretary," observed Ruggles. "I am in hopes, sir, that Congress will not kill your hen or set her to clucking, by interfering with your treatment of the fowl. The recommendations contained in your Report, sir, meet my views exactly. By Jove! you are a horn of plenty, sir."

Mr. Ruggles' further remarks, if he intended making any, were cut short by the Milesian voice of the usher announcing Major-General Bombast and Brigadier-General Buncomb, who entered with all the *éclat* which glittering stars and jingling swords can give. They appeared with the air of veterans who had contested many a well-fought field, and won high renown in many a deadly breach. Alas! their virgin swords had never drunk blood, nor leaped from their scabbards but at reviews or on gala days. They have never smelt powder, but have dipped their noses into glasses innumerable of "Tom Moore" and toothsome Heidseck. Their military duties have been confined to cross-questioning, and the giving of opinions, in all kinds of courts. They have harassed many a brave fellow for at least trying to do what they never attempted—fighting. It may be a wise provision of the Government for keeping these doughty chieftains from doing a greater mischief as leaders in the field. That they are not only useless but mischievous, does not seem to be a sufficient reason for the government to deprive them of their commissions. Ruggles, who sometimes takes offence at the *general* management, said, *sotto voce*, to worthy Dobbs, on seeing the military party bearing down to the end of the drawing-room with so much aplomb, where the secretary and his daughters stood—

"By Jove! sir, the President will never get high enough to take a comprehensive



view of things, until he lightens himself by throwing over such sand-bags as Bombast and Buncomb. Congress and the President, between them, ought to count the cost every time they make new stars to hang in the military horizon. Just to think that the single star costs the government 16,000 dollars, and the two stars 24,000 dollars per annum—that is, including the expense of personal staffs, rations, et cetera. As to how many of these staff officers are sojourning with their generals who are holding courts, how many are with commanders relieved of commands, with commanders in disgrace, at home on furloughs, or floating about the large cities, more particularly Washington, no one knows. Yes, sir, stars are the fashion. These are the kinds of stars the young women are thinking of when they ring the changes on that song about the

“—beauti— beauti— beautiful star.”

Ruggles having thus relieved himself, retired with Dobbs, leaving the military gentlemen in full possession.

The carriage next stopped before the residence of Mr. Seward—a three-storey, old-fashioned brick house, on Lafayette-square, within gun-shot of the presidential mansion. In the interior everything comfortable without ostentation, looking, in short, like a home. The little premier was surrounded by half a dozen of his friends, who were speaking with a degree of excitement on some political subject. The secretary was calm and genial. This impassibility is the leading characteristic of the man. As Ruggles observed in his energetic style—

“Who ever saw his eyes flash, or his lips quiver, or his hand tremble? Who ever heard his voice falter, or sneer, or raised in anger? His blood remains cool under insult and injury, and his heart does not sink before impending danger.

“Is he a master mind?” would Ruggles continue, “and does he comprehend the situation of affairs? and is he equal to it?—is he a statesman, in a word? Who are best fitted to answer these questions? Naturally those who have made the history of nations and statesmen the study of their lives. Ask these questions of the leading statesmen of Europe who are not in sympathy with rebellion—ask them of their diplomatists who undergo so much drilling to learn in what consists statesmanship—ask them of the citizens of our country—ask Sumner, who, as

chairman of the committee on foreign relations, ought to know something about these things. There can be but one reply, and that is, that he is the right man in the right place. A handful of radicals once tried their best to induce Abraham to offer him up as a sort of Isaac to what they call the higher law, but Abraham knew what a treasure he had, and couldn't see it as these out-and-outers wished him to see it. The fact is well known among Mr. Seward's friends, that he would much prefer being in his quiet home at Auburn, and that he accepted his present position from a sense of duty, backed by the urgent solicitations of the President. By Jove! sir, he has the astuteness of Machiavel with the impassibility of Talleyrand, and posterity will place him on the same shelf with Clay and Webster.”

“Whar now, Massa Ruggles?” asked the coachman, as they took their seats.

“Let me see,” observed Ruggles, “the secretary of the interior, Mr. Caleb Smith, has left the City to end his days on the bench, somewhere in Indiana, where, perhaps, he will be better appreciated than he was here. As for the secretary of the navy, and the postmaster-general, neither are receiving to-day, on account of recent deaths in their families. So we will finish up the cabinet by calling on Mr. Stanton first, and Mr. Bates afterwards.”

Accordingly the spacious mansion on Franklin Square occupied by the Secretary of War, next received the gentlemen from Dobbstown. A handsome, well-behaved African took their cards, and ushered them into a large double parlour with large windows and lofty ceiling. Back of this, another room, where was kept a well-provided collation for such as wished to avail themselves of it. A couple of dozen of people were in the drawing-room, a few black coated, some ancient mariners and beardless ensigns, and the inevitable Major-General Bombast and Brigadier-General Buncomb in all the accoutrements of war they liked so much to display and so little to use. Ruggles, looking at the trappings of these two generals, relieved himself to his companion, who was always a good listener.

“The people are getting tired of this kind of thing. These carpet knights are an incubus on the government. The people are crying for reforms, and this abuse should receive the first blow. They are barnacles in the keel of the ship of state, and until they are scooped off

she will not sail true, to say nothing of the danger of foundering."

The stout secretary received his guests as they entered, and presented them to his wife and two other ladies, who were assisting in dispensing the honours of the house. The coming and going was continuous. This kept the head of the establishment busy shaking hands, saying the proper things, and making the presentations to the ladies. His manner was cordial enough, but at times mechanical, for he was doubtless thinking of more important matters than "glad to meet you, sir;" "happy new year," &c. Occasionally the eyes would wear a look of recognition through the spectacles, and then resume their habitual pre-occupied expression.

"That man has a thinking head," observed Ruggles to his companion. "When he was a lawyer I have heard him in the supreme court unfolding his argument as if it were a problem from Euclid. He may possibly be very stubborn, and not always do the right thing at the right time, but he has a mind, the *New York Herald* and the Harper's concern to the contrary notwithstanding. Don't you remember the ringing rhetoric of his proclamations in the heyday of his popularity, when we were driving the rebels before us? It was well done, but all that is played out now. Proclamations must be sandwiched with victories, otherwise they are not palatable."

While Dobbs was in presence of the great dispenser of military patronage, he recollected his wife's instructions, and asked with that full and deliberate voice which made his words sound as if there were really something in them,

"What about my nephew's commission, Mr. Secretary? He always was fond of soldiering from the time——"

"To-morrow at the department," replied the secretary, after the manner of Edgar of Ravenswood waving off his tormentors.

It may possibly have entered into the head of Dobbs to expostulate with the host in reference to his demand; but while he was in doubt as to the propriety of the proceeding, his guardian angel, Ruggles, took him by the arm and led him off.

In a few minutes more they were before the door of the attorney-general. They were soon duly presented to Mr. Bates and the ladies of his family. They were much pleased with this gentleman

of the old school, who is under the medium height, with long arms, black eyes covered by heavy eyebrows, and iron-grey hair, which extends well down the forehead. The citizens of Dobbstown were affably treated, and left the house gratified with their visit.

Having continued their calls until nightfall, the Dobbstown gentlemen thinking their duty as members of society had been complied with, ceased their rounds and repaired to the hotel, where they amused the ladies with an account of the day's proceedings.

## CHAPTER VI.

### CURIOSITIES AND RELICS IN THE PATENT OFFICE.

A PORTION of the Dobbs family having been invited by Clavers to accompany him to the Patent-office for the purpose of seeing a few relics of the fathers of the Republic, they got into a carriage, and were in a few minutes before the immense building, rising to the height of three stories, with Doric columns and grand flight of steps in front, and occupying the square enclosed by F, G, 7th and 8th streets.

Alice, looking at the long flight of steps, remarked to her father, with a twinkle in her eye—

"Pa, you will find these steps more grateful to your eyes than to your legs."

"Such a place for getting up-stairs is this Washington, and these steps are worse than those at the capitol," said the old gentleman, looking ruefully over his spectacles at the prospect before him.

"I hope, pa," continued the daughter, "for the benefit of such gentlemen as Preston King and yourself, that Congress will have a vertical railway constructed to carry you from the lower to the upper floor of the capitol, in order that you may guard your energies for electrifying the galleries, instead of wasting them in climbing stairways."

"Ah, you puss—always quizzing."

The party having mounted to the model room, were soon interested in two of the relics of which Clavers had spoken—the battle sword of Washington and the cane of Franklin, preserved in a glass case, facing the main entrance to the room or hall. The sword is a plain cutlass, or hanger, with a green hilt and silver guard; on the upper ward of the scabbard is engraven, "J. Bailey, Fish-



kill." It is accompanied by a buckskin belt, which is secured by a silver buckle and clasp, whereon are engraved the letters "G. W.," and the figures "1757." These are all of the plainest workmanship, but substantial and in keeping with the man and the times to which he belonged. It was worn first by Washington as a colonel in the campaign against the Indians, and afterwards during the whole period of the War of Independence as commander-in-chief of the American army.

The last will and testament of General Washington contains, among a great variety of bequests, the following clause :

"To each of my nephews, William Augustine Washington, George Lewis, George Steptoe Washington, Bushrod Washington and Samuel Washington, I give one of the swords of which I may die possessed; and they are to choose in the order they are named." These swords are accompanied with an injunction "not to unsheath them for the purpose of shedding blood, except it be for self-defence or in defence of their country and its rights, and in the latter case to keep them unsheathed and prefer falling with them in their hands, to the relinquishment thereof."

In the distribution of the swords, the one in the glass case fell to the lot of Samuel Washington the devisee, by whom it was bequeathed to his son Samuel T. Washington, who presented it as a gift to his country. It was not the side arms used by Washington on occasions of parade, but his constant service sword. The father of the donor saw him when he probably wore it for the last time in reviewing the Virginia and Maryland forces concentrated at Cumberland under command of General Lee, and destined to co-operate with the Pennsylvania and New Jersey troops, then assembled at Bedford, in suppressing the first rebellion, generally known as the "whisky insurrection." General Washington was at that time President of the United States, and as such was commander-in-chief of the army. It is known that it was his intention to lead the army in person on that occasion had he found it necessary, and he went to Bedford and Cumberland prepared for that event. At this time, when America is suffering from a rebellion that was allowed to grow to its present formidable condition through the imbecility and rascality of its rulers, we cannot help marking and admiring more

than ever, the summary manner in which President Washington nipped in the bud the "whisky insurrection."

Mr. Samuel Washington, the father of the donor, held the commission of captain at that time himself, and served in that campaign. He was anxious to obtain this particular sword, and preferred it to all the others, among which was the ornamented and costly present from the Great Frederick. At the time of the division among the nephews, they agreed to bestow the battle sword on the captain, seeing that he was the only one among them who had participated in military service. This memento remained in this gentleman's hands until his death, when it became the property of his son, who, thinking that such a relic ought not to be appropriated by an individual citizen, presented it to the nation.

In the same case with the sword is a cane which once belonged to Franklin. By a codicil to his last will it is thus disposed of:—

"My fine crab-tree walking stick, with a gold head curiously wrought in the form of the cap of liberty, I give to my friend of mankind, General Washington. If it were a sceptre, he has merited it and would become it."

General Washington in his will devises this cane as follows:—

"Item.—To my brother Charles Washington, I give and bequeath the gold-headed cane left me by Dr. Franklin, in his will."

This cane by inheritance also fell into the hands of the possessor of the sword, and was presented with the sword, on behalf of the donor, by the Honourable G. W. Summers of Virginia, who on this occasion said:—

"Let the sword of the hero and the staff of the philosopher go together. Let them have place among the proudest trophies and most honoured memorials of our national achievements. Upon that staff once leaned the sage of whom it has been said, 'he snatched the lightning from heaven, and the sceptre from tyrants.'

"A mighty arm once wielded this sword in a righteous cause, even unto the dismemberment of empire. In the hand of Washington this was the sword of the Lord and of Gideon. It was never drawn except in defence of public liberty. It was never sheathed until a glorious and triumphant success returned it to the scabbard, without a stain of cruelty or

dishonour upon its blade. It was never surrendered except to that country which bestowed it."

The old man eloquent also said in the same body on that occasion:—

"The sword of Washington! The staff of Franklin! Oh, sir, what associations are linked in adamant with those names! Washington, the warrior of human freedom—Washington, whose sword my friend has said was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when needed in his country's cause—Franklin, the philosopher of the thunderbolt, the printing press, and the ploughshare.

"What names are these in the scanty catalogue of the benefactors of mankind—Washington and Franklin! What other two men whose lives belong to the eighteenth century of Christendom have left a deeper impression of themselves upon the age in which they lived, and upon all after-times? Washington, the warrior and the legislator. In war contending by the wager of a battle for the independence of his country, and for the freedom of the human race—ever manifesting, amidst the horrors of war, by precept and example, his reverence for the laws of peace, and for the tenderest sympathies of humanity. In peace, soothing the ferocious spirit of discord among his countrymen into harmony, and giving to that very sword now presented to his country a charm more potent than that attributed in ancient times to the lyre of Orpheus. Franklin, the mechanic of his own fortune, teaching in early youth under the shackles of indigence the way to wealth, and in the shade of obscurity the path to greatness; in the maturity of manhood disarming the thunder of its terrors, the lightning of its fatal blast, and wresting from the tyrant's hand the still more afflictive sceptre of oppression; while descending into the vale of years traversing the Atlantic ocean; braving in the dead of winter the battle and the breeze; bearing in his hand the charter of independence which he had contributed to form; and tendering from the self-created nation, to the mightiest monarchs of Europe, the olive branch of peace, the mercurial wand of commerce, and the amulet of protection and safety to the man of peace on the pathless ocean from the inexorable cruelty and merciless rapacity of war; and, finally, in the last stage of life, with fourscore winters on his head, under the

torture of an incurable disease, returning to his native land, closing his days as the chief magistrate of his adopted Commonwealth, after contributing by his counsels, under the Presidency of Washington, and recording his name under the sanction of devout prayer, invoked by him to God, to that constitution under the authority of which we are here assembled as the representatives of the North American people, to receive in their name these venerable relics of the wise, the valiant, and the good founders of our great confederated Republic—these sacred symbols of our golden age.

"May they be deposited among the archives of our government, and may every American who shall hereafter behold them ejaculate a mingled offering of praise to that Supreme Ruler of the universe, by whose tender mercies our Union has been hitherto preserved through all the vicissitudes and revolutions of this turbulent world, and of prayer for the continuance of these blessings by the dispensations of His providence to our beloved country from age to age till time shall be no more."

Fortunately for the old man he was saved the misery of seeing the disruption of that Union which he cherished so dearly.

Near the sword and cane lies the military suit of clothes worn by Washington when he resigned his commission at Annapolis as commander-in-chief of the army, and which consists of a buff-coloured pair of breeches, waistcoat to match, and the blue coat of revolutionary memory. These clothes are carefully preserved in a glass case, which contains also another relic—the travelling secretary—used by the chief in his revolutionary campaign. It is much worn, and evidently had been in constant service during the dawning days of the Republic.

Some articles of furniture, once belonging to Washington, are placed in upright cases with glass fronts. They were taken from Arlington House, which is in sight of the city, since the beginning of the rebellion, and placed among the archives here.

The clothes worn by General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans, and his battle sword, are in another case under cover.

To the right of the door in entering, attached to the wall in a glass-covered frame, is placed the original Declaration



of Independence and signatures. The majority of the signatures are completely effaced from frequent handling, others scarcely legible, and a few apparently but little impaired. John Hancock, the imperial autograph of all that follow, still appears, but indistinct. The names have been written in different kinds of ink, and some are illegible owing to the inferior quality used. The Declaration is still legible, but shows marks of age, it being now eighty-six years since that memorable day on which it was signed by the good and fearless fathers of the Republic. Although the greatest care is now being taken to preserve the document as long as possible, it seems to have been much injured by vandal fingering in times past. This frame also contains Washington's Commission from the Continental Congress, still perfectly legible.

A model of the Washington Monument as it is to be, occupies the centre of the hall on a raised block, at each corner of which are glass boxes, with holes in the top to receive the contributions of the public. Back of this model has been recently placed Powers' statue of Washington, taken by General Butler from the State Capitol at Baton Rouge, during the summer of '62. The statue is of pure Carara marble, was begun and finished at Florence, and is wrought out with the artist's usual ability. The face looks as if one of Gilbert Stuart's portraits had served as the study.

Alice, evincing considerable curiosity as to what the numerous silk and satin garments enclosed in cases were intended for, Clavers informed her that they were Japanese costumes, presented to the President by the members of the Japanese delegation, when they visited this country two or three years ago.

"As the President," he continued, "or any officer of the Government is forbidden by law to accept presents from foreign powers, all presents that have been forced upon the President, our ministers abroad, or commanders of naval expeditions, which could not be refused with a good grace, have been placed here in the keeping of the commissioner of this bureau. Hence many of the objects you see around you have been deposited by naval commanders, and a few by consuls and diplomats. Several of our Presidents have found themselves in a perplexing dilemma on account of the disposition of the eastern nations to force

personal gifts upon them. President Lincoln has not been exempt from these expressions of amity. The King of Siam, knowing that we were a civilized people, learned to his astonishment that we were without elephants—a fact in his mind incompatible with a proper condition of civilization, and endeavoured to persuade the President to accept a number of these animals. But here is the letter of his majesty on the subject," said Clavers, producing a printed copy of the same. "I found it in the Capitol among the curiosities of literature of the document-room, and it is worth reading," said he, handing to Alice the correspondence, of which the contents were as follows:—

The King of Siam to the President of the United States.

[Translation.]

Somdetch Phra Paramendr Maha Mongkut, by the blessing of the highest superagency of the whole universe, the King of Siam, the sovereign of all interior tributary countries adjacent and around in every direction—viz. Laws of Shiengs, on north-western and northern; Law Kans, on northern to north-eastern to south-eastern; most of the Malay peninsula on southern and south-western; and Kariengs, on the western to north-western points, and the professor of the Magadhe language and Buddhistical literature, &c. &c. &c., to his most respected excellent presidency, the President of the United States of America, who, having been chosen by the citizens of the United States as most distinguished, was made President and Chief Magistrate in the affairs of the nation for an appointed time of office—viz. Buchanan, Esquire, who has forwarded an official letter to us from Washington, May 10, Anno Christi 1859, which was Wednesday, tenth night of waxing moon in the lunar month of Visakh, the sixth month recurring from the commencement of the cold season in the year of Goat, first decade of the Siamese astronomical era 1221, with a package of books, one hundred and ninety-two volumes in number, which came to hand in the year following, or to whomsoever the people have elected anew as chief ruler in place of President Buchanan, &c. &c. &c., sendeth friendly greeting:

RESPECTED AND DISTINGUISHED SIR,  
—At this time we are very glad in having embraced an excellent opportunity to forward our royal letter, under separate

envelope, together with complimentary presents, viz.:

A sword, with a photographic likeness of ourselves, accompanying herewith directly to Washington, as being a much better way of forwarding it than the way we had intended, by delivering it to the Consul of the United States of America here, to be forwarded on, sometimes by a steamer, sometimes by a sailing vessel, from one port to another, till it should reach Washington. This sending, where there are many changes from one vessel to another, is not a trustworthy way; there is danger of delay, and, indeed, that the articles may be damaged, and never reach their destination.

On this occasion occurred, in February, Christian Era 1861, corresponding to the lunar time, being in connexion of the Siamese months of Magh and Phagun, the third and fourth month from the commencement of the cold season, in the year of Monkey, second decade, Siamese astronomical era 1222, a ship of war, a sailing vessel of the United States navy, the *John Adams*, arrived and anchored outside the bar, off the mouth of the river "Chan Phya." Captain Berrien, with the officers of the ship, came up to pay a friendly visit to the country, and has had an interview with ourselves, hence to him we have entrusted our royal letter in separate envelope, which accompanies this, and the presents specified in that letter.

We are assured that Captain Berrien will deliver them in safety to you, who will be President of the United States when our letter would reach Washington.

During the interview, in reply from Captain Berrien to our inquiries of various particulars relating to America, he stated that on the continent there are no elephants. Elephants are regarded as the most remarkable of the large quadrupeds by the Americans, so that if any one has an elephant's tusk of large size, and will deposit it in any public place, people come by thousands crowding to see it, saying, it is a wonderful thing. Also, though formerly there were no camels on the continent, the Americans have sought for and purchased them; some from Arabia, some from Europe, and now camels propagate their race, and are serviceable and of benefit to the country, and are already numerous in America.

Having heard this, it occurred to us that if, on the continent of America, there should be several pairs of young

male and female elephants turned loose in forests where there was abundance of water and grass, in any region under the sun's declination both north and south, called by the English the torrid zone, and all were forbidden to molest them, to attempt to raise them would be well; and if the climate there should prove favourable to elephants, we are of opinion that after a while they will increase until there be large herds, as there are here on the continent of Asia, until the inhabitants of America will be able to catch, and tame, and use them as beasts of burden, making them of benefit to the country, since elephants, being of great size and strength, can bear burdens and travel through uncleared woods and matted jungles where no carriage and cart-roads have yet been made.

Examples we have, coming down from ancient times, of this business of transplanting elephants from the mainland of Asia to the various islands. Four hundred years ago, when the island of Ceylon was governed by its native princes, an embassy was sent to beg of the King of Henzawatty or Pegu to purchase young elephants, in several pairs, to turn loose in the jungles of Ceylon, and now, by natural increase, there are many large herds of elephants in that island.

We have heard also a tradition that a long time ago the natives of Achen, in the island of Sumatra, and the natives of Java, came to the Malayan peninsula to obtain young elephants to turn loose in the jungles of Sumatra and Java, and in consequence of this, elephants are numerous in both those islands.

On this account we desire to procure and send elephants to be let loose to increase and multiply in the continent of America. But we are as yet uninformed what forests and what regions of that country are suitable for elephants to thrive and prosper. Besides, we have no means, nor are we able to convey elephants to America, the distance being too great.

The islands of Ceylon, Sumatra, and Java are near to this continent of Asia, and those who thought of this plan in former days could transport their elephants with care and without difficulty.

In reference to this opinion of ours, if the President of the United States and Congress, who, conjointly with him, rule the country, see fit to approve, let them provide a large vessel, loaded with hay and other food suitable for elephants on the voyage, with tanks holding a suffi-



ciency of fresh water, and arranged with stalls, so that the elephant can both stand and lie down in the ship, and send it to receive them.

We on our part, will procure young male and female elephants, and forward them, one or two pairs at a time.

When the elephants are on board the ship, let a steamer take it in tow, that it may reach America as rapidly as possible, before they become wasted and diseased by the voyage.

When they arrive in America, do not let them be taken to a cold climate out of the regions of the sun's declinations or torrid zone, but let them with all haste be turned out to run wild in some jungle suitable for them, not confining them any length of time.

If these means can be done, we trust that the elephants will propagate their species hereafter in the continent of America.

It is desirable that the President of the United States and Congress give us their views in reference to this matter at as early a day as possible.

In Siam it is the custom of the season to take elephants from the herds in the jungles in the months of Phagun and Chetre, 4th and 5th, generally corresponding to March and April.

If the President and Congress approve of the matter, and should provide a vessel to come for the elephants, if that vessel should arrive in Siam on any month of any year after March and April, as above mentioned, let notice be sent on two or three months previous to those months of that year, in order that the elephants may be caught and tamed, whereas the elephants that have been long captured and tamed and domesticated here are large and difficult to transport, and there would be danger they might never reach America. At this time we have much pleasure in sending a pair of large elephant's tusks, one of the tusks weighing fifty-two cents. of a picul, the other weighing forty-eight cents. of a picul, and both tusks from the same animal, as an addition to our former presents, to be deposited with them for public inspection, that thereby the glory and renown of Siam may be promoted.

We hope that the President and Congress, who administer the government of the United States of America, will gladly receive them as a token of friendly regard.

Given at our royal audience hall, Ana-

S

nant Sanagome, in the grand palace of Ratne Kosinds Mahindra India, at Bangkok, Siam, on Thursday the fifth night of the waxing moon, in the lunar month of Phagun, the 4th month from the commencement of the cold season, in the year of Monkey, 2nd decade Siamese astronomical era, 1222, corresponding to the solar date of the 14th February, Anno Christi, 1861, which is the 11th year, and this day is the 3564th day of our reign.

This from the worthy and good friend of the President of the United States of America and her Government,

[Seal.] S. P. P. M. MONGKUT,  
Major Rex Siamesium.

Another Washington relic, an old battered camp-chest, presented to the country through Congress, occupies the bottom shelf of one of the cases. On the occasion of its presentation Senator Pierce eloquently remarked: "The relics of our past history are few and simple. Our nation is too young to possess those memorials of great events strewn along the track of time which belong to another hemisphere. We have no iron crown to remind us of the oppressions of an iron despotism—no 'towers of Julius by many a foul and midnight murder fed.' No moated battlements frown over our land, marking the seats of rapine and exaction. No castellated crags look down upon the smiling waters of our broad rivers, telling how insolence and pride have lorded it over ignominious submission. We have not been buried in the darkness of feudal superstition. We have not been conquered and subdued, reconquered and again enslaved. Neither Roman nor Saxon, neither Dane nor Norman, has made us his prey. There are no vestiges on our soil of any iron rule. Our colonial existence was that of young Freedom, restrained and indeed checked during nonage, but only for a moment enchained. Our national history is that of Freedom full grown, erect, unshackled, and self-restrained. It is not surprising, then, that the relics of the past with us should be few and simple. That which is now tendered to us does not—like the sword of Washington, which was presented to Congress at its last session—bear the blaze of victory with it. It does not tell of royal power cloven down in the fierce strife for freedom. It has a sadder, but not less touching story to tell. It is associated with recollections of privation and suffer-

ing; of want approaching to famine; of poverty in almost every form—most patiently, patriotically, and nobly borne by the officers, soldiers, and citizens of our country during the darkest, but perhaps the proudest period of her history. It tells of disastrous reverses heroically sustained and gloriously retrieved. That camp-chest, sir, was the companion of Washington in the memorable retreat through the Jerseys. It was with him during the long and stern winter passed by the army at the hutted wilderness of Valley Forge. It followed him across the burning plains of Monmouth, and was with him at the crowning glory of Yorktown. Though it be simple and mute, this companionship makes it an eloquent memorial of the great soldier and patriot, and of that war of principle which he conducted so gloriously for himself and so happily for his country."

Mr. Adams, the pathos of whose nature was always touched by the sight of these relics, on the same occasion discoursed with feeling eloquence of the associations linked about this old chest.

"Here," said Clavers, pointing to the old printing-press of Franklin, "is the dingy black machine which communicated to the people so much light. In the days of his poverty, or at least when his circumstances obliged him to practise rigid economy, the philosopher himself was the pressman who pulled the lever and threw off the sheets—the impressions of his own gifted mind. What a patient, loyal mind, to toil on for years in comparative obscurity, with the consciousness of his own wonderful genius. No panting for honours and renown, but a daily conscientious discharge of humble duty—no repining after losses or lack of success, but always genial and looking on the bright side; in short, he knew how to wait. The name philosopher fits him exactly."

The visitors having given the objects of the museum a hasty inspection, walked through the neighbouring rooms.

The immense saloons of the museum and model rooms occupy entirely the third floor of the building, and comprise four grand chambers, fronting respectively on each street by which the structure is surrounded. With the ex-

ception of the one looking on G street, which has been used for some time as a soldiers' hospital, they are filled with models of every conceivable kind, which it would be impossible in a lifetime to examine separately. Thousands upon thousands, all enclosed in glass-cases, repose there as monuments to the inventive genius of the American people. Everything is clean and orderly, and that the national habit of expectorating may be indulged in without injury to the premises, the floors are well supplied with spittoons within convenient distance of each other.

The inventive faculty is now turned from ploughshares and pruning-hooks to the implements of war. The "piping time of peace" is o'er, with its reapers, mowers, apple-paring machines, and grim-visaged war directs the inventive energies of the nation. Whatever will destroy the greatest number of men in the shortest space of time is the instrument *par excellence* for which there is the greatest demand.

From reliable statistics it is ascertained that from the year 1836 to 1860 inclusive, over 31,000 patents have been issued. What a commentary is this upon the creative power of the nation! What a story it tells of sleepless nights, throbbing temples, and terrible thinking!

"I took the patent fever myself once," said Ruggles, who had been holding his peace for some time, "and got up a machine for which I filed an application. It was a simple contrivance, consisting of pulleys, screws, and levers—a self-adjusting, back-acting, and reacting thing, with a fly-wheel, and——"

"Please, Mr. Ruggles," said Alice, "don't afflict us with the story of that patent again. Beside, I think it is time we were going—I have an engagement to dine."

"It is worth listening to," said the *Trumpet*-man, button-holing Clavers. "Is your engagement pressing, Miss Alice?"

"Yes—for I am hungry."

Whereupon the party turned homeward, Ruggles resolving mentally to enlighten Clavers as to the merits of the afore-mentioned patent at the very first opportunity.

(To be continued.)



## SEAL FISHING.

SOME years ago I took the whim to sail from Boston, Massachusetts, to St. John's, Newfoundland, and after wintering there, to try my hand at seal-fishing.

You see it was sheer foolishness, my going to St. John's in the first place, and that I suppose was the reason I did it—for when was I ever known to do anything sensible?—but that affair was mighty wisdom compared with the one that followed it. You must know that in my multiplied perambulations about that interesting town, I once upon a time fell in with the captain of a seal-fishing vessel of some hundred and fifty tons burden (the vessel I mean, not the captain), and he, the captain, being a good fellow, and myself another, we exchanged some clever compliments over a bottle of brandy, and soon got as intimate as two thieves.

Well, the result of that night's operations, directly and indirectly, was that I went seal-fishing. The captain said I had better go—the captain said it would be a good thing for me to go—I knew the captain was a good judge of liquor—had good liquor—carried good liquor with him—and—I went. Now I am going to tell you something of what happened.

We sailed from St. John's about the first of March, on a cold, raw, disagreeable day, having on board forty-seven souls, including myself, who am supposed to have been more soul than brains. Our object was—and this is the peculiarity of the Newfoundland seal-fishing—to run out seaward till we should come to a field of ice floating down from the colder regions of the north, and then run into it, work our way by various clever contrivances into the very centre of it, and there get froze up, to be thawed out again when and where it should be the Lord's will.

Well, this we did in a reasonable time after leaving St. John's—got froze up in the very centre of a tremendous field of floating ice—and then came the sport, as some people call it, of killing seals. Seals, you must know, bring forth their young upon the ice-beds of the Polar Seas, which, acted upon by the warmer currents direct from the Gulf of Mexico, gradually crumble up and float down on the return currents, bearing the seals that remain upon them to a milder climate. Thousands and millions of these animals thus annually pass along the coast of

Newfoundland, between the first of March and May, and hundreds of adventurous crews every year compass their destruction, by getting themselves wedged into these floating ice-fields, and assailing them with clubs, spears, and guns.

It is an exciting sport; but it is necessary for a man of any feeling to get pretty well used to it before he can enjoy it—that is to say, he must get used to shooting, stabbing, and beating out the brains of a poor dumb mother, who, with moans and groans that seem to unaccustomed ears the last pleadings of human despair, is trying to save her young by coming between you and them and offering her life as a sacrifice.

Well do I remember the first one of these poor creatures that I saw murdered—for *murder* is the only word that will express what I felt at the time. We had worked our way into the ice and got a good position, and nearly all had started off in small parties, in different directions, in search of game, I accompanying the captain, who desired the pleasures of initiating me into the mysteries of seal-killing, for which he of course has all the thanks that my admiration of cold-blooded butchery will allow me to bestow. This exploit consisted in finding a cow with two calves, spearing the little ones first, and then, while they made my heart ache, as well as their poor mother's, with the most piteous moans I ever heard—beating, spearing, and shooting her, as she struggled like a human mother in their defence.

"And have I come all the way into this shivering region to see human cruelty displayed on a dumb beast?" said I.

"Haw! haw! haw! a pretty good specimen of a greenhorn!" laughed the captain. "Take another drink, Mr. Smith."

"Yes," said I, "I think myself that liquor is needed to make a man oblivious of such infernal work as this! Now, captain, I daresay you expect to see land again?"

"Of course I do—why shouldn't I?" he replied.

"Because Heaven's justice never sleeps, only slumbers," said I.

He said he didn't understand me, and wanted to know what I meant.

"Well, then, how can you expect to

have fair weather after such foul work? It wouldn't surprise me if the piteous moans of these poor beasts should arouse the wrath of the storm-god, and your vessel and crew be hurled down into the fathomless deep!"

"Pretty good for you, considering the subject!" laughed the captain. "Take another drink, Mr. Smith."

I did so—twice.

Finding it was no use to talk to men who had no hearts, I went back to the vessel, and took to brandy, tobacco, and philosophy.

Three days after, while about half the crew were scattered for miles over the frozen field, there came up a terrific storm, and we heard the awful thunders of the breaking, crashing, crumbling mass, and were rocked and tossed about like a feather in the air.

"Ah! God help the poor fellows who will never get to us again!" said the captain, as our vessel began to move off, thumping and bumping among the dangerous fragments of the broken ice-field.

"And God help us!" said I, as at the moment our vessel seemed to be seized and squeezed even to cracking, like a nut in the jaws of a vice. I thought it was all over with us, and so did every one who heard and felt that awful pressure; but after holding and grinding us for a few moments—pressing out the life of the ship, as it were—making it quiver to the heart, and moan and groan like the poor creatures it had come to destroy—the icy monster suddenly let go his grasp, and it seemed as if I could hear and feel the poor vessel choking, gasping and catching its breath.

"She's sprung a leak, sir!" I soon after heard some one tell the captain.

"All hands to the pump!" was the order that soon followed.

"All comes of this accursed sea-butchery business!" I took occasion to mutter, just so that the captain could barely hear me.

It was blowing great guns at the time, and I richly deserved the cat for making one annoying remark in the presence of as good a fellow as ever lived.

"Mr. Smith," said he to me, with a polite bow, "you will find some very excellent brandy down in my cabin. Pray go down and drink my health!"

I went. It might have been a couple of hours after this—I don't exactly remember, for the vessel pitched about a

good deal, and I felt rather obliviously sick, and didn't take much note of time—that the captain came down, and said to me, says he:

"Mr. Smith, how do you like the brandy?"

"Clear!" said I; "and I hope it may never be watered."

"Can you pray?" asked the captain, without seeming to see my miserable joke.

I told him I thought I could at a pinch, though I had never done much in that way.

"Well," he replied, "I suppose it won't require a great deal to save your innocent soul that has no seal-blood upon it, and so you will probably have time to prepare for the change that will soon take place. Within two hours, Mr. Smith—perhaps one—this vessel will be at the bottom of the sea."

Now, as I profess to be an honest man, with, perhaps, a slight leaning toward good brandy as one of my weaknesses, it behoves me to say, that I am not positively certain that at that particular juncture I was perfectly sober. On the contrary, I am inclined to think I was not—for I have an indistinct recollection of remarking what a pity it would be to lose so much good liquor, and of hearing the captain mutter something about somebody he knew being—drunk. At all events, it is sufficient for me to say that, whether drunk or sober, I have no remembrance of anything after that, till I found myself in an open boat, out on a black sea, exposed to the fury of a freezing storm, and chilled to the very bone. That I was not frozen to death I have always attributed to the fact of my having previously laid in a good supply of my favourite beverage.

"What does this mean?" was my first sensible inquiry.

"That ten of us are still living," said the voice of Captain Wright, in a sad, mournful tone.

I afterwards learned that, before the vessel went down, two boats had been launched, the first of which had swamped, and carried ten or twelve of the crew to a watery grave. The other, by skilful management, had been kept afloat; and into this, by the great personal exertion and positive command of the captain, I had been conveyed, in an unconscious state, to the imminent peril of all who had saved me. Six hours had passed since then, and we had been fortunate



enough to get clear of the ice, and were supposed to be making some headway towards land, though with little prospect, in our benumbed state, of ever reaching it alive.

It was a terrible night—black as ink—with the wind howling and shrieking like a thousand demons, and the water, when it dashed over us, freezing to our clothes. How any of us survived is a mystery to me. When daylight dawned, four out of the ten had ceased from their earthly troubles—one washed overboard, and three frozen, whose bodies we committed to the deep, with sad hearts and little ceremony. Six of us remained, but in a condition to afford us little hope. Captain Wright, naturally a positive, determined, energetic man, exerted all his faculties to keep us alive. He made us stand up when we could, stamp our feet, swing our arms, shake each other, and shout with all our might, he himself doing the same. In this way we got warmth enough into our bodies to keep death out.

And so we continued, driving before the storm, till about mid-day, when, to our great joy, we saw land in the distance, which proved to be an island. As we were almost in a helpless condition, and the storm driving us straight upon the shore, we resolved to beach our boat and take our chances. In doing this, three of the crew were lost in the surf—Captain Wright, one other, and myself, being saved almost miraculously.

By the utmost exertion of every faculty and power we possessed, mental and physical, we managed to get to the top of a high, slippery cliff, hoping, though scarcely expecting, to see some signs of the island being inhabited. To our great joy—our indescribable joy—we did behold the humble dwelling of a fisherman

not far off; and we managed to reach it, but in such an exhausted state, that we at once sank down before the fire, unable to stand.

In this humble abode we remained three weeks, being kindly cared for by the fisherman and his family; and then, having pretty well recovered, we managed to hail a passing vessel, and got passage to St. John's, where we duly arrived, the only living men, as we believed, of the forty-seven who had sailed the month before full of lusty life and ardent hopes.

"Captain Wright," said I, when we had once more got back to his old quarters, where I had first met him, "you know my opinion of good brandy and seal-killing, but you don't know my opinion of you. I'll tell you. You're a good fellow, and I'm another. We've ate together, drank together, slept together, got obfuscated together, sailed together, been shipwrecked together, and saved together, and if that don't make us sort of related, then I don't understand the philosophy of affinities. Well, without circumlocution, you have lost *all*, and I haven't—didn't bring it into this infernal, seal-murdering region—and now, if you'll go with me to Boston, and give up all thoughts of this cursed business, I'll see that you have a fine start in the merchant service."

"You are very kind and generous!" replied the captain, with tears in his eyes.

"You're another!" said I.

"Mr. Smith," said the captain, "I can't express my feelings—I accept your offer—let's take another drink!"

We did so.

The next day we left the country for a more congenial clime, and I am happy to say we found it.

E. B.

## THE LITTLE THIEVES.

A GERMAN STORY FOR ENGLISH BOYS.

It was a glorious September afternoon, and a Sunday in the bargain—a day on which the village was usually very merry, for the boys and girls sat under the trees singing, and the children played on the roadside. But this day the village was much quieter than usual. There was a wake in the nearest village, and all the people far and wide had flocked there. Only a few old men and women were sitting with the children in the Sunday state at the doors of their houses. They were gossiping together quietly and pleasantly, and enjoying the beautiful weather. It was a pleasant scene enough: the grasshoppers were chirping in the stubble fields, a cool breeze swept across the orchards, and seemed to disperse the rain clouds that were rising on the distant horizon; the smoke rose from the chimneys, and was blown by the wind in all directions.

Gradually, the sun, which had shone so pleasantly, sank to its rest. Just ere it descended into the rising clouds, like a merry child just going to bed, it cast its sweetest beams on the earth and gilded the church tower and the trees—oh, it was a glorious sight!

The people were returning home from the wake in scattered groups, and cheerful songs could be heard as they descended the hill leading to the village.

It was all the quieter by comparison in the lower portion of the village. There the mist was already beginning to rise from the meadows, and the air grew thick. In the narrow lane running between the gardens, not a soul was to be seen, and the place seemed deserted. The only sign of life was near the shoemaker's garden, where three boys were standing near the low-boarded fence, and far over it an old walnut-tree stretched out a huge bough on which the finest nuts grew.

The three boys appeared to be talking very eagerly together, at one moment collecting close to each other, and then looking up longingly to the nuts. Now and then, one of them would cautiously proceed to the end of the hedge, and looked round to see if any one were crossing the fields.

Any one who noticed the boys could have soon found out what their intentions

were. They meant to take advantage of the quiet evening to steal the walnuts, but up to this time their courage had failed them, and they had a very long argument.

"Are you quite sure that your uncle is not at home?" Joseph, the tailor's son, asked in a low voice of "Market Harry," a curly-headed, impudent boy, so called by the whole village because he often helped the women to carry their vegetables to town: he was notoriously the most daring and cunning boy in the place.

"I have told you so at least ten times," Harry replied. "I saw him with my own eyes set out for the wake, and you may be sure that he will not be home till midnight."

"And his old mother?"

"Oh, pooh! she is deaf and has gone to bed long ago."

"But Hero?" the youngest of the three boys, Charley, a pale, sickly lad, said. "Suppose he scents us, will he not bark?"

"How frightened you always are," Harry said. "Hero has gone with uncle to Staunton St. John, and even if he were in his kennel, we should have no cause for fear. Hero is my best friend, and when I am present, he will not stir, I assure you."

"I had rather not do it," Joseph said, scratching his ear. "And suppose you do sell the nuts in Oxford, what do you think you will get for them? and how much will each of us receive when it is shared among us? It is not worth the trouble, and besides it is not right."

"But I tell you my uncle does not care for the walnuts, and it would be a sin to let them wither away on the tree or have another boy take them."

"Well, I am with you," Joseph said, as he took off his Sunday jacket, as Harry had done long before, and threw it on the ground. But all at once it struck him that in climbing he might tear his good trousers, and he had only worn them three times. And so he was as undecided as before.

Market Harry began teasing him about his hesitation, and whispered something in his ear. In the meanwhile Charley had crept again to the end of the hedge.



"Be quiet," he whispered, "there is some one crossing the field."

The two others started back in dismay, and had not Harry seized him by the shirt sleeve, Joseph would have bolted.

"I see now who it is—it is Andrew Wilson going back to the mill," Joseph said.

"He wont bite us," Harry growled; "perhaps he can help us."

By this time Andrew came round the corner. He had been sent to a house in the village, and was now returning to the mill.

The three boys pretended to be doing no harm, but they were obliged to force themselves into appearing to be unconcerned. Charley pretended to be looking for something he had dropped; Joseph took up his jacket and began brushing off the dust with his shirt sleeve; while Harry was pelting a bird which sat on a withered bough, and was innocently singing its evening carol.

Andrew was a poor orphan; the miller had taken him into his house, and he was employed to do all sorts of odd jobs. He was a good-tempered, kind lad, but he had his faults too. He was altogether too credulous, and could not refrain, if anybody persuaded him, from acting against his own convictions, especially when his vanity was flattered. His so-called good-temper, which was in reality a great weakness, was frequently taken advantage of by his cleverer companions, much to his own injury and their benefit. Andrew did not at all like being with the three boys whose acquaintance we have just formed, but still he could not make up his mind to break with them. If they flattered him a little, or apparently did him a slight service, it seemed to him impossible to refuse assenting to their wishes. But he was himself too honest to suspect others of having any bad designs, and as he was himself unable to utter a falsehood, or pretend to be otherwise than he really was, he could not think that any one would deceive him. As the three boys, moreover, were merry comrades, and always behaved most kindly to him, he overcame his feelings of distrust.

"Good evening," Andrew said, as he turned into the lane, "what are you doing here?"

"What business is it of yours?" Harry said to him, impudently. "I suppose I may stand by my uncle's garden."

"Of course," Andrew said, "but I

thought you should be at home to take care of your little sister. You told me so yourself this morning, and that your parents had ordered you to do it, because they were going to the wake."

"Oh nonsense about sisters," Harry said. "She's sleeping all right at home, and our old Tom cat is sitting by her; he can take care of her if he likes, for I have something better to do. I say, Andrew," he continued, but kept his eyes fixed on the ground while talking, and twitched at the button of his cap which he held in his hand, "my uncle has wished us to pluck these nuts for him. We three were going to do so, but, you see, we have our Sunday clothes on, and you only your work-a-day trousers. Our good clothes might easily be torn in climbing, and besides you can climb like a cat, everybody says so and admires you. Listen, Andrew, do us that service: climb up the tree, and throw us the nuts down: but make haste, for we must have finished before uncle comes home."

"For whom am I to pluck the nuts—for you or for your uncle?" Andrew asked.

"Why, for all of us; uncle doesn't care for them, and would sooner we had them than anybody else."

Andrew walked close to the tree to see how he could most easily get up to the spot where the nuts grew thickest. In the meanwhile Joseph plucked Harry's sleeve. "Tell me, Harry," he whispered, "when your uncle finds no walnuts left on the tree and makes a disturbance, and Andrew hears it and tells your uncle all your falsehoods—what then?"

"You let me alone," Harry said gently. "Once we have the nuts, I will tell the stupid feller we have made a fool of him, and if he attempt to tell of us, I will remind him that it was he who plucked the nuts, that will frighten him, and he will not try to split on us, you may be sure: he wont burn his mouth."

"Is it really as you say?" Andrew asked, who had joined the three boys again.

"What! do you fancy I would tell a falsehood?" Harry boldly replied. "Joseph, Charley, is it not true?" Both said "yes," but turned as red as fire. But Andrew in his credulity did not notice this. It is true he hesitated in the matter, for it was so late, but when the others pressed him, he had at last not the slightest doubt but that everything was precisely as they represented it. At

home, in the mill, no one would yet have returned from the wake, and he felt most of all pleased that he could do his play-mates a kindness.

He quickly clambered over the palings into the shoemaker's garden. He climbed up the tree with all the agility of a sailor, and from branch to branch till he reached the thickest cluster of nuts. These he plucked or struck down with a stick so rapidly that the others couldn't collect the falling shower quickly enough in their pockets, caps, and handkerchiefs.

When they were in the very thick of business, and not one of the boys thought of being detected in their wicked actions, the shoemaker's great mastiff came bounding round the corner—the same Hero, whom Harry had called his best friend. The dog began barking at the three boys, and a sharp whistle was directly heard in the direction of the field. The boys beneath the tree started back in terror: one climbed as quickly as he could over the palings, another in his fear threw all the walnuts he had collected into the grass and hid himself behind a pollard, when Market Harry, formerly the most daring of all the boys, ran off at full pelt toward his home, without once looking back. The dog was about to spring after him, but a powerful voice shouted at this moment from the field "Hero, down, come here, dog!" The dog stopped, barked for a time furiously at the run-away, and then returned to its master. Joseph and Charley took advantage of this moment, they ran off at the top of their heels, and soon disappeared round the other end of the lane.

Andrew had surveyed the whole scene from his lofty position on the bough. He wondered why Harry was so frightened of the dog with whom he was usually such good friends. It was true, a stranger might not venture to play any tricks with Hero, for though the dog was usually good-tempered enough, it became furious when teased or set upon anybody.

It was not long ere Hero came quietly round the corner, while behind him walked very gently Harry's uncle, the shoemaker. A man had begun quarrelling with him at the wake, and to avoid any disturbance he had returned home at a much earlier hour than usual.

Andrew, who yet suspected nothing wrong, was just on the point of clambering down from his bough, when the dog scented him and began barking even more furiously than before.

The shoemaker stopped in doubt. On the former occasion he fancied on hearing his dog bark that Hero was indulging in his old tricks of chasing a cat. Hence he had called the dog back, without increasing his own speed. He had seen nothing of the three little thieves.

Now, he suddenly noticed the number of nuts lying under the tree, and up it the boy, who still held in his hand the cudgel with which he had evidently beaten the nuts down. What was more natural than that he should take him for the thief? His anger was the greater when he remembered that most of his apples had been stolen a few weeks back, before they were ripe.

It was never his custom to waste many words over such an affair.

"I'll catch you, you rascal," he shouted up to Andrew, and shook his stick at him. Then he quickly opened the garden gate, and walked into the orchard.

Andrew in his innocence did not know what was going to happen to him. He would not venture down from the tree, for the old gentleman's threatening looks and the dog's flashing eyes promised him a bad reception down below. In his embarrassment he stuttered out his excuses. Without mentioning the names of his tempters, he said that the owner had, himself, ordered the walnuts to be plucked. But no attention was paid to his remarks, for they were drowned by the barking of the dog.

"Very well, my boy, very well!" he growled to himself; "this night shall cure you of stealing." Then he walked up to the walnut-tree, drew a long cord from his pocket, drew one end through a ring in Hero's collar, and then very calmly fastened the rope round the stem of the tree.

"Watch him, Hero!" he said to the dog, and pointed with his finger upwards. Then he emptied his pipe, which had gone out during the operation, against one of the trees, and walked slowly toward his house through the orchard. Andrew soon heard him bang the door to, and all was quiet around. The dog had also left off barking, and seemed to be making itself comfortable for the night-watch. Hero lay down on the grass, let his head on his paws, and only from time to time directed an angry glance at the tree.

The good-tempered lad sat in his green airy cage, and had time enough to repent his over-hasty credulity. He could not think of descending. If ever he stirred



on his hard bough, and the leaves rustled, the dog would rise furiously from the grass, plant its feet firmly against the tree, and show Andrew its teeth with an angry snap. The mere thought that the shoemaker could think anything bad of him was an insult to his feelings. But what did he intend to do with him further? The least he might expect was to be left perched up here for the night. That was an unpleasant prospect enough. But when the morning came, what then? He formed the most dreadful conjectures, how the beadle would come, and he sit there in the presence of the whole village a convicted thief. Now he could clearly see all Market Harry's villany and wickedness; and many of his remarks which he had before taken for the truth, he now saw were deception and falsehood. The mere thought of it put him in such a passion with the wicked boy as he had never felt before toward anybody.

"If Hero had only seized Harry when he ran away like a coward," he thought to himself, "the shoemaker would have seen at least what a pretty nephew he has, and the story-teller would not have escaped his punishment."

The most fearful thought, however, was what his foster-father would think of him. The miller was an honest and straightforward man, but at the same time severe and passionate, and it was possible that when he learned that Andrew had been guilty of such conduct, he would turn him out of the house.

Engaged with such mournful reflections the time passed for the poor lad like an eternity. It was already beginning to grow very dark. The moon, which had hitherto shone brightly, had been veiled by the rising clouds. In the distance the singing of the people returning from the wake might still be heard. From time to time some of the dwellers in this part of the village came close past the tree, and he recognised the blacksmith and many of his school companions. Each time a step approached his heart beat with fear lest he might be recognised. His seat was uncomfortable enough, and yet he dared not stir, for fear the dog might start up and betray his presence to the passers-by. They were wretched hours!

Gradually it grew quieter, and the night pitch dark. The clouds had collected, and a violent shower began to fall. Till now many lights had been still burning in the village, but he now saw them, from his lofty seat, put out one

after the other. Only in the shoemaker's bedroom was a light still visible, and that was Andrew's beacon of hope. He could now appreciate the feelings of the poor little birds in such a shower. They, too, have their beds among the boughs, but they sit cosily in their nests, and are accustomed to the repeated showers. One hour slipped away after the other. Now, too, a violent wind began blowing through the branches, so that Andrew feared he must fall off his perch at any moment. The church clock struck ten, and he could hear the watchman passing through the village. Presently he must pass by this identical spot. The thought of being seized as a thief was so fearful to him that he determined to make an effort at escape. He listened attentively. Hero, wet through with the rain, seemed to have his zeal cooled down considerably, and Andrew even fancied he could hear him snoring. The moment seemed favourable. He would crawl gently to the extreme end of his bough, and spring off into the lane, even at the risk of his life. If the dog then woke up, it could not pursue him, for it was fastened to the tree.

The boy advanced along the bough; the leaves and branches might rustle, but the wind and rain deadened the sound. Thank goodness! the dog did not stir—it seemed asleep. The moon all at once broke out from behind the clouds, and Andrew looked to see whether the watchmen were coming. All at once he fancied he heard somebody coming down the lane. It was evident it was no grown-up person. The new arrival advanced a couple of steps, then stopped and looked round, and at last crept up to the garden palings.

Andrew held his breath as he bent the leaves back, and saw it was Harry. In his flight he had left his cap and jacket behind him, and was obliged to fetch them now, lest his uncle might find them in the morning and be aware of his tricks. Besides he did not know what excuse to make to his parents if they asked about his clothes, on their return.

He could not possibly suppose that Andrew was still perched on the tree. He sought and sought along the palings, at length he saw by the moonlight that the wind had carried his jacket a long way into the orchard. There was no help for it, he must climb over—and that was soon done.

Harry had picked up his jacket, and

was just going to put it on, when Hero sprung from behind a bush with a furious barking. Harry, senseless from terror, ran first to the palings, but could go no further for his legs failed him. With a cry of despair he pressed against the palings. The dog laid its fore-paws on his chest, but fortunately could not bite him, for the rope kept him just about a foot from Harry's face. But this rendered the animal only the more furious. Howling and gnashing its teeth it pulled at the cord that held it; its eyes sparkled in the moonlight, with its claws it tore Harry's chest; and woe to him if the rope broke, or become loosened by the dog's tremendous tugging. Pressed against the palings, Harry could not think of flight; with his hands raised in the air, he could only shriek for help.

Andrew saw from his tree the danger to which Harry was exposed. In a second he forgot his anger and danger. He will—he must save the unhappy boy. He swung himself down hand over hand, till he reached the ground by a leap. He seized the rope at which the dog was tugging, pulled it round the tree, and hung on with all his strength, so that the dog, half throttled by its collar, was dragged a couple of yards from Harry.

"Now, run!" he shouted to the boy. He regained his courage, and ran blindly into the garden; but stumbling over a stone, fell to the ground. The dog saw it, and made a savage dash at him; the rope slipped out of Andrew's hand, and the knot which fastened it round the tree was undone by the violent tug. Andrew caught hold of the rope once again to hold the dog back, but unfortunately it was entangled round his hand and foot. Hurling to the ground, he was dragged by the dog round the orchard; but Harry had in the meanwhile, picked himself up, and was hurrying to the shoemaker's house; he had not the pluck to climb over the palings. The terrible cries and the barking had, however, been heard by the shoemaker; he quickly seized his whip, and rushed out of the house just at the moment that Harry reached it. Howling with fear, the boy caught hold of him, and sought to conceal himself behind him. "He is eating me!—he is eating me!" he yelled, and would say no more. But by this time the savage animal had arrived.

A couple of sharp blows over the head, and his master's loud voice, soon restored Hero to his senses, and he cowered to the

ground with a yelp. The neighbours had been aroused by the disturbance, and now came up. One of them, who was a javelin man to the high-sheriff, hurriedly armed himself with his battle-axe and a lanthorn, which he turned on to Master Harry; and the shoemaker was not a little astonished at recognising his own nephew.

"So you are the thief, are you?" he said to him. "But am I dreaming? I certainly saw Andrew up the tree!"

But Harry could not utter a word.

"But there is another lying on the grass," a neighbour said; "quick with a light; he seems to be dead; he is fastened with a rope."

"Give me a knife," another said, "to cut him loose."

All ran up and saw Andrew one mass of blood and dirt lying in the grass: he did not stir, and on closer search a large wound was found in his head. The dog had pulled him against a large stone, which had cut his head open.

"Why, it's Andrew! What can have happened to the poor boy!"

Thus they all shouted together, but the shoemaker passed through them and fastened a handkerchief over the wound.

Harry at first hardly dared to look at Andrew, though he could form a good guess as to what had happened. At length he plucked up heart, but when he saw the bleeding face of his saviour, and an internal voice warned him that he was the cause of Andrew's death, he shuddered. He penitently threw himself on the lifeless body, sobbing and crying, "Andrew! Andrew! come to life, so that I may beg your pardon!" But Andrew did not stir.

"Oh! he is dead, and I am to blame for it. I am a story-teller—a worthless thing. I cannot live any longer," Harry said wildly; and on being cross-questioned, told the whole sad story as I have told it you.

"Away with you!" the shoemaker said, as he thrust Harry from his side. "Watchman, take that young villain with you; and you, neighbours, carry Andrew into my house."

On reaching the sitting-room further attempts were made to restore the lad to life, and they soon succeeded. He had merely fainted away; besides, the wound on his head was insignificant, and not nearly so deep as had been at first supposed. Some fresh water sufficed to restore the boy to health.

"Was Market Harry really bitten by



the dog?" were the first words Andrew spoke on regaining his senses. He was told that he was not injured, had confessed all, and on the next day would receive a proper reward for his roguish tricks.

Then Andrew implored most fervently that they would do him the kindness and let Harry off. He was sure that the deadly fear he had suffered when the dog attacked him was punishment enough.

The amiable boy's request was gladly granted, and Harry got off this time,

Joseph and Charley also escaped with slight punishment, thanks to Andrew's intercession. Andrew himself took warning by what had happened. From that time he listened to no flattery, and no longer allowed himself to be employed in bad deeds. Still, for all that, he remained kind and obliging to everybody, and when convinced that anything asked of him was good and proper, he was the first when the time for action arrived to assist others.

L. W.

### FIRST LOVE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

WHEN the Princess Mary, daughter of Henry VIII. of England, ascended the throne upon the death of her brother, Edward VI., she resolved to establish in her kingdom the Catholic religion, which had been abolished by Henry, her father. But to this, the queen required the assistance of a husband. Several aspired to this honour, but the nobleman whose hopes were of all best founded was Edward Courtney, Earl of Devonshire, Mary's cousin by her grandmother, who was daughter of Edward IV. and sister to Henry VIII.'s mother. To this royal descent the Earl of Devonshire joined the graces of youth and the allurements of his person. He had another title still better—he was pleasing to Mary. This princess, notwithstanding the austerity of her devotion, could not forbear viewing the earl with a secret pleasure. It was in vain that the queen's ministers, won by the gold of Spain, spoke openly for Philip of Austria; it was in vain that the English Catholics were desirous of raising to the throne Cardinal Pole, then only a deacon, for the presence of Courtney prevailed over the arguments of the ministers, and the views of the English. It was now in the power of this nobleman to ascend the throne, but he could not sufficiently conceal the disgust with which Mary inspired him. He was utterly ruined with this princess by his passion for Elizabeth, daughter also of Henry VIII., but detested by the queen, her sister. The Earl of Devonshire had, however, great reason to be attached to the queen, to whom he was under many obligations. He had been a prisoner in the Tower

during the reign of Edward, but as soon as Mary received the crown, she liberated him, and restored to him all the honours which the Earl of Handley, his father, had possessed. The two following letters will give the reader the best information upon the subject; the first is from Elizabeth to the earl, her lover:—

"My Lord—I do not doubt your love, but I fear this passion will be to your prejudice. It is this which obliges me to conceal my preference for you, having so little hope; but I am sensible that your generous heart can love even to suspicion, which gives new charms to this passion. I am certain, when you reflect upon the danger to which you expose yourself of losing a crown, or at least a very great authority in the kingdom, by not acceding to the love she bears you, you will give up a fond passion which you have conceived for her, who could wish that her power and her fortune were equal to her gratitude and inclination to render you happy. I am, I say, assured that when you reflect upon your own interest, you will absent yourself as far from me as I could wish to be near you. Consider, my dear earl, that love often blinds reason, and usually precipitates those who follow him into a gulf of misfortunes, then, taking flight, leaves them to extricate themselves as they are able. Reflect calmly upon advice coming only from a heart that seeks your interests. Do me the justice to believe that my love exceeds your own, and that I wait with impatience to tell you by word of mouth what prudence will not permit me to write.

"ELIZABETH."

The earl's reply was written in these words :—

“Madam—I wish that I had two hearts, that I might sacrifice one to your good advice ; but having only one destined to render me happy, by the passion I entertain for you, it would be death to live for any other. Be persuaded, my dear princess, that it is not in the power of fortune, nor the crown, to shake my passion, nor force, nor violence in this world, to tear from my heart a resolution I have formed of consecrating it to you. I know that it is great presumption in me to dare, without merit, aspire to the greatest happiness upon earth—that of loving the most beautiful and worthy princess in the universe. I rejoice, madam, however, to learn that you know love is blind, because that makes me hope you will not wonder at the temerity of a heart which can love but one object that merits crowns and kingdoms. I agreeably flatter my passion, by incessantly dwelling upon your merit, and support my hopes by convincing myself more and more that I am incapable of loving any but yourself, having resolved to wish for no other happiness in this world but that I shall owe to you. Vouchsafe to pardon the too great liberty taken by him who cannot live without loving you, nor die but your faithful servant,

“COURTNEY.”

These letters were unfortunately intercepted, and the queen was so enraged to find that Courtney refused to yield to her desires, that she not only revenged herself upon him, but extended her rage to the Princess Elizabeth, and this was one of the principal causes of the persecutions she suffered. The queen at first commanded her to retire to the Castle of Alfridge, to prevent the earl's seeing her, as his office obliged him to be always at court.

Love, who admits no difficulty, furnished Courtney with frequent opportunities of seeing his beloved princess, and he failed not to write her. The jealousy of the queen rendered her clear-sighted, and she soon learned that the lovers often met. She then set no bounds to her vengeance, and a conspiracy formed against her, and discovered in the interval, furnished the means she wished for. The Earl of Devonshire and the Princess Elizabeth were accused of being accomplices in this conspiracy, and were arrested. Several authors maintain that they were innocent, and that the jealousy

of the queen was the sole cause of their misfortune. However the earl was accused “of being concerned in the conspiracy, and of attempting to drive Mary from the throne, and to place Elizabeth in her stead, who had given him a promise of marriage,” and without any regard being paid to his defence, he was conducted to the Castle of Fotheringay, where he was strictly guarded. The Princess Elizabeth, after being carried to Whitehall as a criminal, and after having undergone an examination, was conducted to the Tower and treated with great severity. This was, however, but the beginning of her troubles ; soon after she was removed to Woodstock, where the treatment she received made her believe that she was soon to die. The marriage of Mary with Philip, should have ended these persecutions which jealousy had caused ; nevertheless it was not till some months after that Elizabeth was restored to liberty. She came to thank the queen, and was conducted to the apartment of the king, who was much interested in her fate. This prince gave her the most gracious reception ; he even showed her so much civility that the queen became jealous, and fancied that Philip, preferring her sister on account of her beauty, would poison her to marry Elizabeth. This jealousy became so violent, that the prince dared not speak favourably of Elizabeth, and still less to see her. Princess Elizabeth, perceiving this, prudently asked permission to retire to the Castle of Hertford, which was readily granted. The liberty of Elizabeth was followed by that of Courtney, but it was only granted on condition that he should neither directly or indirectly hold any correspondence with the princess, which greatly affected them both, as they tenderly loved each other, and it was even suspected there existed a promise of marriage between them. Elizabeth, to avoid danger, advised the earl to leave England for some time, which he prudently did. He withdrew into Flanders, but absence did not prevent their corresponding. King Philip, hearing of this, became jealous, and this passion produced upon him the most violent effects. Convinced that he would never have children by his present wife, he hoped after her death to marry the Princess Elizabeth. Her love for Courtney was an obstacle to this project. Full of these ideas, and informed of the correspondence of these lovers, he resolved to prevent their union by the death of the earl. This nobleman died



so suddenly at Ghent, that it was suspected he was poisoned. Elizabeth was inconsolable; it is also believed that she then made a vow never to marry. Sometimes she would say to her confidants, "that never did any one deserve to be more loved than the Earl of Devonshire, because no one knew better how to love." Several years after she still said, "the Earl of Devonshire was an angel in love." In conclusion, we add the copy of the letter which Courtney wrote to Elizabeth in his last illness; she presented the domestic who brought it a gold medal.

"My dear Princess.—Finding myself attacked with an ague and fever, so violent as to threaten me with death, I am desirous of availing myself of the few moments' cessation from delirium which my disease occasions, to do myself the honour to write to you, not knowing one moment from another what may be the result of this illness. I conjure you to consider how deep must be the love that I bear for you, since I cease not to remember you, and to write to you in the last moments of my life, which ought to be solely dedicated to the preservation of my soul. I entreat you to believe that the extreme love I have ever entertained for you has been pure and sincere, and that I have never conceived any other thought than that of becoming one day your husband, by just and lawful vows. But providence, who has not thought me

worthy of such happiness, is pleased to chastise my temerity, for which, my dear princess, I solicit your pardon, and in any way else that I may have unguardedly offended you. From the first day that you honoured me with marks of your favour, I resolved to be faithful to you till death; it is very just therefore in the state I find myself, to fulfil that promise, by consecrating to you my last sighs. I die an exile, for no other crime than that of having supported the interests of her who honours me with her love and permits me to return her affection, and in the extremity of my disease, I find no consolation but in writing this letter to you. I hope you will have the goodness to receive it with the same royal generosity with which you have deigned to love me, and that you will also approve of my restoring two rings here inclosed, and which I return to the hands from which I received them. I could not deprive myself of them did I think I should long survive, and it is for that reason I have given orders for this letter not to be forwarded to you till after my death. The fever, which again seizes me, will not suffer me to say more, and I conclude with much reluctance. Adieu my dear princess."

After the death of Queen Mary, Philip asked Queen Elizabeth in marriage; she refused, it is said, because she believed he had poisoned Courtney.

## BARRY O'BYRNE.

By the Author of "Sir Victor's Choice," "Lady Lorme," &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

THERE was silence between them for several minutes after Kathleen had given the brief but strikingly true analysis of her own character which concluded the last chapter—a silence Barry broke by saying—

"Where do you live, Kathleen? We're out of Piccadilly."

"I know we are; I know this road well, for I've travelled it often enough. I live at No. —, Brompton-row, over an artists' colourman's shop, and I paint little pictures—bits of subjects made up from big pictures in the South Kensington Museum galleries, which a dealer in Bond-street is good enough to buy of me for just half what they're worth, in consideration of giving me ready money. That's where I live and how I live, Barry. I've existed on in that way for many months, and I only just exist. I'm getting tired of it. If you will come home with me, I'll tell you a plan I have formed and mean to put into execution soon."

Barry went home with her as she asked him, to the little sitting-room over the artists' colourman's shop—went home as he would have done with a sister, or any other woman whom he honoured, and by so doing he roused the lynx-eyed morality and suspicious propriety of the artists' colourman's wife. His good looks and his moustache did for Kathleen in the estimation of that estimable woman. Brompton-row may not be the most delectable quarter of our great metropolis, but its morals are *sans peur, sans reproche*.

The artists' colourman's wife applied her intelligent ear to the keyhole as soon as Mrs. Blaney (Kathleen called herself Mrs. Blaney here) and her visitor had entered the room and shut the door. But unfortunately, as far as the worthy woman was concerned, both Barry and Kathleen spoke low and rapidly, and vulgar ears, from being unaccustomed to the combination, find a difficulty in following the sounds and attaching a meaning to them. On the whole, perhaps, it would have been better for Kathleen's future credit in that rigorous locale that

Mrs. Stevens had heard the conversation that really did take place with understanding. As it was, her baffled curiosity worked and irritated her, and not being able to gather aught of the subject of their discourse, she decided (and afterwards aired this decided conviction) that they were discoursing iniquity.

"This is scarcely the place for you," Barry said, placing himself on an uncomfortably high horsehair chair that stood in the dusty window between a pair of even dustier moreen curtains.

"I'm not going to remain here much longer. I told you I had a plan, and in following that I shall be taken away from here. I mean to go to Italy and cultivate art."

"By yourself?" he asked.

"No," she said, blushing—"not by myself. But I want to ask you something else. Your wife and that Miss Feltome had no secrets from one another. Mrs. O'Byrne must have known the truth. Barry"—(Kathleen spoke rather solemnly—solemn interests were at stake with her)—"was your wife a conscientious woman?"

"I believe that's just what she was, and not much more," he answered, carelessly; the subject of his dead wife was not very interesting to him, poor fellow, while he was in doubt as to why Laura had not fulfilled her promise and kept the tryst she made.

"A conscientious woman! and yet she told you nothing on her death-bed that she had concealed from you before. I don't ask you if she told you this thing, for I know if she had done so you would have told me long ago."

Almost as she spoke the doubt existed no longer. He remembered the anxiety his wife had displayed to tell him something on her death-bed, which he was not there to hear in the first place, and incapable of hearing when there. He remembered this, and the remembrance of it caused him to do involuntary justice to Kathleen. He doubted her no longer, and knew that it behoved him to aid in reinstating her in her rights. Kathleen had been very dear to him for many years; but another woman—a far less lovely woman—was dearer to him now;



and when Kathleen was reinstated in her rights she might accept that offer and claim that promise which would bar him from the other one eternally. He thought of all these things in a moment, and the thought saddened him; but there was not the shadow of hesitation in the tone in which he said—

"Kate, dear, forgive me for having been doubtful so long. It did not occur to me before that a secret my wife strove to utter on her death-bed could have had reference to you; but it must have been so. Laura Bray was with her. I was, unhappily, absent till within a few minutes of her death; but Laura Bray said it must have been something of importance that she strove so hard to tell, for she kept on praying that I would forgive her the deception she had practised. That deception must have been the wrong she did you in keeping silent on the subject of that woman having no legal claim on the earl. My darling Kathleen, how can I serve you?"

He rose as he spoke, and went over to where she was sitting, and pressed his lips warmly on the beautiful brow from which he fondly trusted that the shadow would be lifted eventually—pressed his lips on her forehead with warmth, but not with passion, for the current of his being had set towards Laura now, and the violet-eyed Irish Venus was a beautiful sister in distress to him, nothing more. No, nothing more, though he was capable of offering up his life, if the loss of it would serve her. He remembered her such a bright, unsullied girl, that he would have blown his brains out rather than see the brightness or the memory of it marred, or the purity sullied by word or deed of his. His heart, his imagination, his fancy, whichever it be that moves an Irishman to love, was actively engaged in endowing another woman with all the adorable graces now. But even had one or the other been as warm as of old about Kathleen, he would have combated any impulse which, succumbed to, would not redound to her credit. In the old days when he idolized her, when she loved him and had no "cunning to be strange," he would have refrained from kissing her brow, and would have contented himself with pressing his lips upon her hand as if it had been the hand of a princess, when he deemed that the eyes of the curious might by any possibility be upon them. But now passion was over with him, and

he kissed her brow as a brother might have done.

But the intelligent ear of Mrs. Stevens, finding that it gained nothing but a stabbing pain, by reason of the draught, through its close application to the key-hole, had just been relieved on guard by her equally intelligent eye, and the soul of the British matron—of the honourable helpmeet of the ten-pound householder—was in arms immediately and eager for the fray. She flung open the door, and burst in upon the astonished pair like a middle-aged whirlwind, then subsided upon a chair, and gave vent to her sentiments.

"A week's notice, or a week's rent, was our terms when you come, ma'am, and though I'm far from being a lodging-house keeper, and could keep the house as easy as life, and only lets because fabulous sums is offered for apartments that commands the best view Brompton, which is a rising place, can afford, still I'll treat you as one on this occasion, and say, Mrs. Blaney, ma'am, keep your money and take yourself off at once, for I'm a respectable woman what have been married to Mr. Stevens, who is very particular, for ten years, and never had, no, nor never will, such goings-on under my roof. I'm ashamed of you."

Kathleen had made no attempt to stem the torrent of professional eloquence which had burst thus suddenly upon her; but when Mrs. Stevens ceased for want of breath, she placed a guinea on the table, saying—

"There is the money due to you up to this present day; and now, while I pay for your rooms and attendance, I have a right to command both. Leave this room and send for a cab for me."

"You'll not get lodgings in any respectable house round here; and as I pities you, spite of what I've seen, I might, for a consideration, allow you to remain. Brompton is a dear place, Mrs. Blaney, and as you're a lady who've seen better days (like myself—I'm sure I ought to feel for them as is come down), I'll not be the one to turn you 'ouseless into the street." Mrs. Stevens drew a spasmodic breath and imparted a tremulous accent to her words, expressive of virtuous severity modified by Christian pity. She had found the virulently accusing system and the threat of turning out, with an allusion to Brompton high prices, answer formerly in the case of a broken-hearted young governess who had



"teaching" in the neighbourhood, and who, with little money and fewer friends, had deemed it better to submit to an increased charge and worse accommodation from Mrs. Stevens, rather than leave her and have that worthy woman declare she had "turned Miss Jones out on account of her condick."

But Mrs. Stevens was dealing with no broken-hearted young governess now.

"Don't mind her, Barry," she said, scornfully, as Barry evinced a decided inclination to expedite Mrs. Stevens' departure from the room.

"No, you'd better not lay a finger on me, young man," Mrs. Stevens put in, loftily, fondly hoping while she said it that Barry might be tempted to the commission of the enormity, in order that she might be able "to take the law of him," and so immortalize herself in the annals of Brompton-row.

"Here, Barry," Kathleen went on, disregarding the presence of the outraged landlady, and causing her far more anguish by thus ignoring her than would have been attainable by any other course of proceeding, "I shall leave this place in half an hour. Mrs. Stevens, be good enough to send for a cab for me—or fetch one yourself if the servant is out (Mrs. Stevens bubbled and seethed). I shall go to Cintra Lodge, Palace-gardens, Barry, where you must come and call upon me as soon as possible. It is General Norreys' house, and I shall go there as his sister, Lady Arden's, guest. Now, good-bye, for I must make haste and pack up."

"Let me stay and see you out of this place," Barry pleaded. And then Mrs. Stevens collected her forces and took the only revenge Kathleen's move permitted her to take. With the nerve and vigour of the true British landlady, dashed with a spice of the infuriated cat, Mrs. Stevens rushed downstairs before Barry, flung open the street door, and covered his egress with aught but glory by indulging in the following formula of invective:—

"Let you stay and see your fine lady out of this place, indeed! No, young man, not if you went down upon your bended knees and ast it of me as a favour on your dying bed; this place isn't for the like of her, and though I've been deceived into taking a serpent under a roof, than which no roof before this day in Brompton was thought more highly of, as Mr. Berryman, over the way, and Mr. Smith, the baker, alike can tell you, I'm

not going to have you, which don't pay no money, and so have no right to come here a 'disgracin' of me and mine, or a trying to, which is the same in a court of law." Barry was on the pavement by this time, hailing a hansom, but as he got in Mrs. Stevens fired her final shot—

"You young willin! you nor your Mrs. Blaney either ain't fit to come into an honest woman's house."

This parting salute to Barry fulfilled its mission. When Kate, half an hour later, came out to get into her cab, there was as great a crowd assembled outside the artists' colourman's door as if a baked baby had been found in a pie-dish in the front cellar, or the vendor of carmine, gamboge, and mill-boards had cut his wife up into very little pieces and deposited her remains in a horse-hair mattress. We are such a gloriously moral, high-toned nation, that the fact of a woman who is young and good-looking being vaguely suspected and violently accused of anything is always sufficient to rouse our national traits of love of virtue and hatred of vice, and cause the huge element of horrible blackguardism which leavens the whole mass of English third-rate and low life to run rampant with the vile desire of tearing her down even to their own depths.

But there was a feeling in Kathleen's heart which deadened it to the pain the jeers and gibes of the crowd would otherwise have caused her. She had seen Barry—she had seen one whom she had long ardently desired to meet, though she had refrained from doing so, and she had seen him altered—altered in that way that a woman is quick to feel, though it may be imperceptible to the rest of the world.

"There can never be a marriage between us now," she thought, as the cab drove away in the direction of Palace-gardens. "Farewell the old romance, whose glorious beauty I first marred. Oh, Barry! but it's hard! hard!"

It was a hard result, and the knowledge that she had brought it upon herself in a measure did not make it one whit more easy to endure. She indulged herself with a brief review of her life, and the task of reviewing what was already published, and not capable of revision, was one of pain and sorrow.

She thought of the day that seemed so long ago, and yet she was still young, and the day to which she reverted had not dawned till she was a woman, when she had come fresh from her convent life



to scarcely less secluded Castle O'Byrne. She remembered how Barry's beautiful mother had welcomed her back a woman, whom she had parted with a few years before a petted child. That time immediately ensuing the young girl's return from France had been a happy one. Barry was young and handsome, and very much in love with her; and she was beautiful and coquettish, and pleased with having him for her vassal. His fond, proud mother had utterly overlooked the fact of Kathleen being humbly born. She had smiled upon the first passionate suit her son had paid, and the fair object of that suit, revelling in the possession of such beauty, grace, and charm as but seldom falls to the lot of woman, had fostered the passion which she elected to ignore when Barry fell upon evil days, and the Earl of Kilcorran asked for her hand.

It was all her own fault that Barry's love had declined for her, and fallen upon another. All her own fault, for had she not been warped away from him outwardly by fate, and allowed circumstances to separate her from the man who had been guilty of much rash extravagance, but who before God could have sworn that when he pressed his lips to hers he did so believing that they were those of his future wife? She had thrown him over for a richer, greater man—thrown him over, not with scorn and contumely, but with warm determination, and a decision against which he was powerless to appeal. She had suffered even in her hour of pride, but she had made no sign of doing so—made no sign to the man who was outraged by her desertion, and who had sought to show her how ill a thing she had wrought, by himself committing the reckless, despairing folly of marrying for money, without a possibility of love. It was all her own fault that this end had come about, for she had been cold and cruel to Barry O'Byrne. She had been wanting in patience with an impatient man—in love and trust for a loving and trustful one. But now that the end had come about, its being the result of her own folly, fault, and lack of toleration did not make it one whit the easier to bear.

Kathleen felt bitterly jealous of this unknown woman who had come between herself and the man who had loved her from boyhood. She told herself that fair indeed must be the presence that had overshadowed hers. And then she looked

in the glass and reflected, that if beauty alone had won him, her own might win him back, for in what was it wanting? and what grace of person could any other woman possess that she was not possessed of three thousand-fold? And then she smiled wearily and sadly as she thought, "But it's not that; most likely it's one of those 'nameless charms' which win men, they don't know how or why. His love has gone out too heartily to another for there ever to be a marriage between us now, so I'm mad to think of pitting myself against this terrible unknown, who may after all be a weak, contemptible little girl with timid eyes, which have won him with their timidity from Kathleen Daly."

She was a proud woman naturally, and she had been unfortunate, and so much of the world as was conscious of her existence had united with her misfortunes in trying to crush her. This union for depression purposes only strengthened her pride to outward seeming. She could show a scornful, contemptuous front to the world if need be, but she was apt to break down in private, and be quite the reverse of a tragedy queen in her bedroom when her moments of softness were not exposed to coarse commiseration.

And it was a small wonder that she should so break down when none could see. Time was young for her to find his wings heavy, heavy with a weight years alone never give. Time was young, but that only made her lot the harder to endure.

It was a hard thing to bear this thought, that all, all love and ambition, the dreams of affection, and the fairy palaces of pride, should be all alike swept away and utterly demolished before a quarter of a century had passed over her head. Her title had been torn from her with ignominy—her title, not alone to be Countess of Kilcorran, but to be the wife of the man with whom she had lived as her husband. Her claim had been denied—her honour impugned, and now her heart warned her that no bill drawn on the bank of Barry's love would be accepted.

She felt adrift in the world, and very, very weary. The hope of ever removing that stain on her honour, and regaining the rank that had been reft from her, almost died out in the heart of the woman who felt that the one thing on which she would have staked her soul had failed her. And that one thing was

the love that Barry had prayed her to take in its pristine purity, before ever the thought of Laura Bray had brought the colour to his brow. Vainly she tried to persuade herself that the lost love was a very little thing in comparison with the lost name and fame. But she failed; her heart refused to be so false an advocate as to plead the superiority of the less dear cause. "Come what will, the best thing is gone from my life," she thought, as the cab turned out of the dreary Exhibition-road, and the cabman commenced the usual despondent inquiries for Cintra Lodge—inquiries which, as they are invariably addressed to the weakest-looking of the inane around, plunge the victim, liable to be conveyed the Lord knows where, into inevitable uncertainty.

The following day, when Barry, who was restlessly eager to know what Kate proposed doing now, called upon her at Cintra Lodge, he found himself in a room whose gorgeous adornments had palpably only recently come *en masse* from the upholsterer's. The room was redolent of wealth, and luxury, and newness. General Norreys' resources, however, appeared to be larger than his taste; there was too much gilding, too much brightness and vivid colouring and glitter; the man seemed to have thrown his money about like wise people plant mignonette—broadcast, and it had the appearance of any one having picked it up and converted it into whatever was costly that came to hand first. "How did Kathleen pick up with these people?" Barry thought, as he looked round on the aggressive splendour of the apartment in which he awaited Mrs. Blaney; "fellow must be a howling cad to get up his house like this."

"How did I meet with them, Barry?" Kathleen said, laughing merrily, when he repeated his question aloud on her entry; "in the queerest way in the world. Listen, and I'll tell you. You know I have been in the habit of taking my pictures to a dealer in Bond-street. Well, one day, when I was waiting my turn to gain speech of him (he's a miserable Jew, Barry, but an autocrat amongst the poor wretches who have to deal with him in the way I did), while I was waiting in his horrible little ante-room till it suited his high pleasure to give me audience, that tall man we met in Regent-street came in, and—what he did it for I don't know, for he's enormously rich—waited too. He beguiled the time first by looking at the pictures, and then by looking

at me, and finally entered into conversation with me, and at last wound up by making a most extraordinary proposal to me. After telling me that he was a general officer—"Never saw his name in the list," Barry muttered)—he went on to say that he had recently taken this house, and installed his sister in it as mistress; that she required a companion, and that he wished I would reside with her, not so much in that capacity as in that of his adopted daughter first, he said; but afterwards, when he brought Lady Arden to see me, he grew more fraternal, and said, sister. His promise of taking me to Italy weighed with me a good deal; but I was undecided about whether I'd come or not, till that woman attacked me so ruthlessly yesterday. Then I thought it would be better to be under such unexceptionable protection as Lady Arden's. So I came, and here I am."

She looked anxiously at Barry when she had told her tale, in expectation of his offering some opinion on the subject of it; but Barry kept silence, and then she asked him, "Didn't he think she had done right?"

"Impossible to say, Kathleen. Who are these people? It seems to me that there is a dash of adventure about your coming here in such a way. If you had come simply as a companion to this lady it would have been different, but I gather from what you have said that you take no salary, but simply occupy the position of this gentleman's 'adopted sister.' I must know more of this General Norreys, Kathleen, before I can give in my unqualified adhesion to the course you've pursued."

Her brow flushed at the dictatorial, masterful tone Barry, in his deep interest for her, unconsciously assumed.

"You shall know more of him now at once," she said, rising, and leading the way out of the room; "the luncheon bell is ringing, and he begged me to ask you to take some with us. By-and-bye you can make such inquiries as you may see fit to make about him, but I confess I did not think my own antecedents bright enough to warrant me in prying into the past of people with whom I am compelled to take service."

General Norreys welcomed Barry with a *bonhomie* that would have told favourably on many men, but Barry had equal *bonhomie* at command, and his was after a better bred order. The General was a magnificently proportioned man of six



feet five or six, but his great height was carried so gallantly, that it was not until you compared him with other tall men that you became aware of how great it really was. He had a fair, florid face, lighted up by a pair of flickering blue eyes, and surmounted by a close-cropped head of yellow hair. It was the face of an Austrian rather than an Englishman; the forehead that receded—the rather long upper lip—the brightness of the upper portion of the face contrasting sharply with the heaviness of the lower—the peculiar hair, each and all seemed to speak of Southern Germany and the white uniform. “A confounded foreigner,” was Barry’s first thought; but that was shown to be fallacious as soon as General Norreys spoke—those tones were unmistakably English.

He told Barry, in answer to the latter’s guarded inquiries, that he had left the English army when very young; that, oddly enough, he’d forgotten what regiment he had served in; that he had been since then a soldier of fortune, “and by G—d a fortunate soldier too,” he added, “though the terms are not by any means synonymous usually. But I have been the companion of emperors, and kings, and princes; we carry the spirit of comradeship abroad to a length that would paralyze the faculties of the poor devils in the English service to hear about. I’m decorated—now look here—I’m decorated by the hand of every fellow in Europe who’s got a decoration to give away. I’ve served in fifty causes, sir, and always had the supreme command. Everybody knows me, from the Queen to the crossing-sweeper. I’m surprised you haven’t heard of George Plantagenet Norreys before. I’ve got my pedigree here, I can show you; no, by the way, it’s at my lawyer’s, otherwise I’d show you that I’m lineally descended from John of Gaunt, that I’m a cousin of the Queen, in fact, only an older branch; and that I have a claim that, by Jove, will be substantiated before long, on the Duchy of Lancaster.”

Kate listened to Bombastes, and believed; women generally do if a man will only talk big enough. This soldier so richly *decoré*—this cousin of the Queen—this claimant of ducal honours—this giant bursting with *bonhomie*, was something tangibly great, she thought, and might, in the fulness of time console her for the loss of the dearer something that Barry had withdrawn. But to Barry he

was one large loathsome lie, and Barry was not deficient in acumen.

Lady Arden sat at the head of the table; but she has so little real bearing upon my story, or indeed upon anything else in life, that time, and ink and paper, and patience will be wasted in portraying her. She was one of those querulous mistakes that are occasionally let loose upon society, causing one to wonder where the goodness of God was when he permitted such a nuisance to the rest of humanity to be born into the world. It was her forte always to think herself put upon and ill-used, and this not in that charming feminine fashion that we forgive and rather like, but in a tedious, ugly way that we are intolerant of and hate. When in a palace she would repine at the necessity that existed for her exerting herself sufficiently to conform to the outward observances of the same, and bitterly lament the hard fate which placed her in a position where so much was required of her by the world for which, she said, she cared nothing. And when in a hovel (for this lady had known many ups and downs) her repinings were yet louder for that she should be there, and the world oblivious of her, and she compelled, as it were, to eat her bread in labour and sorrow. In a word, she was discontented in a heavy, stout way, and the only art she possessed was the baneful one of making others so also when in her presence.

“My brother has taken this house for seven years,” she murmured to Barry, when a pause ensued in the General’s story of his own grandeur and redoubtable deeds; “and it’s such a place, you know, so out of the way to what he might have taken while he was about it, two miles and a-half from Apsley House, and a pike that puts I don’t know what on the carriage; and a situation, after all, that I can’t say pleases me best, though I’m sure how the expenses—but there, I’m not worth consulting.”

Lady Arden drew herself up with effect; the sudden erectness of her bearing was due partly to her profound pity for herself at not being more largely consulted by the whole world on all its affairs, and partly to Bass’s beer, which was causing her nose to tingle. She was a kind-hearted woman in the main; wouldn’t have murdered anybody, for example, or run away with her neighbour’s husband, even supposing her neighbour’s husband had been willing to

commit that breach of good taste; but she was a horribly trying person to live with, nevertheless.

These blameless ones of the earth, who do nothing worse than passively aggravate hotter-blooded beings, are the cause of much evil being wrought. I do not desire to put in a plea for impulsiveness and impetuosity being more leniently regarded, more gently dealt with. God knows they are qualities that have never brought such good to myself or any who are dear to me that I should stand forth as counsel for the defence. But they are a tender disease, these qualities, and should be treated as such, and their possessors should not be looked upon as wholly vile and utterly lost when they writhe away into paths that are not perfect, under the influence of a dread of a contact with some rude, blunt, or excruciatingly irritating natures that are not akin and far from kind to their own. It is pretty enough to talk in poetry of dying of a rose in aromatic pain, but the one who is cursed or blessed, according to circumstances, with this organization dies fifty times a day of the thorns, and comes to life again in pain that is not aromatic.

Perhaps, broadly speaking, General Norreys was unworthy; he was vain-glorious, boasting, arrogant, and selfish; he had even other faults superadded to these, of which we shall hear by-and-bye; but he had the redeeming points that usually accompany these qualities; he was lavishly generous, ready to promise principalities and powers, ostrich-feathers and opera-boxes, to any one who would listen to him or put on the smallest semblance of interest in him. The man was one colossal boast, but a good-natured one. When enlarging upon the ease with which he could turn the tide of fortune by merely appearing upon the battlefield, he was always ready to offer the one to whom he enlarged the post of aide-de-camp to his high-mightiness, or the command of the flower of his imaginary cavalry. When mounting the throne of some happy land only too eager to have him if he "would but go in for it," he was never proud, but touchingly anxious that his listener should promise at once and "not want to haul off, you know," to go and stay with him at his future court. A colossal boast and a colossal humbug, but good-naturedly, merrily, brightly, largely so, in a way that commanded a certain amount of

contemptuous sympathy, though not one particle of respect. And as such, perhaps, deserving of something better than the continual domestic thorn Lady Arden was in his big fraternal side. When his views of life were brightest, and his unwarrantable hopes highest, and false assertions loudest, she was always coming in with an unintentional but complete take-down. She neither thought him a romancer of the broadest order, a humbug, an impostor, or an adventurer, but she was continually reminding him that he wasn't what he said, and didn't possess what he professed to, through her querulous complaints and futile half-and-half revisions of his stories and amendments to his assertions. She put a saddle on his loins and a sharp bit in his mouth, without meaning to do it; and then she could not take a square seat, but rode him with a heavy hand askew, as harmless, awkward women will sometimes in absolute unconsciousness. Kathleen's sweet, intelligent, sympathetic smile had come to him like a beam from a happier world. Adventurer, impostor, humbug as he was, he did not think himself such, but only a brave man in difficulties through stress of fate. "She will understand me," he thought, and he determined to win her to that understanding. And Barry felt that such was his determination.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### CHANGED.

LAURA BRAY did not die of the fever that assailed her when Mr. Blagden enacted the part of her salvation; Laura differed with him as to the aptitude of the term, but for several months after the occurrences that had transpired that night in the drawing-room of the Brighton house, he was wont to speak of himself as such with a wealth of satisfaction. "My dear, I was her salvation, and you would have had me remain quiescent on the strength of your mistaken impression that it was a cat upon the tiles," he would say to his wife (for it was only to each other that the Blagdens spoke of that portion of that affair). To the rest of the Bray family Barry's iniquities were purely conjectural.

Laura did not die of the fever—people rarely do of the effects of such a cause as had brought hers on—but she came out of it weak, wasted, and altered. It had taken a good deal of vitality out of



her, and she was never a girl again. The change was not marked enough to be perceptible to careless outsiders, or even to such as were not careless, for she had her sex's gift of assuming what she no longer possessed when it suited her to blind the world; but her own family felt it keenly, and saw it only too plainly.

It was not that she was sad or sorrowful, discontented or distraught to a reprehensible degree; she was not blamably any one of these things, but there was a dash of all four in her bearing that she could not disguise from them. Super-added to the terrible grief a woman must always feel at losing the man she loves best in the world, she had a profound sense of having been treated by that man with a cruel injustice. From that night when she had parted with him in her sister's drawing-room, promising to meet him soon again and link her lot with his for ever, up to the present time, she had heard no tidings of Barry O'Byrne. He had gone away, she thought, regardless of her illness and agony, and had made no sign. She did not know that he had written to Gerald once, guardedly seeking for information of her, and that Gerald, acting with mistaken circumspection, had tossed the letter into the fire, resolving not to mention or answer it, or be in any way accessory to a renewal of intercourse with a man who had nearly coquetted Laura into her grave. She did not know that Barry had waited at the trysting-place till all hope of seeing her died out, despite his endeavours to keep it alive, and that then he had left, blaming her in his loving wrath as severely as she now blamed him. None of these things did Laura know, but the surface fact that she was deserted was ever present to her mind, and the consciousness that other people had the knowledge of her being so nearly drove her out of the same. To fall in the gutter is sad; to be seen doing so by one's friends is more sadly woful still.

Laura could never go back to what she had been before: she had taken down the bar that night; she had staked her life, her honour and reputation on the successful carrying out of that scheme, and it had been baffled. Honour and reputation were hers still, but the life that was left was little worth, and when she took off the mask pride compelled her to wear before society, she allowed it to be perceived that she felt its utter worthlessness. For she too, like the Irish widow

whom men said had not been a wife, was as weak about this idle folly, her baffled love, as the most determined enemies to strong-minded women could desire. She ate her dinner like other people, and went to make calls with her mamma like other girls, but—

“Her heart was heavy, oh!  
Heavy was her heart,”

and she saw no likelihood of its being at all lighter.

Laura Bray had struggled long and with partial success against her growing passion for Barry O'Byrne. If she had sighed when he married, it was more for him than for herself, and the event was a justification of that sigh. She had run the gauntlet of intercourse with him when to betray tender interest for him would have been a sin and a shame, and she came forth from the fray scathless, though her heart was full of that same tender interest which must not be betrayed. But when fate had freed him she proved herself a very woman—nothing better, nothing worse. All the danger that could accrue from a laxer guard would be to her now, not to him in any way. This reflection weakened her, and a laxer guard was kept.

Before meeting with Barry again at Brighton she had said to herself often, “I shall get over it, people always do, and I'm neither stronger nor weaker than the rest of the world;” but now she never could lay the flattering unction of this possibility to her soul. To “get over it,” to cease from loving Barry and turn to another man with the light embers of so burning a passion as a freewill offering in her hand if he only liked to take them, savoured of sacrilege to her mind now. There would be something unwomanly, she thought, in listening to other vows while the dark mystery of why Barry's remained unfulfilled existed. She imagined that he must have heard of her illness, and that it was indifference that had kept him from seeking her again. But he had been too nearly her husband for her to endure the thought of ever being wife to another man; it would have been, in her estimation, a hideous bigamy of the heart.

Theynham saw her altered, associated that alteration with Barry O'Byrne, and not knowing the story of Kathleen's old claim on his affections and imaginary one on his honour, pitied and despised Laura with a *luxe* of contemptuous pity for being lightly won and lightly lost. It was a cathedral town, and was therefore

extra pious in its scandal. "It was a judgment on her," Theynham said, "for having loved a man who bowed to the beast and crossed himself to an image." "What good could have been expected to ensue," Theynham asked, "from such constant communication with a man who professed a faith in sundry things that sensuality centuries ago abjured?" Theynham was a pious place, and did not believe that God's favour could be given to anyone out of the pale of the Established Church—a large-minded notion that is not confined to Theynham by any means.

The time is long in coming when God's omnipresence shall be felt as well as asserted, when he will be credited for loving such of his creatures as worship him in the majesty of a simplicity that reveres without requiring words and emblems by which to express its reverence—when he, the mighty indefinable, will be credited for loving these as well as those so weak in their wisdom, so ignorant in their knowledge—who tremble before the thought of him under a Gothic fane or before a mediæval altar, and forget him utterly in the busy places of the world.

This time had not come for Theynham, at any rate, or at least for that religious and secular portion with which Laura Bray principally had to do. Some of the military were unregenerate enough to attribute the failure of Laura's pretty widely known hopes and feelings as regarded Barry O'Byrne to other causes than his having continued to observe some of the outward and visible signs of a religion in which he was born.

Miss Bray had lost the appearance of unconcern—the look of carelessness as to what to-morrow may bring forth which is usually stamped on the faces of pretty, fair young girls the wheel of whose social life moves easily. There was a darker shade under her eyes and a firmer compression of the lips than had been hers of old. The passing hour frequently brought her alleviation—it does everybody who is not determinately ill-tempered—but it was not the all in all to her a pleasant passing hour had been before she got this heart wound. She could enjoy things still, but there was always a something wanting to her complete enjoyment of them, and the look of the knowledge that this was the case came into her eyes, and reminded people of the alteration in her perpetually.

Mrs. Bray, who had retained her own fresh, fair beauty unimpaired almost,

saw the change in her child with a sorrow that only a woman who combined the feelings of mother and beauty-lover could experience. It was a sorrow in which there was a spice of anger, for Mrs. Bray looked upon it as a piece of unpardonable perversity in a girl of twenty to look ten years older at least. "Laura, you are so altered that no one who saw you a year or two ago would know you now," she would say, with fretful compassion. "You'll soon lose all your good looks if you don't brighten up." And this pleasant contingency weighted Laura down yet lower; for no woman, however little she may have trusted to the same, likes to hear that the gift for which her sex is most valued is fleeing from her with speed and certainty; Laura felt that her mother spoke the truth, but she could have wished that Mrs. Bray had not blundered on the truth and blurted it out so frequently.

"Would to God I were older, that I might not feel this thing so keenly!" how many of us have said when a sorrow that seems to gain additional strength and weight from our youth is attacking and beating us down. We have some vague idea that with age density of feeling will come; and because women sit down in mob caps and men with bald patches on their heads, with outward calmness and a less animated display of misery and discontent than the young are wont to evince under their trials, we think that they feel them less and bear them with a passive bravery that is not hardly come by. This is one of the many illusions of youth that time alone can dispel. Laura Bray looked through the apparently interminable vista of years that stretched away between herself and well-regulated maturity, between this tempestuous present and the period when her passions should be well under command through being weaker in the order of nature—looked through them and sighed that God's best gift to his creatures—youth, was still hers.

But in extenuation of her folly it must be allowed that it was a dreary time—ah! it was a dreary time! She had known the bliss so long, you see, of being identified in some way or other with the one whose sympathy was the dearest thing in life to her. She had never taken up a book or tied her bonnet-strings from the time Barry O'Byrne had first excited her imagination (and that had been very soon after his regiment had arrived



at the Theynham barracks), without thinking half unconsciously of this man, and of how he would approve of the mental or millinery exploit she was now considering. The best of books met but with a languid perusal at her hands now, for he would never again, oh! "never again," conversationally review it, and with a display of masculine superiority that was delicious to the heart of the woman who loved him, reprove her taste concerning it. And what pleasure could she find in a bonnet that was predestined never to meet the eyes of Barry O'Byrne?

Gerald had asked her long ago if this was to last for ever—and then things had not come to such a pass. Now he never asked her this, but he thought about it a good deal, and the result of his cogitations was, that when Vyvyan discussed the subject with him in an incidental manner one day, he advised that young officer to go in and win.

"I shall ask her to take me or leave me," Vyvyan said; and Gerald answered that it would be the "best plan," as if the shadow of a doubt existed as to there being an obligation on any woman in such circumstances to do one or the other.

Laurence Vyvyan did not ask Laura to be his wife precisely in the terms he had proposed to use when discussing the subject with her brother; but he used others that were equal in simplicity and brevity.

"You know what I said before, Laura," he said to her one night, when in her utter unsuspicion of his intentions she had permitted him to beguile her into a quiet nook of that same dean's drawing-room whose daughter was to have married Mr. Blagden and didn't; "and I want to say it again now."

"No, don't, for you'd better not," Laura replied; and then Vyvyan asked her if hearing of Barry O'Byrne's marriage would alter her determination.

"No," she said, very quietly; but there came such a look of intense agony into her face at the thought, that Lieutenant Vyvyan resolved, should those alluded-to nuptials occur, that he would not be the man to tell Laura Bray of them.

"Then I suppose it's no use my ever saying anything more about it?" he said aloud, with rather a lugubrious expression. And Laura told him, "No, it wasn't."

He did not take his defeat so seriously to heart as Laura herself imagined he would; the fact of his perseverance had misled her in a measure; he had been ad-

mirably patient in waiting till time might have been supposed to have healed her wounds, and had cultivated his whiskers to an extreme length, for her pleasure when she should come to regard them, and abstained from making love to other women meanwhile; and Laura a little over-estimated the value of this patience and abstinence. As I have said before, Vyvyan was a man to whom waiting was no trouble; he had hoped to gain Laura Bray for his wife, but when she gave him a firm refusal and destroyed the hope for ever, he did not bemoan his wasted time, or regard himself pityingly for having been deluded by his wishes into so futile an expenditure of it. He accepted his defeat very quietly, and didn't care even to attempt to effect an exchange into a regiment whose social headquarters should not be The Friars, as was the case with every regiment quartered at Theynham.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### LIFE AT CINTRA LODGE.

WHILE Barry O'Byrne, at Kathleen's request, was engaged in searching through the papers his wife had left, for a trace of a confession of a participation in the secret of Miss Feltome's illegal claims, Kathleen herself was striving earnestly to banish care—and failing.

Life at Cintra Lodge was a gay and glittering thing, as seen from outside, at this epoch. No one could tell precisely from whence General Norreys had sprung, but people were willing to lightly scan the antecedents of a man who dispensed luxurious hospitality with a lavish hand, and kept up a house that, though far from rigorous, was still respectable.

True, the people who ate his dinners and graced his *réunions* were not the people of whom a slight friendly knowledge ever confers the right to be recognised upon one. General Norreys appeared to have the talent, rare among reticent Englishmen, of picking up casual acquaintances in out-of-the-way places. These casual acquaintances were usually pleasant to look upon. Handsome, showy men and women, well dressed and well mannered, thronged Cintra Lodge. But though she was ignorant of London life, and strange to the social ways of the most exclusive society in the world, Kathleen doubted their being the right sort of people, and regarded them distrustfully

when she witnessed the promptitude with which invitations were accepted by them to partake of the goods that were going in the liveliest house in Palace Gardens.

It was in vain that she argued against her prejudices, and told herself that she had done the very thing for which she censured others—plunged into an intimacy, viz., with a man of whom she knew nothing. She defended herself, and justified her censure of the rest by saying—“But I was on the world through no fault of my own; the onus was on me to gain a living, and as a dependent I am freed from the responsibility social observances demand from others more happily and independently situated.”

None of these people who came to Cintra Lodge were dull or tame, however unprofitable they might be. They were free, easy and amusing, well educated in the ways of the world, and not trammelled by too many of the restraints of mediocre respectability. In fact, for a while Cintra Lodge was the head-quarters of a band of Bohemians, who, if not the *crème de la crème* even of that rollicking brotherhood, were vastly pleasant.

Lady Arden was a baronet's widow, and an invitation to the house over which she presided was an honourable and orthodox thing enough. The dashing ladies who came down on Sunday afternoons in pretty little broughams were actresses many of them—hard-working, clever women, immaculate in their lives, but maligned because their manners were florid, by some of the censorious. The men were young fellows with lots of talent and time on hand—writers for the press, members of the “Amateur Dramatic Company,” briefless barristers, and Guardsmen who preferred Bohemia to high life. These introduced one another to General Norreys, till the list of the “capital fellows” and “charming women” he knew became a long one. And through their endeavours the hours flew along merrily at Cintra Lodge.

They were not the kind of people to look too curiously into General Norreys' assertions respecting himself. They took him for what he was—a genial, good-natured braggart, who delighted in mirth and jollity, and who asked for nothing from them in return for all he gave but that they should be as witty and hilarious as it was in their power to be.

And they were these things to a degree that would have been very seductive to Kathleen had her heart been less sad

—nay, that were very seductive to her even as things were. There was a brightness, a light, easy grace in their ways of talking about current writers and writings, actors and plays, that was new and agreeable to her. The lightness and the easy grace came from a degree of familiarity with such things that she envied. She was in happy ignorance of the weakened reverence that same familiarity creates, and she looked upon those who were thus intimate with them as more favoured beings than they were in reality.

It came to her like a breath from abroad, to see the day that we seek to render grimly unpleasant regarded as a welcome blessing—a panted-for period of relaxation—by those who had cudgelled their brains honestly and laboriously all the week. On those Sunday afternoons when some novelist of the future would be discoursing to some critic-friend concerning the climax of the interest in his last published effort, while the piano throbbed and trembled beneath the mighty finger of an aspirant for musical honours—on those occasions Kathleen nearly succeeded in banishing care.

Nearly succeeded in banishing it from her heart, and quite succeeded in banishing it from her brow. For in this lax society which employed itself in the reprehensible task of pandering to the literary and artistic tastes of the public during the week, and enjoyed itself on Sundays, Kathleen's beauty was at a premium. And few women can nobly persist in being miserable the while they are being made idols of by people who still refrain from boring them. When she was alone—when the excitement was over—then propriety and constancy had their revenge, and poor Kathleen was sorrowful enough. But on those Sunday afternoons her bosom's lord sat lightly on his throne—unless Barry O'Byrne chanced to come in.

When he came the pangs assailed her like sprightly demons, for he was not the Barry of old. It was painfully clear to her that he came to this house, where there was so much that was repugnant to his taste, out of a sense of duty. He came not as the impassioned lover on the alert to see that none strove to interpose between himself and the woman all must admire, but as the watchful friend who constrained himself to the performance of a disagreeable duty because it was a duty.



To her other pangs Kathleen had this one superadded—that he disliked and despised the people she was with and the home she had chosen, and that he regarded her position as a degrading one. He was mutely antagonistic to everyone whom he chanced to meet at Cintra Lodge. And so, naturally enough, everyone at Cintra Lodge, was mutely antagonistic to him. It pained Kathleen to see the man she loved show to such poor advantage before his “inferiors”—for so in her heart she called them—every man being a hero to the woman who loves him. The brilliant, gay, debonair young soldier was the reverse of all these things before General Norreys’ free and easy guests. He repelled their advances, and they, not caring to make many to him, sent him to a Coventry Kate would willingly enough have shared with him had he only shown that he desired her to do so. But he evinced no such desire, nor indeed had he it to evince. It was his duty to look after Kathleen, and give her an opportunity of reversing her decree if she chose; but his heart was away with the girl who had never been cold and careless to him when he was under the cloud of misfortune. And the chain that bound him to Cintra Lodge was a heavy one to bear.

“You had better be careful, Kathleen,” he would say to her; “an intimacy with these people is sooner got up than dropped, I fancy.”

“Very likely.”

“Then I repeat—be careful.”

“Of what, Barry? Granted the intimacy, why should it be dropped? why should it be desirable that it should be dropped? What am I that I should give myself airs of exclusiveness that sit very well upon some women, but that would be worse than folly in an unloved, nameless one like myself.”

She spoke out with as much heat and force as the fear of being overheard would permit her to employ. And he winced at the word “unloved.”

But he did not combat her right to use it. He could not vow that his heart was as of old, and that his faith was unchanged to this beautiful woman whom he had loved from a boy. He told himself that he was willing to marry her—willing, but not anxious—and he had told her the same thing when he had made her the offer of a heart from which the passion had flown. He was willing

and ready to marry her, and be a thoughtful, kind, affectionate husband, if she would have him. But he could not protest, and vow, and soothe; he could not, with tender gallantry, calm the perturbed spirit which dictated the assertion that she was “unloved.” As I said before, he winced at the word; but he did not combat its truth.

“Without giving yourself airs, you might refrain from such a great degree of intimacy with them. I own that I am surprised at your caring to be the goddess at whose shrine such an assembly delights in kneeling.”

“I don’t aspire to the honour,” she said, coldly.

“There is a degree of looseness about the whole affair that I don’t like,” he went on. “No one knows this man—he was never a general in our army—nor was he in our army at all, that I can make out. A house that is made the *rendezvous* for every young fellow in town who is living on his wits, and for any woman who’s voice or stamping and strutting has got her ‘spoken about,’ is scarcely the house I should like to see my sister in, if I had one. Therefore, I feel that it is not the house for you.”

“I should be in a still more questionable position than these women whom you condemn if I listened to your advice and left this house, Barry,” she answered, with a touch of cool scorn in her tones that nettled him. “If I ceased to be Lady Arden’s companion I should go out into the world with nothing to do and nothing to live upon, and that would be making myself an adventuress at once.”

“There is another fate open to you,” he said, and he tried to infuse warmth into his accents. And—“such thy power, O love!”—he failed.

She waited for a few moments before she answered him, gazing at him steadily meanwhile. Her heart assailed him from the charge of attempting to make false love to her. He was not attempting to do anything of the kind; he was simply acting on the honourable impulse her plaint had called into being. He was not trying to make false love to her, but (her heart bled to perceive it) he was seeking to brighten her path at the cost of overshadowing his own.

“No, Barry,” she said presently, rather coldly he thought, “that fate is closed to me for ever. Why have you opened

up that subject again? it pains us both. I would wish it to be treated with silent respect," she added more lightly, "for the future. But as we are on it now, will you confide in me?"

He guessed what she was going to ask him, and he felt profoundly uncomfortable. He had only mentioned Laura Bray's name to Kathleen once, and that was on the occasion of her asking him if his wife had not confided anything to him on her death-bed. He had told her "No, but Laura Bray had thought that his wife had desired to confide something." This had been the sole mention he had ever made of Laura Bray to her rival, and in the excitement of the interest that hinged in a measure upon that answer, the rival had apparently taken no heed of Laura's name. He was not a man addicted to "talking" about the one who had really touched his heart. So now, though Kate had been putting their mutual relations on a fraternal footing, he shrank from speaking to her about Laura Bray.

"Will you confide in me?" she asked again, and he answered that he had nothing to confide.

"Oh! Barry, but that's not true," she said. And as she said it she laid her hand on his, and looked very kindly into his eyes. She saw that he was struggling—she felt that he desired to do right. And she sympathized through all her bright, pure, noble nature with the man who loved her no longer, for she too had so struggled and desired.

"How can I tell you?" he said, deprecatingly; "don't ask me, Kate—let things just go as they are—don't want to hear about them."

"Barry! Barry! you're not going to baulk a leap because the landing may be bad. Oh! but it was the courage that always made me like you so well, dear—you're not going to disappoint me now and not dare to tell?"

"Kathleen!"

He murmured it so pleadingly; the single word conveyed so much to the woman who knew Barry O'Byrne better than he knew himself. She saw that he feared to wound her—that he shrank from giving form and substance to the suspicions she already had.

"Dear Barry," she replied, "just think that it will hurt me no more to hear it all—who it is, and how she won you, and what she's like—than if you were the brother in reality that you've seemed

to be for a long time, and will always be, come what will."

And Barry, as this view of the case marched with his wishes, did not tell Kathleen that "there was no such thing as fraternal affection where fraternity did not exist," as on a former occasion he had told Laura. He hesitated a moment or two, no longer fearing to make a clean breast of it, but from sheer inability to decide how much in justice to Laura Bray he might dare to tell.

"When it comes to the point I find I have nothing to tell," he said.

"Oh! Barry, her name at least—you will trust me with her name, that I may pray for her by it, pray for her happiness and yours?"

"Her name is Laura Bray; you heard of her, didn't you, at the time I was in—" he paused abruptly, for he remembered how it was that he had been there.

She nodded her head: "I know, I know; Laura Bray? No, I didn't hear of her."

"My wife sent for her," Barry went on, "for she's just the kind of noble-hearted girl that anyone would turn to in trouble. And her father and sister and herself went over, and made my poor wife less miserable, and came to me when—"

"I seemed to have forgotten you, Barry," Kathleen interrupted, softly; "I see it all."

"I think it was her coming to me then, and giving me sympathy and hope that made me understand her," Barry said. He found it a delicate subject now he was fairly started on it, more delicate even than he had anticipated. If he noticed all the signals poor Laura had unconsciously hoisted, in his version of the affair to Kathleen, the latter might deem that Laura had been too willing to be won by the love that was pledged to another woman. And if he utterly ignored those signals, where was his own excuse for having been won by the hoister of them?

"It is impossible to tell you how it all came about, Kate," he said, almost plaintively. "She liked me and believed that it was all warm friendship for me and nothing more. She didn't know about you till some time after I married, and then she saw me unhappy and pitied me, and in return for her pity I told her a good portion of my story."

"Poor girl," Kathleen said, kindly.

"You would be sorry for her if you



knew how she has"—loved me and suffered for me, he was going to add, but he checked himself, reflecting that the full knowledge of Laura's love for him might not endear her to Kathleen's heart.

"Poor girl," she repeated, "her life must have been a curse to her when she learnt the double tie. You are released from both now, Barry. Why are you not with Laura Bray?"

"I promised a fellow who is in love with her himself not to see her again till one of us should be married," he replied, moodily. "She quite recognised the obligation there was upon me of not asking any other woman than yourself to be my wife, Kathleen."

Kate made an impatient movement. She was firm in her resolve not to pluck these roses that were within her grasp, and yet would not be willingly ceded to her. She was firm in this, but the roses were too fair to be idly flaunted before her. These allusions to the possibility of her ever marrying Barry were too much for her.

"You are perfectly free now from every imaginary tie, as well as every tangible one. Why are you not with Laura Bray?"

"Oh! that's all over," he stammered, thinking of the broken tryst, and being ignorant of the falling bar and what had eventuated from the noise of it. "That is all over, I know; I only told you about Laura Bray in order that you might feel I had all the old confidence in you, Kathleen."

"All over!" she repeated, softly. "Ah me! the words turn me sick—don't use them, Barry—about a bright young life and a pure, brave young heart like her's must be. Tell me now, what is Laura Bray like?"

Ah, it all flamed up now!—her hope that her rival, to whom she could still be generous, was not as beautiful as she herself was, and her keen anxiety to hear what were the charms that had obliterated hers from the heart of Barry O'Byrne. "What is she like?" Every woman who has attained unto womanhood has asked this question of the man she loves, about some other woman whom he knew in bygone days. If about none other, she worries his descriptive power as to the *personnel* of his mother or sister. But the "What is she like?" in such a case lacks the genuine ring of anguished curiosity which is the distinguishing

characteristic of the inquiry when the subject of it is a rival.

Barry paused. His tongue refused to be fluent on the point of Laura's looks. Her face was lovely to him now, and her figure was fraught to his mind with a soul-subduing grace the Venus de Medicis lacked. But he knew that it was because he loved her so well that she seemed so fair a thing in his eyes. The one from whom Laura had stolen his wayward loving heart was thrice as beautiful.

"I never thought about her looks," he said; "she's about your size, I think, with light hair and eyes."

"No uncommon type of beauty," she said, throwing her own imperial head up as she said it; and then she added, with her own special gliding change of manner, "but oh! Barry, I hope you'll be happy, and that it's not all over. Seek her out, and see whether she loves you now as well as then—when she thought, poor girl, that there was danger and sin in doing so. For you don't know what a woman suffers when she's left by the man she loves. Seek her out, Barry, and bear her my sisterly love."

It was genuine enough, this sisterly outburst, at the moment; but she remembered all he had been to her when she was up in her room alone.

This conversation had taken place in a secluded corner of the drawing-room in Cintra Lodge, during one of the Sunday afternoon *conversaziones*, and had been conducted with "closed doors," inasmuch as Barry had planted Kathleen in the corner farthest from it, and had then turned his back upon society.

"Rome may bear the pride of him of whom herself is proud," but Barry came there and held himself as an alien and a stranger; therefore his hauteur and cool disregard of them were not regarded with mild eyes by the free and easy guests of the genial host. The men who loathed him for monopolizing her, and the women who felt sick at vanity (not heart) because she had apparently monopolized him, joined in one heartfelt, sweeping tirade of abuse of the handsome, haughty Irishman with the impassioned face and disdainful bearing. His pride did not redound to their honour and glory; and they were simply human, therefore they could not bear it.

And I think that the genial host, for all his unceasing *bonhomie* and flow of spirits, liked it as little as his free and easy guests. He was by nature a florid

man, and it was remarked that he always grew more florid when Barry was present, and that on such occasions his blue, flickering eyes were rarely absent from Kathleen's face. The gigantic host, it was whispered at large amongst the glittering company, had a *tendresse* for his graceful guest; and reports were soon rife amongst them that the lady would lend no unwilling ear to his suit.

"It can't be true!—My God, Kathleen, it can't be true!" Barry said to her, when he heard it; and she smiled very sadly as she replied—

"No, it's not true; better for me if it were, perhaps; but it isn't. And you can't mind his being kind to me, Barry—to me, who have no one else to love me now—to me, who am alone in this cold, wide world."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

IN WHICH THINGS LOOK BRIGHTER FOR  
KATE THAN FOR LAURA.

I HAVE told how Barry, at Kathleen's request, searched his wife's papers in the hope of finding the written confession that she had been powerless to speak on that chilly night in May when life was fast fleeing from her. He had carefully gone through every *escritoire*, drawer, desk, and wardrobe in Greystoke; and in none of these had he found that for which he sought. These repositories of the late Mrs. O'Byrne's secrets contained nothing but the most unimportant matter. He wearied over the search as he came upon packet after packet of old letters tied up with pink ribbon gone yellow in places, which when they were opened, proved to be from various unimportant feminine friends of her youth. The sole discovery the young man made was that his wife, in days gone by, had had a taste for "measured words." He found whole cantos of "Don Juan" and "The Giaour" written out in her young caligraphy, which betrayed the same indecision and want of purpose that had marked the actions of her riper years. He found countless receipts copied from long dead and forgotten journals, for the making of unparalleled quince marmalade and mallow-leaf ointment. He found little brown twigs, with a bunch of decomposition at the top, that had been prized roses once. He found the thousand and one objects of *bijouterie*, *virtu*, and worthlessness that women do accumulate, and tie up, and

pack away when they have no children to make occasional raids upon their hoards, and disperse the same. All these he found; but he did not find the semblance of a confession that Mrs. O'Byrne had been aware of her friend's fraud.

The hope sank very low indeed in the heart of the woman who was waiting for the something to be found that should be the means of her restoration. It sank lower day by day, but it did not utterly die out. And while it lived ever so feebly, Barry felt that Kathleen would keep the giant at bay, and not accept the fate of General Norreys' wife in default of a better.

When he had ransacked every hole and corner of Greystoke, Barry went to Cintra Lodge with the tidings that all hope of finding aught in that quarter that might tend to reinstate her was over.

"Lady Gertrude Thynne might give me some hints as to her brother's haunts and habits in the year 1829," she said, "and I would follow up those hints and trace him to the places he was supposed to frequent, and give my whole heart and soul to the task in such a way as must command success. I will go to Lady Gertrude Thynne at Richmond; will you come with me, Barry?"

He could not say her nay, though he deemed her project a Quixotic one.

"That woman slighted you once before, Kate," he said; "why put yourself in the way of her upstart impertinence again? In common honour, if she had had anything to tell she would have told it before."

"You know it's her notion to be *grande dame*," she replied; "she never bores herself by recollecting anything that she is not specially called upon to recollect. But it is worth my while to give her memory a fillip; for think, Barry, I have lost everything, and I am young and strong; a trifle gained back—oh, only a trifle gained back would be so much to me. I can't pause on the path that may lead to the restoration of my honour."

"Your heart is most firmly set on being proved the wife of that wretched old profligate," he said. "Oh, Kathleen, 'twas that error of striving to be that to which they now deny your claim that wrecked us both."

He spoke mournfully, for he felt very sorry that the faith he had once been proud to pledge to the Irish girl should be so utterly routed and destroyed.



But he did not speak with the suppressed passion of a man who would be willing to rekindle the torch of love if only the woman willed.

"That is all dead now—bury it, Barry, for God's sake," she answered hotly; "you're like a woman with your bursts of futile retrospection. Be a kind brother to me, and don't do Laura Bray the injustice of pretending to be anything more to me, and don't do me the injustice of affecting to regret the end that has been brought about by the means I used."

They went down shortly after this to the Richmond villa by appointment—an appointment, by-the-bye, most unwillingly made by Lady Gertrude Thynne. The noble lady characterized Kathleen's request for it as audacious in the extreme. But she abstained from importing any strong element of reprehension of this audacity into her manner when the young lady who had held the place of her brother's wife appeared before her.

The Richmond villa was one of those bijou houses in which there is hardly room to turn. Yet for all its circumscribed space it contained in miniature all that it behoved the dwelling-place of a daughter of the house of Kilcorran to contain. It was unpleasantly small, and unpleasantly full—one of those *petite* abodes of bliss, in fact, in which, for all one sees to the contrary, the page must repose on the sink and the cook in the boiler, and the other domestics under the dressers with the black beetles.

To the eye of the passer-by it presented an appearance at once floral and funereal. Plots of ivy, that looked like flat graves, were disposed about the garden space in front with regular irregularity; and stone sarcophaguses, from which sprang flaunting climbers and gloriously foliaged geraniums, were placed on each step of the flight that led up to the house.

There was a tiny aviary opposite to the hall-door abutting on the back garden, and strange birds accorded you a shrill welcome as soon as you entered the house. There were long mirrors and stags' horns, the busts of Clytie and Apollo, and large bowls of gold fish in the hall; and there was the perfume of flowers and the sign of woman's presence everywhere.

They were ushered into a minute drawing-room, where Lady Gertrude and Miss Thynne sat awaiting them. And then

Kathleen introduced her friend Barry O'Byrne to the mother and daughter; and when she had done that, entered at once upon the business which had brought her there.

It was a hard sight for the man who had known Kathleen all her life to witness this meeting between the relatives of the man who had injured her and the woman who had been injured. Lady Gertrude Thynne did not mean to be hard and unwomanly. But she had asked herself whether or not it behoved her to fraternize with and hold out the hand of social and sisterly good-fellowship to every one whom her brother had made love to, and tricked and deceived. She had asked herself this question, and she had answered it in the negative after giving it due and conscientious consideration. "If we do not make a stand somewhere there is no knowing how such things may end," she had said to her eldest daughter. And Miss Thynne had replied, "Very well, mamma; take your stand where you like, but you must acknowledge that my uncle's poor young widow has been hardly treated."

It was a very cold hand that Lady Gertrude Thynne suffered Kathleen to take in hers. And she only resigned her hand to the profaning and contaminating grasp of the wife who had not been wedded, because she would not by refusing it convey a reprimand before these people to Miss Thynne. For that haughty lady had sunk her speciality for once, and had taken two steps forward to meet Kathleen—a proceeding which, as the room was minute, insured the guest a greeting the moment she entered.

Kathleen entered upon her business at once, as soon as the cold hand released itself.

"I have troubled you with my presence out of no hope that you would care to assist me were I alone concerned. But your brother's honour is tainted, Lady Gertrude, so long as the world holds that he lied before God to me when I believed that he made me his wife."

"It is a very unpleasant subject to me, and for your own sake I would advise you not to stir it up again," Lady Gertrude replied. "I am sure Mr.—a—oh! Mr. O'Byrne will believe that the Earl of Kilcorran's peccadillos were a source of great grief to me, but that it is utterly impossible that I can hold myself responsible for them."

"Yes," Kathleen interposed, before

Barry could speak, "Mr. O'Byrne will believe that, for he is neither a baby nor an idiot. I believe it also, but still I cannot credit that your brother's 'peccadillos' are so dear to your heart as that you should screen them at all hazards—even at the cost of leaving a stain on his honour that might be cleared up."

"I am sure mamma will answer any questions—will throw any light she can throw on the subject," Miss Thynne said, decisively. "It would be more than wrong to withhold any information she can give, therefore I am persuaded she will give it."

"Most decidedly I will," Lady Gertrude said, tartly; "but as I might talk for an hour about my brother, and the matter of what I said would most probably be totally irrelevant to the subject you are desirous of gaining information about, perhaps you will be good enough to put your questions in regular form in writing and send them to me, Miss Daly."

"I think it better that your brother's widow's communications with you should be *viva voce*," Barry said, coldly.

"The subject is very painful to me," Lady Gertrude said, proudly, "but if you force it upon me, I must resign myself to listen, I suppose."

"Really, mamma, for the honour of the house you might care to aid in clearing away what is a black stain upon it," Miss Thynne whispered.

"I think it was thirty years ago the marriage took place between your brother, Arthur Blaney, and Agnes Ferrars, was it not?" Kathleen asked.

And Lady Gertrude gazed down at her rings, and replied—

"I believe it was; the sound of his having made a *mésalliance* made itself heard in England in the year 1829; but he was only Arthur Blaney then—my elder brother was in good health, and lately married. The news was very painful, but before it became of much importance—long before he came to the title—we heard that his wife was dead."

"You never doubted her death when it was announced, and you never doubted her identity with the woman who died of guilty fear that terrible night in Ireland?" Kathleen asked, scornfully. "I believe that Miss Feltome was the same woman Arthur Blaney married long ago at the church at Empoli; but my meed of faith is larger than yours. I believe that he got a special dispensation to be divorced

from her; for I saw that dispensation, though it seems to exist no longer."

"I really can throw no light on the matter. My brother married a low woman, and like a low woman she consented to be pensioned off probably, and he said she was dead in order to have no further trouble or annoyance on the subject. He acted very reprehensibly in going through the idle form of a marriage with you, Miss Daly; but for your own sake I would counsel you to refrain from bringing before the world again the fact of how idle that form was."

Barry's blood boiled in his veins to hear her thus lightly wave off as it were Kathleen's cruel wrongs and claim to be redressed. But Kathleen was heedless of the Thynne nonchalance, now she had imbued Barry with the conviction that she had spoken the truth.

"It was no idle form, Lady Gertrude," she replied; "I detest histrionics, or I'd lay my hand on my heart and call God to witness that I saw the document whose existence would remove the cloud from my fame and the Earl of Kilcorran's honour. But your believing it even would not bring that document back."

"There is no doubt about it," Miss Thynne put in, "that my uncle destroyed every one of those papers which were so unluckily wrested from that unhappy woman; still I cling to the belief that he had kept his own copy of the document which freed him from the wife he must have got tired of very soon. Take courage! it may be found yet."

"Thank you," Kathleen said, eagerly; "I repulsed you once before, but now thank you for the hope."

Poor thing! she little knew that her husband, before he made a bonfire of Miss Feltome's papers, had congratulated himself upon his "badge of freedom" being non-existent, and therefore incapable of ever betraying him to the young wife whom he dared not trust with the secret of the folly of his youth. She did not know this. Had she done so, hope would have died out utterly, and she would have kept the giant at bay no longer. Love and ambition had both failed her, and looking drearily forward through the apparently interminable vista of sad and lonely years, she might have been induced to essay to render them less sad and lonely by accepting the fate General Norreys was ready to offer. She might have been induced to accept it for the sake of once more having a stand-point from



which the world could not worry her.

But Miss Thynne threw out the hope of the document, which the earl had destroyed long years before, being found. And General Norreys' chances of winning this embodied vision of brightness for his wife were nowhere still.

They had driven down to Richmond in one of General Norreys' carriages—a little brougham which he kept nominally for the special service of his sister, but which in reality was always at Kathleen's command. After leaving the bijou villa and the haughty mistress of it, there was silence between them for some time, which Barry broke at last by saying—

"You spoke of going to Italy once with Lady Arden and her brother—is that plan given up? I conclude that it is, as he is always adding to his establishment—he would hardly do that if he meant to break it up again soon."

"Oh no, it's not given up," she replied; "but I want them to wait for awhile. There is something I must do before I leave England; but I'm longing to be in Italy, trying to get at the root of it—if I am only blessed enough to find there some one to whom that man was known, to whom by chance he might have confided the secret of his marriage and divorce."

"I don't want to discourage you," Barry said, kindly; "but ask yourself, dear—are you likely to get at its root?"

"Oh! sure to do so, Barry—certain to do so, or at least to some straggling leader in the shape of some fact that I'll disinter about him that shall lead to the root. They were married in the church of St. Mark at Empoli, in 1829, and of course records are kept."

"Yes, yes; you'll find it easy enough to gain additional proof of the marriage; you want no fuller assurance of that, but its dissolution may baffle you."

"Not if I'm once there, Barry!" the girl cried, hotly. "Once there, I'll follow the track—that will lead me from that church at Empoli to the discovery of the hour and the place and the reason of that woman's downfall. I'll follow it like a bloodhound, for it will restore more than life to me. Don't fear, Barry; I'll come back to you with that 'phantom belief' well authenticated."

And Barry, though he could but wish her success—though he did with all his heart desire that this proud young heart should be freed from its weight of shame,

shivered to his own heart's core as she said the last words. In them he read the reason of her refusal to marry him. She had been sorely wounded by his doubt of her, and he felt that he might not dare to seek Laura Bray till Kathleen as an honourable woman again had been given the option of becoming his wife.

So poor Laura's happiness as well as Kathleen's fame rested on the finding of the document that had been amongst the papers the Earl of Kilcorran had thrown into the fire—those papers which the flames had utterly destroyed; or, if not on this alone, on something equally difficult to gain, "confirmation strong as proof of holy writ" that such document had existed.

Kathleen leant back in the little brougham and thought sadly of the "something" that she had determined to do before she left England. And Barry looked out of the window, and thought sadly of Laura Bray. If Kathleen came back triumphant!—well, he would rather not think of what it might behove him to do, for he feared that she had only refused him because she was under a cloud.

Barry did not like this scheme. He disapproved, he hardly knew why, but distinctly he disapproved of Kathleen's going off in a marginal manner with Lady Arden and General Norreys. But Kate was enthusiastic, and would listen to nothing he could say in depreciation of her plan.

"No, Barry, you must not object," she said; "the General is heartily in earnest in his desire to serve me; he has assured me that he will scatter his gold freely in my behalf."

"At any rate you will suffer me to be your banker?" Barry said, with rather a mortified air. "Surely, dear, you would take money from me in preference to taking it from this stranger?"

But Kathleen flushed up and refused his offer distinctly. She could not endure the thought of taking aught from Barry O'Byrne now he had withdrawn the only thing she valued—his heart.

So she told him "No, she had made a compact with the General and Lady Arden, and she must abide by it."

And the enunciation of this decision brought them to the gate of Cintra Lodge.

"Let me go my own way, Barry," she said, holding out her hand to him;

"better so, better so; and you go yours, and may it be a happy one."

"It will never be a happy one unless it is taken with Laura," he thought, as he walked away; "and though Kate tries to take it coolly, I believe it would hurt her if I took that way while she is in such doubt and misery. The Lord knows what I ought to do—I don't myself, that's certain."

The handsome young fellow who but a year or two before had never known what it was to have money in his purse which was not raised with dire difficulty, was a wealthy man now, with houses and lands and possessions of all sorts. But

he was not so happy as he had been when, dun-hunted and penniless, he had made his way on foot to the house where he hoped to find his early love ready to brave the world with him.

He had long got over his disappointment that she had been proven weak when tried; but he had the affection of a brother for her still, and he dearly loved another woman, and he was aware that, do what he would, he must cause pain to one of them. He was capable now of bearing any agony uncomplainingly; but he groaned in spirit for the agony he might be called upon to inflict upon either Kate or Laura.

(To be continued.)

---

## SUMMER RAIN.

In the golden days of summer, always lovely to the eye,  
Is the mellow scene beholden everywhere beneath the sky;  
When the gentle rain is falling out upon the velvet lawn,  
Giving it a look as verdant as the spring-time's vernal dawn.

When the tiny leaf looks fresher on the branchèd wild-wood tree,  
As the noisy rain-drops patter through the airy forest sea;  
Like the sylvan tread of wood-nymphs in some antique legend told,  
When the summer's sunset yellowed into trimming tints of gold.

Every hill-side grown the greener rising proudly on the sight,  
While far upward in the distance looms the wooded mountain height;  
Where the zephyrs, sighing lowly, whisper 'mong the fern leaves long,  
Chording softly with the rain-drops in the sweetest parts of song.

All the verdure seems refreshed clearly in the vision seen,  
In the hollow by the streamlet with its flowery banks of green;  
While the misty rain keeps drizzling out from the over-clouded sky,  
As the weary hours for ever are so busy passing by.

Thus the showery rain is needful in a hundred gladdening ways,  
Which the fancy cannot picture in the golden summer-days;  
When the landscape 'round is dripping everywhere within the sight,  
And the gloomy clouds are drifting onward in their airy flight.

27 SE 64



**ELEGANCE AT HOME AND ABROAD**

IS SECURED BY THE USE OF

# **THOMSON'S PRIZE MEDAL CRINOLINES,**



TRADE



MARK.



WHICH COMBINE EVERY REQUISITE FOR INSURING

GRACE,

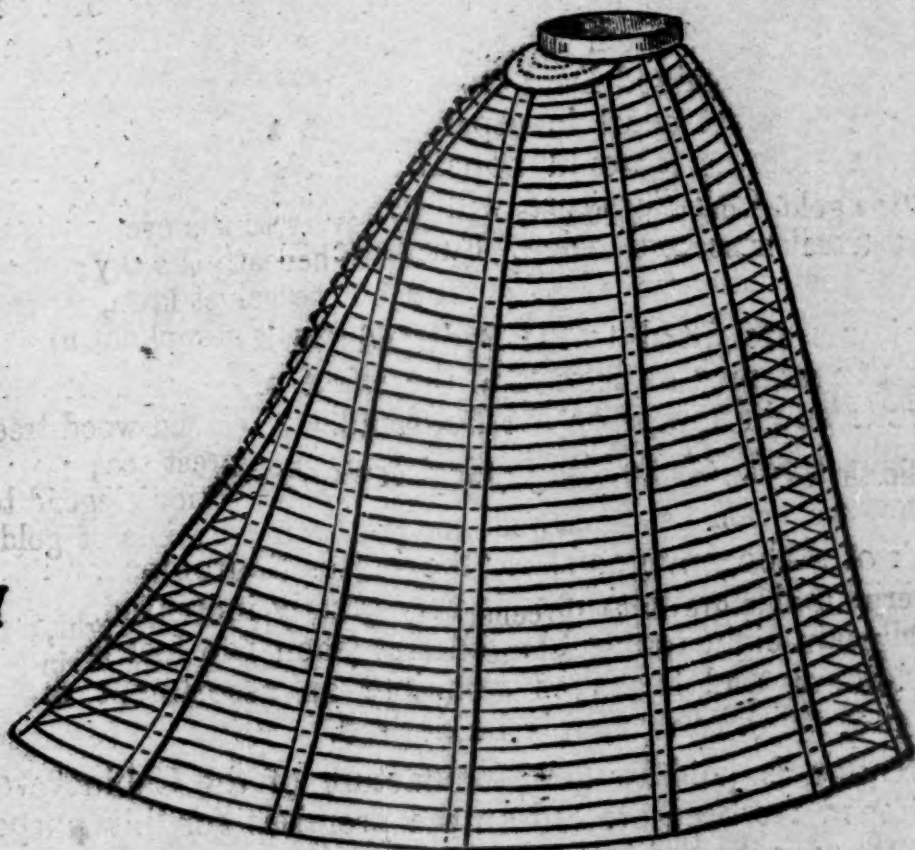
COMFORT,

ELEGANCE,

LIGHTNESS,

DURABILITY

ECONOMY.



*See that they are Stamped with a Crown, or they are not Thomson's.*

MANUFACTURED IN

Paris, Brussels, Annaberg (Saxony), New York, and London.

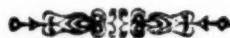
*For the Best, ask for Thomson's "Prize Medal Crinolines."*

Now ready,

## **PRIZE POEMS,**

Receiving the 100 Guineas offered in the Advertisements, "Ho! FOR A SHAKSPEARE," and awarded by Messrs. Webster, J. Stirling Coyne, Andrew Halliday, George Rose, and Thomas S. Stuart. Illustrated with Lithograph Portraits of Queen Elizabeth and the Queen of Beauty. Can be had GRATIS at all the best Drapers in the Kingdom, or forwarded on receipt of stamp address to DAY & SONS, Lithographers to the Queen, Publishers, Lincoln's-inn Fields.

# THE FURNISHING of BEDROOMS.



HEAL & SON have observed for some time that it would be advantageous to their customers to see a much larger selection of Bedroom Furniture than is usually displayed, and that to judge properly of the style and effect of the different descriptions of furniture it is necessary that each description should be placed in a separate room. They have therefore erected large and additional Show-Rooms, by which they will be enabled not only to extend their Show of Iron and Brass Bedsteads, and Bedroom Furniture, beyond what they believe has ever been attempted, but also to provide several small rooms for the purpose of keeping complete suites of Bedroom Furniture in the different styles.

Japanned Deal goods may be seen in complete suites of five or six different colours, some of them light and chaste, and others of a plainer description. Suites of Stained Deal Gothic Furniture, Polished Deal, Oak, and Walnut, are also set apart in separate rooms, so that customers are able to see the effect as it would appear in their own room. A suite of very superior Gothic Oak Furniture will generally be kept in stock, and from time to time new and select Furniture in various woods will be added.

Bed Furnitures are fitted to the Bedsteads in large numbers, so that a complete assortment may be seen, and the effect of any particular pattern ascertained as it would appear on the Bedstead.

A very large stock of Bedding (Heal & Son's original trade) is placed on the Bedsteads.

The stock of Mahogany goods for the better Bedrooms, and Japanned goods for plain and Servants' use, is very greatly increased. The entire stock is arranged in eight rooms, six galleries (each 120 feet long), and two large ground-floors, and forms as complete an assortment of Bedroom Furniture as they think can possibly be desired.

Every attention is paid to the Manufacture of the Cabinet work, and large Workshops have been erected on the premises for this purpose, that the manufacture may be under their own immediate care.

Their Bedding trade receives constant and personal attention, every article being made on the premises.

Heal & Son particularly call attention to their New Patent Spring Mattress, the *Sommier Elastique Portatif*. It is portable, durable, and elastic, and lower in price than the old Spring Mattress.

---

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF BEDSTEADS, BEDDING, AND  
BEDROOM FURNITURE SENT FREE BY POST.

---

HEAL AND SON,  
196, 197, 198,  
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON.